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ERRATA IN VOLUME XVI.

Page 404 line 33 *for* British Channel *read* Bristol Channel.
410 line 22 *for* navigation *read* irrigation.
412 line 17 *for* 120 *read* 150.
413 line 35 *for* northward *read* southward.
415 line 3 *for* nethermost *read* northernmost.
416 line 6 from the bottom, the words *longitude* and *latitude* should be reversed.
422 line 24 *for* Governor-General Macquarie *read* Governor, General Macquarie.

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7. *The Declaration of the People of England to their Sovereign Lord the King.* Hatchard. London, 1821.

IT seems to have been the general policy of other journals of any dignity or influence in the country, to leave untouched the painful topic to which the publications at the head of this article relate. It may be said, perhaps, even after we have broken the ground, that *still no Quarterly Review of any dignity or*

influence has intermeddled with it. One characteristic of dignity, however, we do most assuredly possess.—We have no body to fear or compliment—no man of any party of the state contributes to our pages,—no patronage circumscribes our freedom,—we are absolutely unobstructed by any interest, pledge, or obligation. But our readers need not be apprehensive that we are intending to drag them along that miry way, so lately trodden by the whole nation, and from which it has not been possible to come out undefiled. We shall not even enter upon the question of royal guilt or innocence; and although it may, peradventure, be pretty easy to infer from the tenour of our remarks to what opinion we incline on this distressing subject, yet it is our purpose to consider rather the conduct and designs of parties and individuals connected with it, and the general development it has produced of the moral, political, and religious state of the nation, than the merits or the proofs of the great case itself. With respect to the queen, there can be no doubt that it would have been greatly more for the interests of her reputation, to have lived down what she and her friends have designated as the persecution of confederated malice; to have assumed the demeanour which best corresponds with the character of calumniated innocence; to have consulted the dignity of truth and the self-respect of virtue, by keeping herself and her cause at an equal distance from the misguiding and misguided enemies of order and authority. In this has consisted the Queen's cardinal mistake. In an evil hour she has condescended to become an *instrument*, and to be prevented from seeing the real people. She has been hindered from seeing who are the depositaries of the mind and sense of the nation,—from seeing that the only strong things in the moral system are virtue and intelligence,—that the clamour which follows her through the streets is hostility in disguise,—that to rise as a queen, she must first be extricated and then exalted as a woman. She does not see, poor lady! and there is no one to tell her, that many among her most clamorous adherents were once the clamorous adherents of her royal husband also;—the very authors, promoters, and encouragers of that conduct, which now they exaggerate as the ground of their libellous abuse;—that were she to rise out of this contagious atmosphere a queen indeed, she would find the memories best stored with whatever tended to degrade her, and the hearts most disposed to fling all her conduct in her face, among those who now can see nothing in her case but persecuted innocence, nothing in the monarch but the similitude of a Nero, or a Henry the Eighth, nothing in the tribunals of justice, or the chambers of legislation, but plots against virtue, and the arts of confederated oppression.

The queen, with an utter ignorance of the real character of

the British people, ignorant too of the real amount of good sense in the country, which, but for the wilful blindness of faction is such, that there lives not in it the being so uninformed as not to see through and appreciate the views and motives of our present political agitators, has placed herself in the hands of persons, who, to serve their own purposes, have persuaded her to think that the best confutation of the charges against her would be to out-face them. Their own interests, as disturbers and destroyers, required that she should act upon this view of things: without anticipating the too natural inference, that to look with a face of adamant upon the world under the imputation of such delinquencies, could be possible only to one who was capable of committing them. What it may have cost her Majesty to suppress the feelings natural to her situation we cannot know, but we are quite sure that to seem to be above the shame of a suspicion so foul affecting one's character is to give countenance to the suspicion itself, upon the ordinary grounds and analogies according to which human character and conduct are estimated. There may be, indeed, a conspicuous integrity of life imparting a conscious security, and exalting innocence above the fear of reproach; but it does unfortunately happen that the nature of her Majesty's case is not such as to permit any inference to be drawn in her favour, from the aspect of boldness which she turns towards her accusers. An unbroken spirit under charges so heavy may be the bravery of innocence, or the bravado of guilt; and before legal examination, and the disclosure of attested facts, the fearlessness with which inquiry is challenged and met, affords, in varying degrees, according to circumstances, a moral argument of innocence; but after judicial investigation, this previous courage can add nothing to innocence proved, and may deepen the depravity of established guilt. It is, therefore, the worst policy imaginable industriously to assume this aspect of defiance before our trial, not only because there is always something in this pains-taking to appear innocent altogether different from those signs of inward satisfaction which belong to a self-acquitting conscience, but because, especially in a case where the crime imputed implies the want of shame, as soon as the tide of evidence turns against the accused, all the hardihood displayed before the trial runs, so to speak, in the very current of conviction. What this royal person has been accused of, does, in short, suppose the very effrontery with which the charges were encountered; the very principle of shame must have been extinguished before the acts imputed to her, with the attendant circumstances, could have been committed.

We cannot help thinking that the Queen has been her own great enemy in the course she has been persuaded to take, since

the accession of his present Majesty. A darkness has overspread her faculties in relation to her own permanent interest, from the moment she was taught to mistake for a personal feeling towards herself an unprincipled hostility towards Government—in some engendered by delusion and passion, and in others by the lust of power or plunder. It has been the great policy of the factious and seditious, to make her steps irretrievable, and as soon as possible to involve her in an irreconcileable quarrel with all the dignities and authorities of the land; to degrade her first among all persons capable, by their situation and opportunities, of weighing evidence and judging by the analogies of human conduct, and then to present her a persecuted and calumniated woman to that part of society which believe or disbelieve every thing as their prejudices or passions dispose them. The result has been, that the higher orders of society, and in general the soberer and sounder part of the nation, have seen and heard enough to induce them to stand aloof; and her Majesty's dependence is necessarily upon that flux body usually called the common people; who, unless she is enabled to support her credit, by a continued series of excitements, will let her drop into obscurity and neglect; happy to have escaped the fate of those idols which are wont to be destroyed by their worshippers for being worshipped in vain.

The Queen's case has not been without its political and moral compensations. It has disclosed the real condition of the country. By an operation not unlike the agency of chemical attraction, a new sorting has taken place among the various classes of society; deceptious combinations have been dissolved; and the kindred parts of the human character have presented themselves in their true affinities. It is to the community, as it is to the individual, a vast advantage to be brought acquainted with its actual and interior state; and it looks as if late events were at least fraught with one wholesome tendency—that of precipitating from its solution the whole mass of poisonous ingredients which have been long accumulating with a progress neither slow nor unobserved; but not sufficiently manifest to turn a slumbering and speculative fear into a vital and vigorous counteraction. Every secret mischief dispersed through the system has been obsequious to this new test; and, deserting their assumed bases, have run into a more natural union. A crisis has occurred, so auspicious to revolutionary and jacobinical hopes, that, for the purpose of a great and combined effort, every resource of hostility has been simultaneously employed; revealing at once the whole projected mischief in all the comprehensiveness of its methods. It is around the Queen's case that every art, and shift, and pretext—every libel, imposture, and distortion—

every hypocritical perversion, and every inflammatory scandal,—by which the constitution and government of these realms, ecclesiastical and civil, may possibly be brought into contempt,—have ranged themselves as ostensibly *her* agents, but in truth as the ministers of factious and revolutionary designs. Upon the whole, the Queen and her friends have done each other no good:—Her Majesty, if innocent, could derive no support from a connection with political demagogues; and the cause of these demagogues has suffered detriment by the full exposure of the whole machinery of their malice, with every wheel at work, and the whole mystery of iniquity developed to view. No person in the country supposes that the clamorous advocates for the Queen care more for her than they do for her chamberlain; and when the extreme cruelty and profligacy is considered of persuading her to brave the consequences of a trial,—the tendency of which was obviously to place her in the last situation in which a moral man could wish to behold his Queen, for the sake of covering with her name their own disorganizing views, and filling the land with calumnies against its sovereign and its government,—perhaps it may be fairly said that no queen was ever so abused, nor any community so mocked and insulted.

The times are teeming with instruction, and by this instruction our perils and alarms are in some measure compensated. How the nation will come out of its present difficulties, will entirely depend upon the amount of right feeling that exists in it: how its safety will in future be guaranteed, will depend, under Providence, upon the right direction which its moral energies and capacities may receive from the spirit of its government. There is only one broad and champaign way through which we can proceed on our march to a better and securer state of things. The evil is high up in the state, and resides in the very fountains of opinion; and the real reason why all our late and present efforts in the spread of education have been unavailing to fortify the common mind against the concerted malice now in operation against it, is simply and shortly this—that in our rage for reforming the moral state of the lower orders, we have too much neglected the immediate original sources of national improvement.

There is a first moving power in every political system; and it is quite absurd to look for correct action in the subordinate parts, unless the spring of motion is first attended to and rectified. In proposing such an altitude in the commencement of reform, the great question first to be determined is, who are the instructors of the people? To which we are prepared with what we deem an obvious and incontrovertible answer—the Clergy. In giving, therefore, a proper organization and direction to this

body, lies, in our opinion, the whole secret of reforming the minds and morals of the community. The great problem is to make the Clergy capable of their duty, and disposed to perform it. But so little is this attended to, that perhaps it would not be too much to assert that the ecclesiastical profession in this country is alone that for which there is no specific and strictly appropriate education. We speak only of the Clergy of the national Establishment; for, with respect to some of the dissenting communions, our impression is that the candidates for the ministry, whatever we may think of the ministry itself, receive a strictly preparative education, with a distinct reference to the duties they are destined to undertake; for which reason we find them in general, whatever may be their correctness or incorrectness in doctrinal matters, true to their trusts, and tenacious of consistency. There is no education that we know of for the Clergy of the established Church, calculated to lay a foundation of peculiar sanctity; to inculcate a higher sense of responsibility; or to train the habits to greater decorum and circumspection, than what the ordinary conditions of secular preferment, or good reception in society, impose. The Church is left to recruit itself from the mass—of educated persons, indeed, but of persons educated as well for one intellectual pursuit as another; and suffered to be engaged as deeply as other students in pleasures unsuited to the sacred profession. We have so often treated in this journal of the defects of moral and religious education, as it is carried on in our own country, that we shall not in this place dilate upon the topic; but we are quite satisfied in our minds that, unless something is speedily done, through the medium of our authorized teachers, to improve the tone of clerical piety, and supply the Church with more spiritual unction, however pompously we may legislate for making scholars and philosophers of the poor, we shall only descend with an accelerated speed through the gradations of infidel profligacy, till we reach that consummation which so many are now labouring, by the agency of an infernal press, and with a zeal which is rarely shown in a righteous cause, to accomplish.

The ear of Majesty can never be ours; we speak too plainly and independently for our Journal to penetrate the ranks that surround a prince; but if we could suggest to the gracious Monarch upon the throne what seemed to us most befitting his royal wisdom to do in the present moral exigency of the nation, we would say—redeem the patronage of the church, as far as it appertains to the crown, from every consideration, save the one only safe and adequate inducement—the honour of God. Make none bishops as a matter of political favour, interest, or reward; but only those who, though when startling at the greatness of the trust, they may

be hardly willing to be made bishops, will be willing, when become bishops, to be bishops indeed;—not to slumber on their couches of preferment, or to invent problems of divinity for ensnaring the consciences of candidates for ordination, but to enter upon a stage of constant and faithful exertion. Look among the watchmen and workmen, the men of toil and sweat, that labour on through good and evil report, stigmatized for their works of supererogation, and for being useful out of season, decided servants of the gospel living apart from secular affairs, in fervent charity with men and meek devotion to God;—from such materials carve out apostolical bishops; and on the same principle of preference and selection, let all church promotion, at its source and beginning, be governed and guided. Let its first salient spring be evangelically pure. Let an untainted hierarchy go forth from the crown to propagate the same principle of patronage through all their diocesan preferments, and by the flame of their bright examples to illustrate the path of spiritual duty, and expose the shame of clerical inaction in this hour of extremity and alarm. From this generous and politic procedure of the crown, all the lower classes of spiritual patronage will derive a lesson, and some, doubtless, will answer the call of their sovereign to imitate him in his vital care of a church, which is the mother of Christian subjection, of moral freedom, and of political stability.

We cannot but think that from such a beginning of the great work of moral reformation, a freshening impulse would be felt to carry the life-blood with a strong and reanimating current through the national system, and the British mind would erect itself against the insults upon its character and honour, which a venal and vitious press is hourly pouring forth. It might in the course of a few years be more hazardous to the safety of the mansion to cover its windows with libellous caricatures, alike false, profane, and filthy, than to maintain that most indisputable of the rights of an Englishman, the right of refusing to join the rabble in the expression of a feeling in which it shocks his sense of honour to seem to participate.

In the indulgence allowed to these emporiums of libels and caricatures, (the reader will pardon our rambling—it is the design of this article) it seems to have been forgotten that where their undisguised tendency is to bring the laws, privileges, magistracies, and public functionaries into contempt with the people, they have gone far beyond the limit which sane liberty, and a constitution that knows how to protect itself, can consistently allow. We are not disposed to go the whole length with Montesquieu in maintaining *honour* to be the solitary principle of monarchical governments in exclu-

sion of virtue; and perhaps it may be the great excellence of the British constitution that it practically unites the characteristic principles of the republican and monarchical forms, and has thus solved the most difficult problem in human affairs:—mercy forbid! that what the above-mentioned acute but system-loving writer affirms of monarchies in general, "that the state dispenses with the virtue which is directed to the public good, honour being a substitute for it," should be in any measure true of the state under which we live; but we will adopt his reasoning to the extent of maintaining that honour, especially the honour of our great men, is a necessary ingredient in our constitution. The very execution of the law in its high judicial departments supposes the paramount obligation of the principle of honour; it is this principle which casts a generous glow over the intercourse of private life, gives lustre to rank, and sparkles on the brow of majesty; it is courtesy to the gentleman, dignity to the nobleman, security to the merchant, and chivalry to the soldier; it is the virginity of the soul that shrinks from the appearance of contamination with a natural horror, and out-runs the decrees of virtue by the vehemence of its spontaneous instincts; it is that "unbought grace of life," that heroism of sentiment, over which the genius of Britain hangs with nursing delight; it is that which completes, in the fulness of its proportions, the moral stature of an English gentleman. But whatever of this principle is allied to station or function, all that respect for rank which teaches rank to respect itself, every wholesome prejudice which, by encircling nobility with an ideal glory, raises the standard of its real worth; all which the sanction of the law, or the spirit of the constitution, annexes to the aristocracy as one of the integral parts of the civil and social system, are now alas! turned into mockery, and made the game of low and envious libellers. It is observable, that when the best men of Athens became the sport of the stage, and were ridiculed upon their gems and medals, the morals and spirit of the people fell rapidly into decline, until they sunk under the tyranny of Macedon. If the *virtue* of republics, which is their very essence, according to Montesquieu, has been undermined by malicious ridicule and profligate buffoonery, what is to become of the *honour* by which, according to the same writer, monarchies are characterised and sustained, if all that is honourable in name and place is daily handed over to the scorn and malice of the mob by the traffickers in abuse and the panders of a prostitute press.

But the venom of the libellous agents of revolution is principally directed against the crown. Those who conspire against the constitution make this the great mark of their destroying system. To the steadiness of the crown we owe

the signal success in which our long contest with jacobinical tyranny has terminated, and the maintenance, under God, of our protestant liberties. Our kings of the Hanoverian line have been almost the only true whigs in the nation. To their constancy and consistency is to be ascribed the fact that since the accession of that house, the constitution has experienced neither change nor vacillation. Of the perpetuity of our political blessings, the crown is the pledge and guarantee; in the monarch, as the first magistrate, the law concentrates the government of the realm, and therefore invests his person with a political sanctity. All which are so many motives with "that species of men, who are nourished into a dangerous magnitude by the heat of intestine disturbances, and to whom a state of order would become a sentence of obscurity" to do what they can to bring down majesty from its sacred elevation;—every step of which procedure is so much in advance towards the subversion of the state.

When a man of sense thinks it of importance to write a book, like that at the head of our present article, to prove that George the Fourth is not fitly compared with Henry the Eighth, we may judge to what a length of depravity the treasonable heart in this our day has proceeded in the treatment of a gracious and constitutional King. What then is this King, upon whom the press is pouring forth all its poison, and satire all its ridicule, contending which shall render him most odious in the eyes of subjects bound to him as much by the ties of gratitude as of allegiance? His virtual reign as Regent of this realm has been at least as glorious and felicitous as any in our annals. Not a single abuse of prerogative—not one harsh act of government can be charged upon him—the letter of the law has never been extended against the substance of liberty—and nothing has been done in defiance of the habits and feelings of the virtuous and the free. No charter has been invaded—no hope of the state has been disappointed—no pledge has been unredeemed—no call of philanthropy disregarded; his sceptre is green with the buds of national instruction, and moistened with the dews of public charity; the worship of God has had its area multiplied; the most forlorn of the population have been advanced to a state of intellectual culture; every trust for the benefit of the poor has been brought within the scope of special inquiry; literature and science have alike elevated the commercial and military character; equity and fidelity have marked our foreign transactions; our victories have been the triumphs of humanity; after the waste and consumption of a twenty years' war, the revenues of a principality have in Britain been contributed and applied singly to the diffusion of the Scriptures; and amidst actual war, and its succeeding difficulties, her Christian influence has kept pace with

her geographical discoveries. This continues to be the state of things under George the Fourth.

Yet the personal character of this Sovereign has been more traduced and vilified than that of any other monarch or man. If the chivalrous homage with which the loyal and the brave were wont to encircle the throne, is no longer the characteristic of Britons, the ordinary sentiments of a British subject, and the common candour of a gentleman, are offended and outraged by the base and atrocious manner in which his Majesty's person and government have of late been attacked by contumelies and indignities from which the least in the country are privileged and protected. Every English gentleman puts his pen to paper, or his hand upon his sword, when his private peace and honour are invaded by a slanderer; he can challenge proof, he can repel falsehood, he can confront his accusers—but the King's majesty is the but at which every base fellow can shoot his arrows with impunity; and there is nothing which reprobate malice can assert that malevolent credulity will not believe and propagate. There is not a person of the commonest propriety of thinking, that can pass one of the numerous print or pamphlet shops in our streets without saying to himself—these things should never be in a land where the claims of justice are acknowledged, or the rights of man respected.

How then stands the character of the Monarch on the British throne? Is it to be measured on the scale of those selfish unquiet men, who prosecute an endless quarrel with rank and property, and all the fair and harmonious proportions of society; spirits that have no lot or part in the order and economy of life, —that "go to and fro in the earth, and walk up and down in it" to desecrate, demoralize, and, if possible, destroy it. Or shall we take his character from those who constitute what is called the Whig Opposition to his government;—from men that under the pretext of a constitutional jealousy, adopt for their selfish ends the vilest instruments; coalesce with principles the most profligate; and with a double treachery bribe the passions of the turbulent, that they may ride upon their backs to power, and then leave them to wallow again in the mire. Their royal master will never again take his character from these false friends. He was once in their mouths the most amiable prince in the world; and we do not forget that one who well interpreted their wishes to the nation was prosecuted for expressing, in terms that seemed libellous towards the reigning Monarch, an impatience for the happy hour when the Prince of Wales should ascend the throne, of which he was in all respects so worthy. The father then was assailed through the son, and the popularity of the Prince was grounded on his opposition to the

King. Was he then more estimable than he is now? Was he when all men, the Whigs especially, contended who should express his eulogy in the highest terms, a better man, than since he has filled the throne of his father, and trod in those steps, and adopted those maxims by which we stand at present, sharers indeed in the necessary results of a war of unprecedented length and expense, but in all that forms the real greatness of empire, the capital of the moral and intellectual world. The remnant of the Whig Opposition, whether old or new, have no vote in this matter: they are estopped. If, with an ill conscience they quote the father against the son, they quote him against themselves; they record their own conviction; they are stunned by the recoil of transactions too well remembered. Neither the Monarch upon the throne, nor the memory of the departed King, is within the jurisdiction of their praise or censure.

If we estimate the characters of our princes by a comparison with those potentates whom history records as best loved in their day, and dearest to the memory of after ages, those blemished patterns of excellence will plead for some allowance in behalf of men less free than others to follow their genuine affections, and greatly more obnoxious to the force of temptation.

Tried by the holy rule which inspired authority has given us, neither in kings nor subjects are the passions an excuse for sin: but let those who deem themselves privileged to censure the conduct of their Sovereign, ask their hearts how stands their own secret reckoning with their Maker upon the same account; or how long, if their actions, like those of a prince, were exposed to observation, would their characters endure the scrutiny of man. We put this more particularly to the consciences of those men of rank and fortune, perhaps of dissipation, who affect to be offended with what, upon grounds little examined, they charge upon their Sovereign, because he is their Sovereign, or because he governs without them or their friends.

Men of practical observation, who wish to be right upon the merits of parties, and the great points of political controversy, without a lengthened inquiry into particulars, or the fatigue of comparing arguments, may in these days decide for themselves pretty safely by regarding the operation of the principle of mutual attraction by which the different classes of public characters coalesce. We will not say that persons of a particular humour in politics, at which our readers may guess, are knaves, or anything like it, but this we *may* say, because the obvious fact will bear us out, that somehow or other, when we know a man to be a knave we may be quite sure to what politics he is attached, and when a man has cast off religion, he need not inform us respecting his sentiments on public affairs.

The political edifice in this country depends, under God, upon the moral basis upon which it stands; we are now in the predicament of being thrown entirely upon the right constitution of the public mind for support. Our condition is very peculiar: history records nothing precisely similar in the state of any political society: for when and where has it occurred that upon the floor of a great and powerful nation the vital point has been openly contested, whether an economy built upon Divine sanctions were to have countenance, or to give way to a godless system of speculations, engendered solely by the selfish passions of our degenerate nature? The contest is critical and severe: but it is consolatory to reflect, that virtue has some inherent advantages over vice; that it has, by a blessed and paramount arrangement, a settled tendency to accumulate power in society, and to prevail over any sort of power which is not under its direction. In the same manner as reason has a tendency to triumph over brutal force, and to give to man an ascendancy over the rest of the animal creation, so has virtue, by its celestial prerogatives, a tendency to acquire superiority, and a progressive enlargement of its power. It exerts this tendency by rendering public good an object and end to the members of a society; by inspiring diligence, recollection, and self-government; and by uniting men together in the bonds of mutual affection and confidence. We cannot doubt that in this country there is a sufficient proportion of virtuous men to give virtue its proper ascendancy if circumstances will permit; for much less force under the direction of virtue will prevail over a much greater, numerically and physically calculated, not under its direction. In this short and busy scene, virtue has not its proper latitude of operation; its doom is, therefore, to be for ever militant until it enters the triumphal portals of heaven to enjoy its allotment of seraphic joy and peace. But here it is the great business and policy of good men to improve its opportunities and advantages, and to obtain for it a sufficient area,—a stage on which it may have room and freedom to act its appropriate part.

That men who have nothing to hope from the dominancy of virtue, to which their condition and hopes bear an inverse proportion, should endeavour to deprive it of its natural advantages, and contract as much as possible its field of operation, is no matter of surprize; but it is a case of difficult solution when men of birth and fortune, for the sake of their minor game of politics, their objects of selfish competition, and the interests of their petulant quarrels, in which they fume and fret without even the sincerity of anger, or the substance of feeling, are found rash enough to unite with men in real earnest and of superior mettle in the work of demolition; to whose dire success they

can indeed largely contribute, but in which it is not for them to partake;—a success which will soon give a sanguinary repose to their squabbles for places, and as the earliest friends of revolutionary enterprise make their property glitter among the earliest trophies of its relentless triumph. No folly has ever exceeded the folly of those men of wealth and rank, who in this perilous crisis of human affairs, while the inundation is spreading towards their parks and lawns, when every motive of moral prudence puts them naturally upon the defensive, are still bent upon gratifying their puerile malice against ministers by throwing fresh supplies into the threatening element, weak indeed as to their quality, being still but water, but adding destructively to the mass, and the momentum. Are their capacities too short to take the guage of this ponderous and progressive accumulation, as a scale to determine the strength of that embankment which civil institutions, only strong with opinion to support them, have raised around their envied possessions? Is the folly of faction never to be cured but by its final and fatal success? Will it never open its eyes but to see its own consummation? Must its repentance always be the business of its last hours, when the lesson comes too late for amendment?

We have placed at the head of this article the several publications which have come accidentally into our hands, touching the great question which has taken into its vortex all the various political principles and projects of the day, with a view rather to justify ourselves in a general view of the state of the country, than with any design of giving our opinion on the question itself. We find it impossible, however, to forbear commenting upon some of the speeches with which we have headed our paper. Those delivered by the counsel for the Queen more particularly challenge our obvervations. Whatever may be their merit, regarded as displays of eloquence, we cannot but think them, if they are correctly reported in the above publications, as in many essential respects defective. To complain of their unsoundness would be scarcely fair towards them, the situation of the speakers considered: but we may be allowed to observe, that they have not what essentially belongs to the success, and is therefore a necessary part in the constitution, of eloquence—the appearance of sincerity. Mr. Brougham has committed the greatest fault that an orator can commit; he has renounced that altitude, he has come down from that elevation of which he should have been peculiarly zealous—the appearance of speaking, not as a counsel under the paramount obligation of his retainer, but as a man impressed with the justice of his case, the servant of his conscience, and the willing defender of truth. If Mr. Brougham's opinion be right, a barrister is privileged

or enslaved by his profession,—privileged above all the duties of his general relation to society in behalf of his client,—enslaved by being liable to be dragged at his chariot wheel through ways impassable to men of ingenuous and virtuous minds.

"He had before stated to their lordships—but surely of that it was scarcely necessary to remind them—that an advocate, in the discharge of his duty, knows but one person in all the world, and that person is his client. To save that client by all means and expedients, and at all hazards and costs to other persons, and, among them, to himself, is his first and only duty; and in performing this duty he must not regard the alarm, the torments, the destruction which he may bring upon others. Separating the duty of a patriot from that of an advocate, he must go on reckless of consequences, though it should be his unhappy fate to involve his country in confusion." (*Speech of Mr. Brougham*, p. 4.)

So horrific a proposition we cannot but think Mr. Brougham will not in his cooler moments be disposed for a moment to maintain. In maintaining it, however, on the occasion alluded to, he was guilty of a worse than gratuitous sacrifice of the oldest maxims of social virtue; for the sacrifice did his client harm. What could be the natural effect of such a declaration and avowal, but to rob all his efforts of the charm of sincerity, and to make his speech smell throughout offensively of the retainer. We will not affect to draw the line that bounds a barrister's privileges or obligations in respect to his undertaking or conducting causes, but we will venture to say in general terms that his duty to his profession or his client can never require him to act in direct opposition to his moral conviction, to the plain interests of society at large, and, least of all, so as to endanger his eternal welfare.

We cannot but strongly hold that a barrister is professionally bound to a large contribution of aid towards the success of those tendencies of collective virtue above alluded to as the true security of all free states, and preeminently of our own—the freest of the free.

Barristers would be more than men if they were not acted upon by the temptations to assume the franchise, to which Mr. Brougham has seemed to consider them as entitled, and we think it clear to every observer of the bar, that a certain indifference to the essential qualities of actions is not unfrequently the result of the marketable exposure of their talents. We would not therefore carry this evil, for evil it is, beyond the necessity of the case. It is surely much more safe and useful to remind men under this sort of temptation of their imprescriptible obligations to maintain the great landmarks of general justice, and moral rectitude.

The concluding part of Mr. Brougham's speech is equally open to the double objection of being in principle wrong, and in policy injudicious. If the assembly which he was addressing were really liable, taken as a body, to be influenced by personal fear, the grounds of intimidation were obvious, and the cause of the Queen would have had the same advantage from them without the mention of them by the advocate. To mention them therefore was gratuitous, and, as far as it was likely to operate at all, was likely to create a counter effort to avoid the imputation; but it was moreover highly indecorous, not to say dangerous, to appeal to a motive which ought to be the last to influence honourable minds in the dispensation of distributive justice. The speech in general cannot but be highly thought of as an oratorical performance: to us it appears to be defective in address, and in the talent of persuasion, while it abounds in a species of invective that produces revolt and reaction in the hearer, and falls very short of that tone of sentiment and pathos of expresion which, if they do not impart the dignity of truth, imply at least sincerity of feeling.

"Such, my lords (Mr. Brougham continued), is the case now before you, and such is the evidence by which it is attempted to be upheld. It is evidence—inadequate, to prove any proposition; impotent, to deprive the lowest subject of any civil right; ridiculous, to establish the least offence; scandalous, to support a charge of the highest nature; monstrous, to ruin the honour of the Queen of England. What shall I say of it, then, as evidence to support a judicial act of legislature, an *ex-post facto* law? My lords, I call upon you to pause. You stand on the brink of a precipice. If your judgment shall go out against your Queen, it will be the only act that ever went out without effecting its purpose; it will return to you upon your own heads. Save the country—save yourselves. Rescue the country; save the people, of whom you are the ornaments; but, severed from whom, you can no more live than the blossom that is severed from the root and tree on which it grows. Save the country, therefore, that you may continue to adorn it—save the crown, which is threatened with irreparable injury—save the aristocracy, which is surrounded with danger—save the altar, which is no longer safe when its kindred throne is shaken. You see that when the church and the throne would allow of no church solemnity on behalf of the Queen, the heart-felt prayers of the people rose to Heaven for her protection. I pray Heaven for her; and I here pour forth my fervent supplications at the throne of mercy that mercies may descend on the people of this country richer than their rulers have deserved, and that your hearts may be turned to justice." (*Speech of Mr. Brougham*, p. 57, 58.)

Of the speech of the second counsel for the Queen, which is also referred to at the head of this article, we cannot speak in terms of praise. It is hostile, and heavy,—vituperative without

being vehement—unjust without plausibility. The comparisons of the case of George the Fourth and the present Queen with that of Henry the Eighth and Ann Boleyn, and that of the Emperor Nero and Octavia, stand upon no other foundation of resemblance than the mere fact of the separation between man and wife: the grounds of the separation, and the conduct of the parties, are so strikingly dissimilar, that the comparisons were only fit for the display of contrast. Comparisons, indeed, are grossly unjust upon such an occasion: it is a sort of case that can receive no illustration but from a candid inquiry into all and only its own peculiar circumstances. We are determined, however, not to be led into this question, and shall content ourselves with observing upon Mr. Denman's allusions to Henry the Eighth and Nero, that those wicked and detestable men will only continue to be without parallels in this country, as long as a just sense of liberty, and a manly feeling of attachment to the principles of the constitution as settled in 1688, shall prevail to keep under that malignant spirit, the offspring of continental atheism, which compels into its service every distress and every casualty, as they arise, and arise they will in every political system, for the purpose of throwing into confusion the arrangements for human happiness—that paradise which its devilish nature is tormented by beholding. The Greek quotation we cannot but think was in very bad taste, to say no worse of it; we will not disturb it by any further remark. The conclusion of this speech is the only part of it which shall draw from us any additional comment. Within a little space it encloses many ridiculous errors. The simile drawn from fighting and conquering is surcharged, and spiritless,—the effervescence of puerile commonplace. If the triumph of his learned friend was complete, no random arrows ought to have been shot; it was a superfluous and a dangerous chivalry that might do harm by wounding an ally in the tumult of conflict; and indeed the last random arrow upon this occasion might well have rested quietly in its quiver. The Lords are called upon to imitate the *justice* displayed in a case where *mercy* and not justice was displayed; and to imitate in a case of asserted innocence a behaviour applicable only to a case of undissembled guilt, not to mention the concession involved in the recommendation. It is doubted by a contradictory scepticism whether *Omniscience itself possesses the power of arriving at the secrets of the female in question.* The sacred allusions which occur in this part of the speech are offensive to propriety—we will not in this place assume any thing of a higher principle. " The down-sitting, and up-rising " words so beautiful in the place from which they are borrowed, and borrowed much at random, appear to us most unsuitably arranged with the

context into which they are forced; and we will say only of the phrases, "I know nothing in the whole race of human affairs, nothing in the whole view of eternity" that they must be erroneously printed.

"Before I conclude, I must be permitted to say, that during the whole of this proceeding (though personally I have every reason to thank the House for its kindness and indulgence) the highest gratification resulting to my mind has been, that with my learned friend I have been joined upon this great occasion. We have fought the battles of morality, Christianity, and civilized society throughout the world; and, in the language of the dying warrior I may say,

'In this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.'

While he was atchieving the immortal victory, the illustrious triumph, and protecting innocence and truth, by the adamantine shield of his prodigious eloquence, it has been my lot to discharge only a few random arrows at the defeated champions of this disgraceful cause. The House will believe me when I say, that I witnessed the display of his surprising faculties with no other feelings, than a sincere gratification that the triumph was complete; and admiration and delight, that the victory of the Queen was accomplished. This is an inquiry, my Lords, unprecedented in the history of the world: the down-sitting and up-rising of this illustrious lady have been sedulously and anxiously watched: she uttered no word that had not to pass through this severe ordeal. Her daily looks have been remarked, and scarcely even her thoughts escaped the unparalleled and disgraceful assiduity of her malignant enemies. It is an inquisition, also, of a most solemn kind. I know nothing in the whole race of human affairs, nothing in the whole view of eternity, which can even remotely resemble it; but the great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed!

'He who the sword of Heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe!'

and if your Lordships have been furnished with powers, which I might almost say scarcely Omniscience itself possesses, to arrive at the secrets of this female, you will think that it is your duty to imitate the justice, beneficence, and wisdom of that benignant Being, who, not in a case like this where innocence is manifest, but when guilt was detected, and vice revealed, said—'If no accuser can come forward to condemn thee, neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." (*Speech of Mr. Denman*, p. 89, 90.)

As our object has all along been not to discuss the question of the Queen's guilt or innocence, but to consider the characteristic features of the times connected with it, we shall of course not enter into any detail with respect to the matters stated or commented upon in the published speeches of the Attorney or Solicitor-General, which we have also taken as the subjects of this article. For perspicuous and well-digested narrative, for lucid

exposition and judicious comment, the speeches of the Attorney-General upon this memorable occasion are, in our opinion, very worthy to be studied and imitated by the profession in general. They are perfectly free from the rhetorical exaggeration, puerile ambition, false ornament, and affected bluster of the bar; and they are sustained precisely at the proper elevation for the dignity of the speaker and the exigence of the occasion; so that it seems to us to be quite impossible for any candid person with his mind at liberty upon the subject, not to feel the stress of truth and sincerity powerfully affecting him from the very style and character of the composition, independently of its arguments and deductions.

The conclusion of the Attorney-General's reply appears to us to be peculiarly able. He sharpens his steel at the forge of the Philistines, and makes them furnish the means of their own discomfiture. The passages in the speeches for the defence, which we have alluded to in terms of censure, on account of their want of principle or propriety, are very skilfully and effectually turned against the speakers in the following peroration:

"I congratulate your lordships that I now approach the end of my task. It has been my duty, my anxious duty, to call your Lordships' attention to the evidence given at your bar. In this duty I have endeavoured rigidly to confine myself. I hope your Lordships will acquit me of having unnecessarily appealed to your passions or your feelings. Such has not been my object. I have endeavoured merely to perform the only duty imposed upon me by your Lordships, that of laying the evidence before you, and to comment as fairly as I could on its bearings. This has been my sole object, as this was my only duty. But, my Lords, it should seem, from what we have lately heard, that another duty may be imposed upon an advocate. My learned friend has told you that, regardful only of his client, an advocate may proceed, regardless of all the world beside, and reckless of the consequences, even though it should be his lot to produce confusion in the country for a season. Such was the text of my learned friend. Your Lordships have heard the speeches founded on it. To me it appears that the duty imposed on my learned friends was to protect and vindicate her Majesty, and refute, if they could, the charges brought against her. In the performance of their task they have considered it to be open to them to cast invectives on all around. Even the King himself was not to be spared; and, modern history exhausted, my learned friends go back to the annals of corrupt Rome, to search for the means of wounding the feelings of royalty; and the Monarch of this country has been insulted by being compared with the most cruel and most blood-thirsty despot of antiquity. Nay, not alone has the Monarch been insulted; even your Lordships have not been spared. Perhaps some excuse may be found for my learned friends, when it is considered how desperate is that cause which it is their duty to support. My Lords, if the Queen were innocent, these

invectives, these topics would be irrelevant. Her innocence cannot be established by hurling these envenomed darts around. No, my Lords, innocence, secure in its own purity, stands on a firm base, and requires not the aid of arts like these; it seeks not to inflame; it demands justice, but pants not for revenge. It will be time enough, when innocence is established, to pursue those who have aspersed it. At present, I cannot think that the course taken by my learned friends, is that which it was their duty to prefer. But in his peroration, Mr. Brougham has told your Lordships in the conclusion of his eloquent speech, that the public has pronounced the Queen innocent. My Lords, the public has pronounced no verdict. A part of the public I grant there is, who have pronounced a verdict. There are those who, by the basest, and most insidious means, have attempted to mislead the loyal, the honest, and the good part of the community, by industriously blackening the conduct of all concerned in carrying on these proceedings. They, while the cause of the Queen is in their mouths, have other objects in their hearts, and seek but to stimulate the people to rebellion and revolution. It is painful to reflect, that those who have such objects in view should have met with any encouragement. They will receive no countenance from your Lordships. It is only on the evidence produced before you that your Lordships will found your decision. But you have been told, my lords, in the peroration of my friend, Mr. Brougham, to pause before you decide; that you stand on a precipice, and that if you give your judgment against the Queen, it will be the last judgment that you will ever pronounce. Nay, you are called upon, as the only means of preserving the honour of the crown and the purity of the altar, at all hazards, and at all risks, whatever the evidence may be, to give a verdict of acquittal, because, forsooth, such, in the opinion of my learned friends, such is the decision to which you ought to come. You, my Lords, are not thus to be worked upon; you are not to be influenced by such attempts at intimidation. I know that I am now addressing persons of high honour, and of unstained reputation, whose decisions have hitherto been reverenced, because they have been founded in justice. You will sustain your exalted character, you will best protect the honour of the throne, and the purity of the altar, by coming to a just decision on the evidence before you. On that evidence I rest my case; and if it lead you, as I think it inevitably must, to give a verdict of guilty, you, I am sure, will not want courage to pronounce it; and doing so, my Lords, you will best satisfy your own consciences, and sooner or later, the country." (*Speech of the Attorney General*, p. 105, 106—114.)

The preposterous absurdity, to characterize it by no harsher terms, of the parallel drawn between the conduct of Nero towards the innocent Octavia and that of our Sovereign towards the Queen, is successfully combatted by the Solicitor-General, whose speech, also, at the head of our paper, taking up the subject in its state of exhaustion, is judiciously occupied with the

illustration of particular topics, and the task of repelling the invectives of his opponents.

"In the early stages of this inquiry," (says this able lawyer and reasoner) "appeals were made to the reign of Henry VIII. and the cruelties exercised by that monarch. Those appeals were considered then as sufficient to satisfy the purposes of the case; they were deemed sufficiently powerful in having to answer the object of this defence. But what have become of the appeals to the case of Lady Anne Boleyn, and the barbarities of Henry VIII.? They have ceased to have any impression for the purposes of her Majesty's defence; a higher flight is necessary in the last stage of this inquiry. To my surprise—to my amazement and utter astonishment, my learned friend, Mr. Denman, whom I have long known—whose character and private life I have long loved, has for this purpose dared to say that no page in the history of the ancient or modern world furnishes a parallel to the abuses and cruelties her Royal Highness has experienced, unless it is in the annals of Rome in its worst period—in the history of its worst and most infamous sovereigns! My Lords, the Princess of Wales is said, in her sufferings, to stand in the same situation as the Empress Octavia! How are we to answer this, but to see in what situation Octavia did stand, in order to see the enormous nature of the charge preferred against the Government of this country. Octavia's father was murdered by Nero—Octavia's brother was murdered by Nero, in the presence of Octavia. She, one of the most pure and spotless beings the world ever produced—she was charged with having a criminal intercourse with a slave! My Lords, there was not the smallest semblance of truth in the charge; she never advanced this slave; she had never promoted him to orders; she had never slept in the same room with that slave, but without evidence she was sent into banishment. She was seen in Gaul when this took place. The most infamous of men—the most atrocious of monsters was employed by Nero, to murder his own mother Agrippa, and I believe that this Nero, to get rid of his wife Octavia, told her "you must confess that you have had an adulterous intercourse with your slave, and you shall undergo nominal punishment, but you shall be pardoned." Reluctantly the confession was made; the confession was taken for proof, she was seized—her veins opened—the blood did not flow sufficiently quick—she was drowned in hot water, and her head was sent to Nero, to glut his cruelty. My Lords, that is the conduct of Nero and his myrmidon. They were acting together in this foul and infamous transaction. What are we to say then when counsel like my learned friend, entertaining the best possible feelings on all other occasions, feels himself justified, in a court of justice, in saying that the case of Octavia bears a resemblance to the case before your Lordships; nay, not only bears a resemblance, but that it is the only case that can be presented in ancient and modern times, that can be put in any competition with such a transaction! I confess, when I heard

this, my blood was paralized with horror. I hardly understood where I was, or from whom it was this extraordinary language proceeded. But, my Lords, what is still more extraordinary, my learned friend has not the credit of novelty in this comparison. No, it is not his own; for I find in a newspaper, which I hold in my hand, an advertisement published some time before the speech of my learned friend, couched in the terms;—"Nero vindicated!" published by whom? By a name well known, an individual of whom I know nothing, but from those publications which are ushered into the world, "Printed for William Hone, Ludgate Hill." Now, my learned friend condescends to make himself the instrument to such a person as I have described, to prefer such charges in this high and august assembly against the monarch of his country! My Lords, what will my learned friend say, if I imitate the same course in answering his argument? What will your Lordships say—what will my learned friend say, if I quote the language of Tacitus, of whom he is so fond—"Isontibus innoxia consilia; flagitiis manifestis, subsidium ab audacia petendum."—I should not have dared to make such a quotation, only that I find it in the same page with the passages which my learned friends have quoted." (*Speech of the Solicitor General*, p. 155, 156.)

We will add, also, the concluding part of the same speech, for the sake of its just and vigorous comment upon the improper and impolitic appeal of the Queen's Counsel to the personal motives of fear, and the threatened consequences of a conviction of the party accused:

"My learned friends have endeavoured to awaken every sympathy, every passion of your Lordships' nature; they have even appealed to the basest of all passions, the passion of fear. In the high and august assembly of a nation renowned for its firmness and intrepidity my learned friends have appealed to the passion of fear. Your Lordships have been told by one of my learned friends, that if you passed this Bill into a law, you would commit an act of suicide. By another of my learned friends you were told, that if you passed this Bill it would be at your—peril! The words hung sufficiently long upon my learned friend's lips to be clearly understood, but they were afterwards affectedly withdrawn. I was astonished to hear such arguments urged—arguments which could not serve, but might have an injurious effect on the case of the illustrious individual in whose behalf they were urged. I know, my Lords, that your Lordships dare not do any thing unjust; but I know at the same time that you will do what the ends of justice require, without regard to any personal consequences which may follow. But, my Lords, it is not in this place only that such arts have been resorted to; a similar course has been followed out of doors—every attempt has been made to intimidate your Lordships and overawe your proceedings. Even the name of her Majesty herself has been profaned for base and factious purposes. In her Majesty's name, but undoubtedly without her consent, attacks have been made upon all that is sacred and venerable. The Empire—the Con-

stitution—the Sovereign—the Hierarchy—every order of the State—all has been darkly and malignantly attacked under the shield of her Majesty's name. But, my Lords, I do not suppose that this has been done with her Majesty's consent, if it had, well might we exclaim—

> 'dum capitolio
> Regina dementes ruinas
> Funus et imperio parabat.'

In such a case we might well expect the commencement of a new era; but I again say, that I impute no such motives to her Majesty. I say, my Lords, that if, in looking to the whole of the evidence, you shall have the strongest moral conviction on your Lordships' minds of her Majesty's guilt, but yet feel that there has not been such evidence brought forward as would lay the legal foundation of guilt; in that case, my Lords, you will throw out this bill; you will say to her Majesty, in the language of my learned friend Mr. Denman, 'go thou, and sin no more.' But, my Lords, if, on the other hand, looking with that calmness and impartiality which the great importance of this case requires, you find that the case is borne out by the strongest, fullest, and most satisfactory evidence, if no doubt hangs upon the minds of your Lordships, then, my Lords, knowing the Tribunal I have been addressing, I am sure you will pronounce your decision on this great and momentous question with a firmness consonant to your high and exalted station." (*Speech of the Solicitor General*, p. 167—168.)

We have also placed the speech of the Earl of Liverpool on the second reading of the Bill of Pains and Penalties at the head of our article, not for the purpose of any particular examination of its contents, but simply to call the attention of our readers to it, as an instructive sample of the gravity and simplicity by which truth should come recommended from the mouth of a nobleman of this great and free community. Really, when one reads the virulent charges brought against the state, of which this elevated, respectable, and amiable person is one of the principal administrators and organs, and without whose large participation no confederate guilt of unprincipled misgovernment can possibly be incurred—when one reflects upon the coarse and ferocious obloquies with which his public character, as well as that of his associates in the invidious station of ministers, is loaded, bearing in our minds how confuted by all experience is the distinction between public and private principle—when one sees the vulgar demagogue, with neither principle nor peace in his bosom, leaving his occupation, his duty, and his unhappy home to hurl the thunders of his execration at the head of this honourable man, whose elegant and moral life is the ornament of the public sphere in which he moves, and the joy of his domestic retirement; one discerns by a short glance of the mind the vast difference in disposition, in temper, in habits, in the

elements and capacities of social happiness, between those that maintain and those that menace our ancient and tried institutions, between those that cherish the spirit of improvement combined with the principle of conservation, and those that speculate upon the chances of violent change, or general confusion. The speech of the Earl of Liverpool is one that will be long remembered, for a distinction which is not to be attained by the rhetorician's art,—the impress of candour and feeling on every sentence. It is a speech also on which the slavish fear calculated upon by some of the speakers on this question, has evidently had no operation. There is a tempered courage, and intrepid moderation spread over the whole, which, in these days, are absolutely necessary to carry the value of virtue beyond the individual that possesses it into the social atmosphere by which he is surrounded. We will exhibit to our readers the latter pages of this plain and manly oration:

"A bill of pains and penalties, my Lords, is a bad name: but let me entreat you, fairly and candidly, to consider what the nature of this bill is. Is this bill, in its effect, regard being had to the relative situation of the parties, any more than an ordinary divorce bill, such as you have so frequently before you? I do not mean that the parties have greater advantages. In any case where the wife of any of your Lordships, or of your Lordships' ancestors, has been divorced, is she not actually degraded—is she not deprived of her rights, prerogatives, and privileges? And is she not degraded upon the same principle, and exactly almost in the same terms, as those which are contained in this bill? I know, my Lords, that on occasions of that kind you have decisions of the Ecclesiastical Court, but not always; for many divorce bills pass without any such decision being before the House. I admit the rule generally; but I deny that it is a principle upon which *all* divorce bills *must* proceed. We have been told too, that in other cases, the accused has a full right to *recriminate;* but then the individual is in a far different situation from the Queen. Here the exclusion of that rule cannot operate as a hardship upon the Queen. A Queen of this country does not come forward like a private individual. She stands before the public and the country, claiming prerogatives and privileges which must be founded upon her own individual innocence and purity, unmixed with the doctrines out of doors; unaided by popular declamation. I say then, my lords, that when it is endeavoured to stigmatize this bill as a bill of pains and penalties, it is no more in its operation, than one of those bills which you are constantly in the habit of passing. They are bills which often operate harshly, because, perhaps, they injure those who have not been the aggressors:—because, perhaps, those individuals have not the power of retaliating; because, perhaps, they are feeble and unprotected, and are not upheld and supported by popular feeling, manœuvring their innocence in the face of manifest guilt. The Queen has none of these hardships to complain of. She has advocates most able, she has means most ample,

and she derives every assistance, even from her accusers, to establish her innocence, if it can be established. My Lords, it has next been said, that this measure is inexpedient and unnecessary, and the noble Lord opposite has personally addressed me, and told me that, because I brought this bill into the house, it would be highly improper for me to vote on this important occasion. Before I address myself to that, however, I beg leave to offer an observation as to what has been said with respect to the inconvenience that will result, if this bill do pass. I would ask the noble Lords who intend to vote the second reading of this bill to look on the other hand, and see the tremendous inconveniencies that would arise from rejecting it, after this question has been brought to the bar—after it has been investigated,—and after the parties have joined issue upon it. If, my Lords, you believe her Majesty guilty, and yet reject the bill, it will be a complete acquittal, moral as well as legal, and it will be a triumph of guilt under circumstances the most fatal. Reflect, my Lords, upon all the different bearings of this case; and recollect that in such an event, the Queen would not retire from this bar like an humble individual acquitted for want of evidence. No, my Lords, she is Queen of this country, and she will take that title and its prerogatives, tainted with crime, should you not vote for the second reading of the bill, though you think her guilty of the charge imputed to her. Do not your Lordships recollect a most respectable individual, in a decent and respectable situation of life, being found guilty of the crime of adultery?—and do you not recollect the disgrace and degradation which attached to him for the manner in which the crime was perpetrated? I will not prejudice your opinions; I will not attempt to warp your judgments; but never let it be said, that while you believe her guilty, you dare not pronounce your conscientious opinion. I believe in my conscience, whatever opinion may prevail as to the consequences, I firmly believe, let the consequences be what they may, that is the safest and wisest course; and I rely on the good sense of the country, that those consequences will neither be fatal nor prejudicial, when they see your opinions have been declared according to the best of your judgment, and according to the dictates of your conscience. The noble Lord opposite has alluded to the clamour out-of-doors; and he says most truly, that attempts will be made by the seditious and disaffected to take advantage of your decision, if you should pass this bill, aad turn it to serve their own evil designs. My Lords, that is most true. In times like these, undoubtedly there are always too many evil spirits abroad, anxious to seize on any public grievance to serve their own base purposes, and to fan the flame of faction, without caring, for a single moment, about the guilt or innocence of the Queen. And would to God, my Lords, I could say, that the Queen had kept herself clear from all participation in such attempts.—Look, my Lords, to the answers she gives those addresses which are daily presented to her. Can we look at them, and say we think they are the answers of a person who, conscious of her innocence, patiently waits the decision of that tribunal before which her conduct is arraigned? Would not the true line to be adopted be, that which she pursued most properly in the answer

she gave to the first address that was presented to her? There she declared that, conscious of her innocence, she was ready to meet her accusers, but she did not wish her case to mix with public politics. I do not say this, my Lords, to prejudice your minds for a single instant against the illustrious individual whose case is now before the House. But, my Lords, if you believe her guilty, and yet reject the bill, as I said before, it will be the triumph of guilt over truth and justice. Let me beseech you, then, to suffer no threat or fear to deter you from doing that duty which you are bound here to perform, according to the dictates of your consciences. With respect to the personal appeal which the noble Earl opposite has made to me, I desire to say, that I have looked into the conduct of other persons who have been in my situation upon bills and measures of a similar nature, and I do not find that it was on those occasions thought consistent with public duty, or consistent with the rights of a peer, upon a public measure to abstain from giving their opinions or votes. This doctrine applied to impeachment at the bar of this House, and I think it applies to the present case. I remember when the father of a noble friend who sits near me was some years ago impeached at the bar of this House; the King's Attorney and Solicitor-General conducted the prosecution; the ministers brought it forward; and yet the noble Lords who then held office in the government did not in any degree think themselves precluded from voting. I say that in substance the present case is the same. I say, that upon so important a question, and on so great and public a measure, I will not preclude myself from expressing my opinion, nor will I divest myself of my right as a peer to assert my opinion, and to support it by my vote. I will rely on my own honour, feelings, and integrity, to guide me to that which is right; and I will rely on the public to do me justice in believing that I act conscientiously and honestly. To conclude, we have, my Lords, now to discharge most undoubtedly a high and important duty. We come now to a decision, in which, I hope and trust, your votes will not be influenced by fear, affection, or interest: and I trust and believe, every peer will give his vote from the bottom of his heart, according to the best of his judgment, and in fulfilment of the dictates of his conscience. I will not believe—I never can believe—that the country will not do justice to your decision. I have the highest confidence in the country that they will reverence your decision, and I am sure the country reposes its fullest confidence in the integrity of this tribunal. You are, however, my Lords, a tribunal that, like all other tribunals, stands before the greater tribunal of public opinion, and by your acts you will be judged. But if you give an honest vote upon this subject, whatever it may be, the public will do you justice, and will feel that vote has been given according to the best of your judgment, and in strict obedience to the dictates of your conscience. Allusions have been made by the noble Lord opposite, to the judges of the land. I know not to what he refers: but without adverting to that circumstance, I will say it gives me the highest satisfaction that this trial proceeds in the presence of the judges of the land. It gives me also great satisfaction that after this trial is closed, we debate the question in the presence of those judges. I am

sure they have been to us of the greatest assistance in determining points of law; and I think it highly proper that we have their aid. Heaven grant your decision may be such as will satisfy the ends of justice and vindicate the cause of truth!—Heaven grant it may be such as will bear the test of judgment here and hereafter; that in pronouncing your decision you may safely appeal for the truth of your judgment to that Being to whom alone the secrets of all hearts are open. And when, at the last day, we shall render an account at the tribunal of Eternal Justice, we may feel warranted in our conduct here, and know we have administered justice in mercy, without pronouncing a harsher judgment, or a severer punishment, than is absolutely necessary, doing right between the Queen, the public, and our God." (*Earl of Liverpool's Speech*, p. 26—30.)

The publication entitled "Selections from the Queen's Answers to various Addresses presented to her," which is one of the list at the top of our article, is a compilation of great singularity and curiosity. There is no doubt that many of the answers here recorded contain aphorisms of unquestionable certainty and importance on the side of constitutional freedom; the point is, are they connected with the Queen's cause? And is the violation of them, or of any of them in regard to the Queen's person, a gratuitous and baseless assumption, or a fair ostensible deduction from facts? Into this question, on the margin of which we have all along been treading, we must still refuse to embark; but as demonstrations of a spirit of profound intrigue and contrivance to extract from every event what revolutionary virtue it may contain, we think we may, consistently with our plan in this article, bestow on them a little attention. That they are not the lucubrations of her Majesty is beyond all controversy clear; it would be silly to ask whether they contain her sentiments: they have been fabricated, like any other manufactured article, to answer a special purpose; and her interest in them goes no further than to their suitableness to her immediate occasion. Of the composition she probably neither knows nor cares any thing. One can only wonder at her unreserved abandonment of her cause to persons who have far other interests than her own to serve; who have divorced that cause for ever from the great and indispensable maxims of public safety, and suspended it upon the ominous success of revolutionary projects. Of the orbit of a King's consort the throne can be the only proper centre. Shooting out of this sphere it is impossible for her to find her element elsewhere, or to rush into harmony with any other system, especially in regions beyond the walk of human discovery, amidst the vortices and eccentricities of democratic speculation.

Of the shame and scandal of these answers to addresses, the Queen is only a negative participant, by permitting them to go forth in her name. The probability is, that few of them have

been offered to her perusal; and we wish to think that only the two or three first were seen and approved by her as the models of those which were to succeed. The three first contain the following sentiments.

" The Common Council of London, 16th June.

" If any thing could lessen the grief which I must still feel for the loss of those dear relations, of whom I have been deprived since I left England, it would be the proofs I now receive upon my return that their memories are cherished as their virtues deserved. In the new trials to which I am exposed, my first duty is to vindicate myself, and my next wish is to see nothing attempted that may hurt the feelings of others.

" But in all the troubles through which I have passed, the generous attachment of the English people has been my safe-guard against the King's enemies and my own; and be well assured that no time can ever weaken the grateful impressions of such obligations."

" Nottingham, 30th June.

" Sincerely as I must ever deplore the distresses that may fall on any of my fellow-subjects, I must decline to speculate upon their probable causes, or to cast reproaches upon their supposed authors. *Having come to this country for my own vindication, I cannot mix political animosities with my just cause.*

" My fervent prayers will be constantly offered up to the throne of mercy for the happiness and prosperity of the whole English people; and there is no portion of them for whom I feel a livelier interest than the inhabitants of Nottingham."

" Preston, 3d July.

" The object of my coming here has been the vindication of my honour; and I shall perform the sacred duty which I owe alike to the country and to myself, without making myself a party to the political divisions which exist."

Now, if these were really the first feelings of the Queen's mind on her return to this country, and the sentiments expressed in the answers to subsequent addresses were also really her own, we can only lament that, in the sequel, she should have so apostatized from her early professions, or fallen under the influence of such bad counsels. But if, with an understanding that all succeeding answers to succeeding addresses were to breathe the same innoxious spirit and the same prudence of political reserve, she cast the whole business of framing these answers upon others, without personal knowledge of their contents, we can only exclaim, that there lives not a more insulted being,—a more pitiable victim of treachery, than the Queen of England.

Had every answer been of the same character as the three which we have produced, and her conduct been consistent with those answers, — resolute without defiance, retiring without timidity, displaying the firm aspect of integrity, and rejecting

adventitious support from passion, delusion, or depraved ambition, the hearts of the good and the brave, the moral and religious of the land would have been touched with a generous sympathy for their unhappy Queen;—her failings and miscarriages would have been half forgotten, half discredited, and all forgiven by the nation. But, unhappily, the very reverse of all this has been the course adopted. The Queen's case was soon perceived by the ill-disposed part of the country to be rich in capabilities; they saw in it the means of insulting their Sovereign, annoying the government, aspersing the nobility, and throwing ridicule and contempt upon the clergy. It is not necessary to confirm this observation by examples—they are in every body's recollection. Every reader of the newspapers will remember that tissue of inflammatory appeals to the populace, of which the answer to the address of the operative classes of London may be taken as a pretty good specimen, where we have the following memorable passage,

"There have been times, and perhaps those times may still be, when the hard-earned bread of the long toiling peasant or mechanic is insufficient for his numerous family; when the penury has been succeeded by the inquietude of the night, and when night and day, day and night have been only a sad succession of pining wretchedness, and of hopeless woe. That order of things, which in a large portion of the community necessitates the acquisition of subsistence by the sweat of the brow, is the institution of Providence for the benefit of man; but who does not see that it is not owing to the wisdom of the Deity, but to the hard-heartedness of the oppressor, when the sweat of the brow during the day is followed by the tear of affliction at its close; when the labour of the hand only adds to the aching of the heart; and what ought to be a source of joy is an aggravation of calamity. But if these things have been, I may perhaps be permitted to hope that they will, ere long, be only as the troubled scenery of a dream; and that happier times are approaching, when commerce will crowd our rivers, trade be busy in our streets, and industry smiling in our fields."

The above bombastical, hypocritical, and dangerous cant, may be taken as a fair average sample of the style and tone of these compositions dispersed over the country in a time of unusual difficulties in the agricultural and trading classes, the unavoidable consequences of a long war in itself unavoidable,—from which it may be seen how fully by this time the full value of the Queen's case was understood, as affording a principle as active as the power of steam to set in motion the machinery of the passions, and to transmit and distribute its impulse into whatever may be the direction given it by the diversified agency and multiplied occasions of mischief. After all, perhaps, the real reason of the difference observable be-

tween the three first and the succeeding answers to addresses, may be found in the difference between those legal advisers to whom the Queen submitted her earliest acts after her return to these shores, and those more decided men who have conducted her across that rubicon, beyond which all restraints of queenly policy, or feminine reserve were to give place to higher thoughts, and a bolder career of enterprize.

The Letter to the King, which is introduced at the end of this pamphlet, and which may be regarded as the great state paper or proclamation of the party to whom her Majesty has committed her cause, is now, we believe, considered as a document of great indiscretion by even that party itself. By this letter, the eyes of all were opened to the scope and purpose to which her case was to be expanded; and more wrong was done the Queen by this than by any other transaction which has been covered by her name. There is assuredly decorum of sentiment enough in the British mind rightly to appreciate the character of an interference calculated to inflame animosities between man and wife, aggravated by the circumstance of that man and wife being the King and Queen of the country. If ever there was a hope of exterior reconcilement, or of a treaty that might cicatrize a wound in which every bosom of feeling participates, this was the method of all that could have been devised the best adapted to disappoint that hope, and to perpetuate the nation's sorrow. "This was the most unkindest cut of all;" for it cut asunder the last silver thread by which charity, when all peculiar ties are gone, still holds us together in the intercourse of general benevolence. There is scarcely any composition in the language of which a humane or Christian person would feel himself less capable of being the author, than of this unjust and opprobrious epistle.

We will not enter into any particular consideration of the letter in question. It has been sufficiently examined and weighed by the reflecting part of the nation. One passage alone compels us, by its peculiar malignity and dishonesty, to throw away a remark upon it. The letter alludes to a passage in the letter of the King, written in April, 1796, in which his Majesty, then Prince of Wales, thus expressed himself:—"Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held amenable to the other; because Nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power," &c. By the above passage, it is most obviously clear that nothing more was meant than that the Prince found it impossible to bestow his affection on the Princess, his inclinations not being within his controul,—not surely that his inclinations had migrated to any other object, which would, indeed, have been but a licentious excuse for his dissatisfaction with his

wife: but this is the construction indecently and insidiously put upon the passage by the letter written in the Queen's name. "The separation," says this letter, "so far from being sought by me, was a sentence pronounced upon me, without any cause assigned, *other than that of your own inclinations;* which, as your Majesty was pleased to allege, were not under your controul." And, again, "The 'tranquil and comfortable society' tendered to me by your Majesty, formed in my mind but a poor compensation for the grief occasioned by considering the wound given to public morals in the fatal example produced by your Majesty's inclinations."

A more shameful perversion of another's meaning and expression, for the sake of an assault upon his quiet and his character, is not easy to be found. Nor can it escape notice, that this imports to be an answer to a letter written and answered above four and twenty years before. This is quite enough to fix upon this letter from the Queen its appropriate character, and to make it every good man's bosom-prayer, that, since the issue of the late trial before the Peers has been considered by the Queen and her advisers as calling on her Majesty's part for a solemn thanksgiving, she may be made sensible of the deep importance of "studying to be quiet," and of making what is thus deemed the triumph of innocence an æra of repose to the King and to the nation from those troubles and inquietudes to which it is impossible that innocence can lend itself, and from which it is equally impossible that the Queen in any event can derive either honour or security. No convulsions of the country could shake out any benefit to the consort of the King. Their differences might be "reconciled in ruin;" but by no change or chance of revolutionary occurrence can these differences ever be decided, the situation of her Majesty improved, truth more satisfactorily developed, opinion rectified, or controversy composed.

The Liturgy question has been decided, and not a small part of the nation will think that in that decision the whole case of the Queen has been virtually comprehended. Though we shall not trouble our readers with our opinions at any length, on a subject so little to our taste, yet it would not consist with the character of our journal to let any momentous question, touching religion, lie in our path without attracting our regard. "That the order of council, for erasing the name of the Queen from the Liturgy appears to this House to have been ill-advised and inexpedient," was a motion in spirit and import miserably below the tone of the petitions to the House, and the general expectation excited by the challenges of her Majesty's champions. In proportion as it was calculated to give to the Queen the advantage of every shade and modification of opinion, it widened the basis of the argument afforded by its

failure. For our own parts we cannot understand how any of the arguments used to demonstrate the illegality of the rejection of the Queen's name can be regarded as applicable to the motion; for if the rejection was illegal, it seems strange in the extreme to our minds to bring into question its expediency;—what is in strictness illegal, may be supposed expedient, and what is legal, may very evidently be inexpedient; but we do not hear so often as to be reconciled to it, of an inexpedient breach of the law of the land. A man might as well complain that a soap manufactory had been set up in his neighbourhood, which was a great nuisance, and besides that not very agreeable. That the King, as head of the Church and head of his family, has the power of settling the form in which the members of his royal house shall be noticed in the public prayers of the church, we have never felt the possibility of doubting. Insertions, changes, omissions, and erasures, by the Sovereign's authority, are frequent enough before the act of uniformity, to show how the point was then considered, and since that act they have been of such common occurrence, as to show that that statute was never held to take away the power before possessed, and often exercised by the King. The principle of law requires, that for this effect there must be express words; which are so far from being found in that act, that the clauses bearing upon the point are declaratory and confirmatory of this natural and necessary branch of the kingly authority.

Whether the rejection of the Queen's name from the prayers of the church, leaving her to be included in the general description of the royal family, with that silent supplication of the heart which the Christian in spirit will be apt to frame for her Majesty's peculiar circumstances, was expedient or otherwise, we shall not consider more at large, than we have the legality of the measure; but we will, for we cannot help it, observe that such a question can never be properly discussed but by those who know something of "the spirit of prayer and supplication," of "the Spirit that maketh intercession," and of "the prayer of faith." Those christians who think that the services of God, to be of any worth, must be spiritual, intellectual, holy, the incense of the heart's sacrifice, the fruit of Christian sorrow, hope, and thanksgiving, the earnest of an union with the Creator, and Redeemer, will not deem it a light matter to make our Liturgy the medium of official homage, or state formality, beyond the length to which it has already gone. We could well spare, though no one will suspect us of disloyalty, or of wanting homage for the Crown, all laudatory epithets, or what appear to be such, though perhaps susceptible of another interpretation, bestowed upon the King's Majesty in the prayers of our church; and we believe that if we prayed for him simply as our Sovereign Lord the King, an

objection to our Liturgy, with which some good men feel strongly impressed, would be removed, and equal honour would be indicated to the Sovereign.* To bring the Queen's name into the service as a special object of prayer, with the usual epithet of *gracious,*† an epithet unquestionably importing, at the time it was introduced, the communication or reception of Divine grace, according as it was applied to God or man, would at least, to say nothing more of it, be to increase that courtly formality which, in the minds of many, lower the sanctity, by lessening the sincerity, of our forms. Nothing should be made ostensibly the object of our prayers for which we cannot pray heartily; and heartily, we presume, every good man can pray for the family of the King, after praying for the Sovereign himself as God's special servant and instrument; for they are the patterns to which the manners of the country form and adjust themselves,—they surround the throne like a luminous zodiac, or involve it in the darkness of an eclipse; but if, instead of a general prayer for the royal family, the name of one is distinguished as the special and cherished object of our supplications at the throne of grace, unless such peculiar interest in the person so selected is honestly felt, so to pray is little else than to flatter human greatness, and to mock the majesty of heaven. Such a habit of praying leads to that criminal lukewarmness so frequently condemned in Scripture; and beautifully compared by Taylor to the phantastic fires of the night, where there is light and no heat, and which therefore may pass on to the real fires of hell, where there is heat and no light.

When the *legality* of his Majesty's interference with the Liturgy is the question, men with hard hearts and unholy bosoms may be qualified for the discussion; but, if the legality is conceded, and the expediency or propriety be the subject of consideration, it seems to us that politicians, and lawyers, the violent, the venal, the verbose, the men of "vain imaginations, vain affectations, vain altercations," should stand aloof, nor "touch the ark—of this magnificent and awful cause." He alone is adequate to the topic, whose lips have felt something of the touch of the live coal from the altar. It is a question which that mind alone is upon a level with, that feels all the worth of that for which prayer must ask, if it asks aright,—the purchase of the Saviour's blood, the effect of his intercession, the fruit of his sacrifice, the gift of his healing, the efficacy of his grace,—things greater than diadems, and all else that life can possess, and therefore not to be solicited for ourselves or others but with an earnestness

* We dare not hope that his Majesty will ever see this paper, but if he should he may cast perhaps, a reflecting eye upon this suggestion.

† In the services of religion, and in the works of our old divines, as in the sermons of Jeremy Taylor throughout, this word is used as above stated.

equal to the prize. Such and such only will feel all the reverence due to our holy and comprehensive Liturgy. He will see it, indeed, in connection with the state; but not as an engine of state-policy. He will see in it a constitution agreeable to the earliest and purest standard; at once spiritually independent of the state, and practically maintaining with it a genuine alliance. He will see how it tempers freedom with obedience, and how beautifully in exchange for protection it casts over the civil institutions its warm investiture. He will deem it an unkind forgetfulness of this condition of mutual benefit, should the state, by its authority, make the services of our holy Church subservient to political arrangements, or arbitrarily inflict upon it the language of insincerity.

We cannot help yet further insisting upon the necessity of a certain frame and disposition of the heart to qualify for the question, whether any subject of supplication shall or shall not be introduced into the liturgy of our church. It is not for the "disputers of this world," for forensic wranglers, or trading politicians, or mere party-men, still less for the hierophants of sedition, and least of all for the encouragers of parodies upon the church service, to settle upon its true grounds a controversy of this kind. Our Liturgy throughout is full of spirituality and purity, and its stated as well as occasional services are all calculated to raise the mind to a holy and heavenly fervour: none can approach it duly and rightly but in a state of deep personal humiliation, or proceed in it to any good purpose without a sincere desire for an increase of grace to hear meekly HIS word, to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit. Those who thus come to the sanctuary, and who thus feel and think of its services, and those only, are the persons we are at all disposed to attend to, on this delicate question; the thing itself must first be sacred in our eyes before we can be fit judges of what ought to make a part of it. And with this observation we will dismiss the subject.

The pamphlet entitled, An Address from the King to his People, puts a language in some places into the mouth of the King, of which we do not altogether approve. It is defective in dignity. The habitual homage due to majesty demands that the King should never express himself to his subjects in the style of justification or apology, and still less, of familiarity, with respect to his domestic affairs. The King cannot with propriety or safety enter with his people into the details of his own conduct. And therefore a pamphlet assuming such a form ought to have proceeded with a proper regard to these considerations. We have also some doubt of the policy and utility of giving to a publication of this sort the semblance of having proceeded immediately from

the King. It would certainly have been what the loyal subjects of his Majesty would have disapproved of, had he really written the address imputed to him; and for this reason we cannot but think that it was incorrect, to say the least of it, to put forth a semblance of what would have been wrong if real, and which probably has left the impression of a fact rather than of a fiction on the minds of many. But after these deductions on the score of propriety, it is due to this performance to say of it, that it contains as many well expressed and important truths on the subject, which has of late divided and agitated the nation, as any of the ephemeral publications to which that subject has given birth. We could select many interesting and well reasoned passages from it respecting the grounds of the unhappy separation of their Majesties, and of the consecutive treatment of the Queen; but we forbear to do so, from an apprehension that, as all these points have been so long and vehemently controverted, it would be hardly consistent with impartial justice to present one side of the case, without entering into the discussion of the opposite arguments and statements, whatever may be our own personal conviction. Besides which we are mindful of our resolution to avoid plunging into the vortex of the agitating and distressing question of the Queen's general guilt or innocence. Our readers will remember that, at the outset of this protracted paper, we announced our intention of confining ourselves to the considerations suggested by the ungenerous use which has been made by faction of this most afflicting case, and the attempts grounded upon it to bring the King's majesty and all the high constitutional authorities of the kingdom into contempt and odium by the most unwarrantable and shameless libels, calumnies, and caricatures, by which private peace and honour, or the solemn rights of public morality and opinion, have ever since the world began been invaded and violated. The extract which we now present from this pamphlet to our readers, appears to us to put many things well, fairly, and moderately.

"I proceed now to the offer of an ample allowance to the Queen, provided she continued to remain abroad in the retirement she had voluntarily adopted; and the alternative with which that offer was accompanied. I have pointed out *this transaction*, and *the suspension in the Liturgy*, as acts which *may appear* to have emanated more immediately from my own personal feelings.

"I have previously remarked, that from the period of my becoming Regent, the differences between the Princess and myself had assumed a political character, and been treated by many as a party question.

"The companions of my youth, and the distinguished characters with whom, in my earlier years, I had intimately associated, had created in the public mind a widely extended, and readily believed opinion, that when the sceptre of my father should descend to me, I

should, from among those associates, have chosen the members of my administration. During the discussion of the terms of the regency, I was careful to avoid giving any pledge of the line of policy I might find it expedient to adopt. A short previous administration, composed of those political friends by whom it was conjectured my councils would have been directed, had enabled me to form some opinion of their executive talents; and *notwithstanding*, an overture was made by me to them, to propose an administration. But when I found the conditions required would have reduced me to a mere political automaton, of which they were to possess the key; that, not content with forming the administration, they required also, that I should be surrounded in my household by their adherents, and left to no choice in the appointment of my own attendants; when with this, I compared the candour and the unequivocal absence of all personal feeling with which the bill creating the regency was carried by the then ministry; and above all, the frank, loyal, and respectful regret which was shewn to the calamity of my revered parent; and the so immediate provision made for the resumption by him of the regal dignity, that should it have pleased Providence so to have restored him; my royal father would have awakened, as if from a dream, and have found himself unreminded of his affliction; when to this I added the important consideration, that the flame of freedom was beginning to glimmer in Spain: that the then administration were prepared to take advantage of every circumstance favourable to the destruction of the military tyrant of Europe; and when all these various considerations were upheld by the weight of personal character which was contained in the then cabinet; I felt sufficiently justified in not suffering former prepossessions to stand for one moment in the way of newly created duties. I felt that an existing experienced executive was, at such a time, safer than a theoretical cabinet. I had also a doubt in my own mind, whether, during my Sovereign's life, I ought, as Regent, to adopt the principles of those who had been violently opposed to my royal father's measures, or pursue a line of policy unchanged, and such as my King would have continued had he remained the active head of the Empire. This was a feeling of the heart; it was mine.

"This, my determination, produced two consequences; 1. A series of unbroken, glorious, and important victories, attended with such results, as the history of the world, within a similar period of time, cannot produce; 2. The conversion of my matrimonial differences into a political attack upon my authority.

"From this moment then, the Queen, by becoming the tool of party, gave to her cause and her conduct a new feature, and an importance which required the vigilant eye of the government.

"I have been led into this digression, that the distinction I still endeavoured to uphold between my marital and royal station, might be plainly and easily comprehended. I return now to the consideration of the offer made to the Queen, of an allowance upon certain stipulations; viz. that the Queen should *cease to use* the name and style of Queen of England, and remain abroad, where she had voluntarily seceded.

" The period when this determination was decided upon must not be forgotten; it must not only, not be forgotten, but it should be allowed its due weight in the decision of so momentous an affair. It appears almost indeed to be overlooked, that I met my first parliament in the month of April, at the very period and while a set of infuriated, misguided, and unhappy culprits were on their trials for a conspiracy to overturn the constitution and government of these realms, of which the commencement was intended to be, the indiscriminate assassination of my cabinet ministers. The general situation of the country, at that precise moment, appears also to have been thrown into the back ground. I cannot better recall those unhappy inauspicious moments, than by repeating again to my subjects the topics addressed to the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, upon our first meeting.

" ' My Lords and Gentlemen,

" ' Deeply as I regret that the machinations and designs of the disaffected should have led, in some parts of the country, to acts of open violence and insurrection, I cannot but express my satisfaction at the promptitude with which those attempts have been suppressed by the vigilance and activity of the magistrates, and by the zealous co-operation of all those of my subjects whose exertions have been called forth to support the authority of the laws.

" ' The wisdom and firmness manifested by the late parliament, and the due execution of the laws, have greatly contributed to restore confidence throughout the kingdom; and to discountenance those principles of sedition and irreligion, which had been disseminated with such malignant perseverance, and had poisoned the minds of the unwary and ignorant.

" ' I rely upon the continued support of parliament, in my determination to maintain, by all the means entrusted to my hands, the public safety and tranquillity.

" ' Deploring, as we all must, the distress which still unhappily prevails among many of the labouring classes of the community, and anxiously looking forward to its removal or mitigation, it is, in the mean time, our common duty, effectually to protect the loyal, the peaceable, and the industrious, against those practices of turbulence and intimidation, by which the period of relief can only be deferred, and by which the pressure of the distress has been incalculably aggravated.

" ' I trust that an awakened sense of the dangers which they have incurred, and of the acts which have been employed to seduce them, will bring back by far the greater part of those who have been unhappily led astray, and will revive in them that spirit of loyalty, that due submission to the laws, and that attachment to the constitution, which subsist unabated in the hearts of the great body of the people, and which, under the blessing of Divine Providence, have secured to the British nation the enjoyment of a larger share of practical freedom, as well as of prosperity and happiness, than have fallen to the lot of any nation in the world.'

" If to the pending trials alluded to, and this general reference to the state of the kingdom, suffering under severe privations in some of

its provinces, are added the numerous cases of treason, libel, and minor political offences under the progressive cognizance of the courts of law; I think my subjects and countrymen will admit, that to such previously existing evils *no addition was wanting to renew internal agitation which was beginning to subside.* The return of the Queen, under the circumstances in which she must necessarily meet, was, of all others, calculated to revive that internal agitation; and why was it so calculated? because the Queen had (as I have previously remarked) given by her conduct a political feeling to the differences between us. Had this not been the case, she could not have had, at least she ought not to have had, any motives for her return; or had she any, she ought to have sacrificed them to the welfare of our country.

"From 1796 we had been separated, a period now of twenty-four years; disturbed by an almost constant suspicion of her conduct: the Queen had been estranged from court, our royal daughter was no more; and her Majesty had but one duty to perform towards me, 'the performance of an agreed separation.'

"A Queen consort of England has no political rank, she possesses, *in ease* of the Sovereign, certain inherent prerogatives; those prerogatives are capable of being enjoyed by her, in her absence; they required not her presence. The presence of the Queen could neither revive trade languishing in some of its branches, tranquillize the irritation of distress, or conciliate the clamour of faction; and indeed, many records of English history hand down to us the impolitic and dangerous counsels, which have ensued from the interference of Queens Consort in the political contests of the times." (*Letter from the King*, p. 25—30.)

"The declaration of the People of England to their Sovereign Lord the King" is the only other pamphlet engendered by the state of the times, which it has fallen in our way to notice. The object of this production is to excite the people of England to zeal and unanimity in defence of their King, their laws, and their genuine liberties, against what it considers an unprincipled faction in the country, composed of persons calling themselves Whigs, and those who are stigmatized by the name of Radicals. By way of specimen of its style and matter we extract the following passage.

"16. It is not, however, this ignorant multitude alone we have to contend with. We observe with astonishment, that not only the ruder and democratical part of our population; not only those who, from their desperation of character, owe nothing to decency and decorum; nothing to the regards of good men; nothing to the fears and feelings of society; but the very aristocracy of the realm, the very members of your Majesty's Parliament, though few we trust in number, yet sufficiently appalling in influence, are accessaries in the shaking, we had almost said in the subversion, of your Majesty's throne. In no other light can we view those stated appeals to the headstrong passions of

the people; those defamations, increasing in virulence and vulgarity, which certain of the Whig members of the House of Commons, seconded by their allies in the Upper House, are daily pouring forth. More like mountebank stagers than members of a British parliament, we see them leaving their native representations, and migrating from place to place to play the demagogue, and to root up the authorities of the land, wheveever they can spread the strife between our Sovereign Lord the King and their Sovereign Lord the people.

"17. A conduct like this, we know not whether to treat with more abhorrence than disgust. For the services of such patriots, flattered as they may be by the minions of their own faction, neither your Majesty nor the people of England can feel much predilection. They can only hope to be called to the helm when revolution has left the field at their own disposal. Addressing disaffected assemblies, and applauded by disaffected assemblies, they are becoming, like their radical coadjutors, deaf to the voice of reason and hardened against the reproaches of conscience. In a few months more, the assimilation will be complete —" bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh." With every cause to be satisfied, this wretched part of our aristocracy are eternally discontented. With every inducement to be grateful, they are cold-hearted and frozen. With every call upon them, if they value life or property, to look at home and rally round their Sovereign, they desert the government, the altar, and the throne!" (*Declaration of the People of England*, p. 15—17.)

This is what may be called putting the case strongly, perhaps somewhat too gloomily. We are not, we trust, on the margin of a revolution, though it may with truth be said, that the history of the country presents no parallel to the present crisis: no case in which efforts have been so combined and systematized for the palpable purpose of vilifying all legitimate authorities, and finally dissipating all the elements of a free and constitutional government. It is going rather far to say, that the two classes of malecontents above named have alike in view these sacrilegious ends. The Whigs of the present day are not the Whigs which Lord Somers would have acknowledged; but their ultimate purpose is clearly not that general destruction in which they themselves would of necessity be comprehended; a consequence to which they cannot be blind: but what simplicity is so great as not to see that the difference between these classes lies less in the principles by which they are actuated, than in the circumstances in which they stand. They severally pursue their own designs, which by the one are only to be accomplished by a promiscuous overthrow; while the consummation of the others' hope, stops, we presume, at the acquisition of the power which is vilified only because not possessed. Either party seems disposed to join the other, and to shelter their projects under the same pretext. Reform is the ragged ensign with which they both proceed

to the battle, each having in reserve an appropriate banner, that waits to be unfurled when the common enemy being defeated, the field is to be disputed by combatants contending for the spoil, exasperated by the reproach of mutual treachery.

We will give another short extract from the last mentioned publication, and then we will have done with our pamphlets.

"9. In this view, contemplating with an equal eye our *Government*, our *Laws*, and our *Religion*, all together making up the glorious fabrick of the *British Constitution*, and taking them in the full soul of their design, we behold them originating in the spirit of wisdom, and adapted to the purposes of virtue. The desire of rendering us a great nation, they have not fettered by the fear of allowing us to be a free one. From the operation of government in an established monarchy like our own, we expect, Sire, much practical good, but we look not for perfection. We think, that if it be administered so as to consult the general comfort, and thereby to insure the general tranquillity, it has accomplished the main purposes for which it was formed. If, in a growing empire, and with much of civil liberty, heated into licentiousness, to contend with, it be fitted to produce that portion of good in the heterogeneous mass of society which our corrupt natures admit of, it is a valuable government; is such a government as in reason we must approve, in policy we must uphold. That its regulations do not embrace every local interest, is no argument against its more comprehensive efficacy. That it is incompetent to awe into obedience all who live under its authority, will surprise no one who considers the changes in human objects, the violence of human passions, and the imperfection of human institutions. Government cannot reform, it can only curb and restrain; it cannot change, it can only humanize the evil propensities of man, and can only so far humanize them as it is seconded in its endeavours by the sober voice of the community.

10 "The spirit of disobedience, indeed, which is gone abroad, a crime of no light magnitude where conscience has to hold the scales of judgment and Heaven to punish the perversion of righteousness; this spirit opposes alike every institution, and calumniates every means used for the public peace and happiness. But no man will be forward to accuse civil government of increasing his poverty, or diminishing his comforts, who considers how much of individual suffering may be laid to the charge of passions which he has taken no pains to subdue, and of indulgencies, which, without the means of support, he might have known would end in his disgrace. That we are willing, when the insanity of our conduct comes home to us, to charge our misfortunes where we can, and to impute defect to any one rather than to ourselves, is no proof that our rulers are incapable, or unprincipled; that they either see not our interest, or care not for our happiness. With better views men would find civil regulations of a better tendency; would discern them in the exercise of a fuller wisdom and of a more beneficent influence. Public measures have rarely been known, in their general operation, to be against the

public interest. Righteousness towards the community is the only sacred foundation, the only solid support of the British throne; nor is it possible it should last through a single reign without such a support.

"11. But if the British Government be entitled to our esteem, neither can we withdraw it from the *Administration* of that government. Towards your Majesty's present Ministers we profess no undue partiality. We have seen them subject to infirmity like other men; subject, like other men, to error in their best judgments, and to reverses of fortune in their happiest measures. But although we may not, and indeed cannot alike approve of every part of their conduct, yet believing that they have acted with fidelity and deserved well of their country, the *People of England*, in their hour of need, will no more desert them than that throne to which their counsels have given stability.

"12. Called to the helm at an awful period, we have witnessed them not always triumphant, but often deserving of being so; not always able to assimilate their large views with the little local interests of surrounding states, but evermore intending, and frequently accomplishing, high designs of virtue, and imparting to the drooping spirits of the Continent an animation that inspired them to oppose, and an exertion that enabled them to subdue, the common oppressor of mankind. We have beheld them, in the teeth of an Opposition more strikingly democratical than ever marked the annals of this kingdom, one unhappy reign alone excepted, preserving us in safety at home, covering us with glory abroad, and restoring to the nations of the world, in the midst of their despair, an almost miraculous security." (*Declaration of the People of England*, p. 9—13.)

We cannot leave our subject without declaring our concurrence with the opinions of this writer in behalf of things as they are; not because we are adverse to improvement, for we think that all human institutions, whether civil or religious, ought to participate in that course of advancement into which human intelligence naturally disposes every thing under its controul, when it is itself invested with all its natural freedom of operation, and its rights and privileges of culture; but because we think that the great excellence of our political predicament is this,—that it blends with an incessantly operative principle of improvement a jealous principle of conservation, the happy tendency of which is at once to moderate its impulse and to secure its progression. We are not very anxious about the pedigree of our constitution, nor care whether there existed or not in the Saxon institutions, the lineaments of our present liberties. There is, as it seems to us, great folly and danger in searching amongst records of barbarous times for the titles and muniments of our present system. It never had its day of purity, nor is there any theory in which its standard can be found. It works well,—and does its business, and we want no more. That the rights of humanity were better recognized and expressed in the first military es-

tablishments which succeeded to the overthrow of the Roman power, than in that old and worn-out fabric of despotism; that in the early combinations of petty proprietors, under the first allodial divisions of the conquered lands, the origin of towns, vills, and burghs, might be obscurely traced; that in those rude associations of free and martial men, a root of liberty was buried to spring again, at a subsequent period, with a firm and regular growth; that the feudal system which succeeded the loose and desultory state of the Anglo-Saxon governments, did no more than suspend the growth of this ancient root of freedom, while it was adding secretly to its nourishment and maturing its own destruction; that in that system of institutions was potentially contained the principles of a manly freedom, which, as its rigorous distinctions wore away, became gradually unfolded, till, through a happy series of consequences, and often under a very unpromising exterior, a more cheerful order of things slowly and invisibly coming on, disclosed the beginnings of a steadier government, and the more permanent securities of freedom; that from the reign of Edward the First, in which the royal power of taxing the demesnes of the crown, without consent of parliament, was given up, to the death of the first Charles, a pretty regular advancement, amidst some relapses, is traceable, when by the silent accumulation of a fulminating force it exploded at a time when there was no sufficient stay or security to resist it; that from the death of Charles the First, the stages, by which our liberties advanced, became more apparent, by the dispersion of great estates, the increasing dependence of the crown, the abolition of military tenures, the acquisition of the right of impeachment, that formidable engine of popular jealousy, the jurisdiction of elections, the exception of members from arrest, the postponement of the royal veto to the end of the parliamentary discussion, and a variety of other accessions of weight and privilege to the scale of the commons, too many here to enumerate, we are ready to admit; but the inference we draw from all this is, that there never existed any model of perfect liberty in the ancient practice of the British constitution, but that our system of representation, and actual state of our government and constitution under which so much felicity has been attained, found their true title to our reverence on the very obscurity of their lineage and pedigree,—not on any fiat of conventional authority, but on the marks they bear of the progressive improvement of each succeeding æra. Observing all this, we entertain a sober mistrust of all speculative change, all factitious reforms of a systematic and professing character; we shrink from disturbing, as we have before intimated, arrangements into which the constitution of our country has been im-

perceptibly mellowed by its own inherent principle of adaptation to the condition of society. We wish it still to be slowly acted upon by public opinion, and to receive the impress from time to time of an expanding intelligence: we wish to see a constant watchfulness in the different departments of our political system, a frequent inquiry into abuses, and a temperate application of suitable remedies; and for this reason we deprecate and abhor every proposition of reform that the mean-minded selfishness of party men suggests in a spirit of opposition to their adversaries in power, or the favourites of an abused populace propose for the perpetuation of unfounded discontents; for in such reforms we see a speedy end of all that ages have done for us; we see the death of the eagle from arrows winged with the feathers of its own plumage.

We are friends to influence, and we care not for the sound or the scandal of the word. We will not conceal our conviction that our constitution can have no practical existence without it. It holds its place by the oldest of all laws,—the charter of necessity. The sun of prerogative has set, and we have marked with gratitude that crescent and secondary power, rising as its successor to fill the void in the system. To a government of force has succeeded a government of favour; and if we destroy this substitute, we can have, by no possibility, any free and permanent government at all. The vessel of the state is sailing in a strong gale with her jury masts; if a shot from an enemy should carry those away, perish she must, do what we will. She has only these to keep her on her way in obedience to the helm; and to this we are to trust to save her from those maxims of the Whigs, which in Mr. Fox's day composed the creed of the committees and sub-committees of reform; the proceedings of which are to be found in Mr. Wyvill's collection of political papers.—"That boroughs in their present state are a public nuisance;" that "the gross abuse in the representation originates chiefly in royal innovation;" that "the ancient practice of our constitution ought to be restored;" that "the statute of qualification was truly a statute of disfranchisement;" that "the continuance of the same parliament beyond a single session, is a virtual annihilation of the commons of England;" that "the fabric of the present House of Commons ought to be utterly abolished." All which and many more such maxims were thought worthy of adoption by the general committee, and received the signature of C. J. Fox. Against these lying principles, and ferocious dogmas, we earnestly desire to be protected; and we know of nothing that can save us from them, but the conservative operation of that influence (the necessary quantum of which we are not now considering,—it is liable to excess and abuse, and must be watched

like other sources of power) of which it has been the constant cry of silly or crafty men that it is destroying our liberties. It is this influence which protects us from the tyranny to which universal suffrage, and annual parliaments, would infallibly conduct us, and from that aristocracy of wealth in which the kingly prerogative would be speedily merged.

It is to this influence that the men calling themselves Whigs would to-morrow resort, if to-morrow were to see them in power. They would, of necessity, give themselves the lie ere their administration was a week old. Popular favour! what would it do for them? Could they govern by it? Could they govern *with* it? They know they could not. Were they to make the experiment, they might float, indeed, by their levity for a short interval upon the surface of that flux medium, but the great water-flood would soon receive and ingulf them; soon would they be drifted down to that vagrant and stormy element taught by them to despise its embankments.

The Whigs, as they are called, were in place and power in 1806. It was a short opportunity; but they made the most of it to show what manner of men they were. Our allies were disgusted,—our enemies derided our baffled enterprizes,—favouritism found its way upwards and downwards through all the offices from the greatest to the lowest,—new places of office were justified,—pensions were multiplied,—the tax on income was doubled,—and influence, the most unblushing, was employed in the general election.

It was about the same time that the Review, which is the best expounder of modern Whiggism, made some new and notable discoveries in politics. It found out, for the confutation of Mr. Cobbett's charges of the abandonment by the Whigs when in office of their professions and engagements to the people on the subject of parliamentary reform, that the representations and positions of that writer were "inflammatory" and "exaggerated," and particularly his standing maxim—that all our evils were produced by the motley texture of the House of Commons:—that placemen were better in parliament than elsewhere;—that the influence of great families in elections of members was rather beneficial than pernicious;—that the traffic in boroughs was in no danger of going to such an extent as to put the constitution to hazard;—that that country was the happiest in which the aristocracy was the most numerous and most diversified as to the sources of its influence;—that in a country where rank, wealth, and office contributed the chief sources of influence over individuals, it was proper that rank, wealth, and office should make the greatest number of its legislators;—that in spite of placemen, and pensioners, and purchasers of boroughs, and nominees of

Lords, the House of Commons unquestionably contained a sufficient number and variety of persons to represent all the different opinions, and maintain all the different views of policy which existed in the country at large;—that there was no sentiment so democratical, no accusation so uncourtly, no interest so local, but it found there a voice to support and assist it; their discussions were sufficiently free and frequent; they were made sufficiently public; they excited a sufficient share of general attention and interest; while this was the case there was no danger of losing our liberties.

"There are some subordinate advantages," continues the Whig-interpreter of the constitution, "derived to the public by making them the electors of their lawgivers, and we should be well pleased, therefore, to see that privilege extended; but it goes so little to the essence of our constitutional freedom, that we cannot help thinking our Parliaments would be as useful and as valuable as they ever were, though they were mostly composed of persons chosen by lot, or by rotation, from the individuals of a certain fortune and education in each of the counties."

And again:

"In order to exercise their constitutional functions with safety, it becomes necessary for the King and the great families to exercise them in the Lower House, not *against* the United Commons of England, but *among* them: but not in their own character and directly,—but *covertly*, and mingled with those whom it is substantially their interest and duty to *controul*."

And in another place:

"When a seat in Parliament is offered for sale, a pretty fair competition, we think, is open to politicians of all descriptions. The independent and well-affected part of the nation is far richer than Government, or the peerage; and if all seats in Parliament could be honestly and openly sold for ready money, we have no sort of doubt that a very great majority would be purchased by persons unconnected with the Treasury or the House of Lords."

We have introduced the above Whig aphorisms, not because we think they deserve censure, though they are rather too strong for our constitutional prejudices, but because they show what a versatile being a Whig is, and how necessary it is to know the political position of the party to which he belongs, before we can predicate any thing of his political opinions. Compare the sentiments, to which we have been adverting, of this Reviewer, with his views taken at other times of the subject of parliamentary reform, and we shall find that a polar distance divides them. It may be worth while, too, to contrast the animadversions of Mr. Fox at a meeting of the electors of Westminster in 1782, when not only every species of influence appeared to be

reprobated by him, but something like universal suffrage, and a positive abolition of the veto, seemed to be in his contemplation, with the conduct pursued by him and his friends during the short interval of their ministerial elevation. Mr. Fox's tact was not fine, and some of the subalterns of his party, and particularly the patriots of the present moment, have better understood the way in which their cause is to be served. It is of the silent influence, not of the active prerogatives of the Crown, from which they apprehend danger. They would even have the prerogative of the veto again engrafted into the practice of the constitution. And why all this? because, if all influence could be made to cease, and nothing mediate, conciliating, or preventive be left standing between the King and the people, the power and dignity of the Crown would be brought into collision with the democratic elements of the constitution: and this is precisely as the case stood between the Monarch and the subject in the unhappy days of Charles the First;—the prerogative had sunk to nothing, and its place had not been filled up by influence; neither the means nor management of which was then understood. Charles came into the field without knowing the extent of his weakness, calling upon his prerogative as vainly as Richard for his horse. It is agreeable to the maxims of political philosophy to talk of the balance between the several powers of the Crown, of the aristocracy, and of the people, as recognized by the constitution in name and in function; but in verity and effect no such equilibrium exists. There is one great arena on which the monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy contend;—the Lower House of Parliament. The King and the Lords must be, and are, in a manner, there represented; and on this point we are perfectly of the opinion which was entertained by the Reviewer, whom we have so profusely quoted, while he was in that part of his orbit, which may be called his perihelion. We agree with him that the "reign of influence and freedom began together;" and will here leave him to reconcile that maxim as well as he can with his subsequent opinion—that a "government of influence, is necessarily the government of a faction, which has made itself illegally independent both of the Sovereign and the people."

Far are we from maintaining that the influence of the executive government may not be excessive. There are bounds which it cannot with safety be permitted to pass; but these bounds are perhaps relative rather than stationary. It must depend upon the antagonist influence which it has to oppose in the wealth, weight, and activity operating against power merely as power; and we are far from thinking that as a more active state of mind discovers itself in the people, the result of an improved intelli-

gence, the defensive means of executive government can with safety be reduced.

Such may be the favourite maxim of our popular philosophers, and of our profound adepts in that grand alchemy which, by force of education, is to put a new mind and heart into the vulgar; this may be so; but whether the task of government will be thereby facilitated, will depend upon the proportion of this improved intelligence which will be turned into the channels of dutiful moderation, and virtuous submission.

With respect to the state of the representation, it may not be what is called equal or proportionate; but it is what is much better—it is virtual and effective. By the House of Commons, as at present composed, the country may not be numerically, but it is morally represented; which it certainly could not be, were it composed as it would be, if none could get there but by the favour of the multitude. In its mixed and multifarious condition it diffusively represents the minds, the habits, the employments, the intelligence of all orders and classes; and all experience shows that among those who enter that great assembly by avenues the most private, are found the best and most independent, and certainly not the least enlightened, trustees of the public. To this shape and structure, somewhat irregular, perhaps, but admirably suited to the diversified character and condition of the being to whose use it is applied, our political system has been brought by a train of fortuitous occurrences, appearing, at the times of their happening, perhaps, to be pregnant with contrary results to those to which they have given birth. The different crises and emergencies by which its great destiny has been gradually matured, have doubtless been acted upon by a vigorous intelligence and a native majesty of mind early directing the views of Englishmen towards a noble freedom. A manly heart, a loyal devotion, a religious courage, were the characteristics of our earliest ancestors, and the agents by which, under God, the moral order of things was driven onwards in an irregular and vacillating progression: but our frame of government, usually called the constitution, owes the strength of its texture to something above human contrivance;—it is the product of an involuntary developement of unforeseen tendencies, and accidental combinations; not admirable for its symmetries and proportions, but moulded and fashioned to the purposes, and wants, and passions of man with a singular suitableness;—hardened by centuries passing over it to endure the roughest treatment; and making up in convenience whatever it may want in grace and comeliness. As it never was conventionally made, so if it should be unmade by those presumptuous men who are for making it better, we may strive in

vain to make it again. Our votes may destroy it; our vows can never restore it. If the persons calling themselves Whigs should in an evil hour defeat the Government on a vital question, the first act of their administration must be to stop the breach they themselves will have made, and to prevent the worst men in the country from rushing in: their first contention will be with that republican and atheistical press, debauched by their purses and their *patriotism*.

As there is much to daunt in the present state of things in the country, so there is much to cheer. The strength of our system is greatly tried; but in that trial is evinced its resources. There never yet, we firmly believe, existed the empire that could have endured the assaults under which our own still stands—stricken, indeed, but not disabled. It is its glory still to be serene, and mild, and beneficent in the midst of its agitations and provocations. The legislative and judicial and executive functions are all in a healthy state. The vessel rides on the stormy element, with its sails set, and its rudder still controuling its course. If we were asked how this comes to be the case, we should be apt to say, that its real cause is to be found in a certain equipoise of power and reciprocity of action; an oscillation, if we may so say, of the various classes into which society, political and moral, is distributed;—from causes not within human controul, nor owing their existence to human foresight or contrivance. It has proceeded in a manner not unlike that of the physical system of man, in which Nature has created a secret balance, a mysterious economy of compensations, by which, in the midst of a perpetual recurrence of partial and temporary injuries, the whole structure is wonderfully sustained. Its course has corresponded with the great arrangements of nature, and the best gifts of God to his creatures, in thus gradually unfolding its blessings. It depends upon no forced or superinduced principles of action. It has nothing speculative in its nature. It neither supposes nor requires the suppression of the selfish passions. It stipulates for no extraordinary degrees of self-devotion. It adopts what cannot be extinguished—the movements of the passions; but it has modified them into never-ceasing springs of useful activity, mutual checks, and silent securities. By affording scope for it, to a qualified extent, it has extracted from ambition its hurtful properties. Power there must be in every state, and power has a natural tendency to become condensed in a single ruler;—this is provided for, and the struggle is prevented. Property and influence tend to accumulation,—they may accumulate harmlessly in the British Constitution—the state has a fund for their gratification at once cheap and splendid. The people also must have power as such;—a free passage is open to them. They

have their organs, and, as we have above maintained, a virtual and effective representation. The restlessness of man is every where turned into useful channels. Power is every where so distributed, as to operate as a check upon itself; and, by the impulse of indirect forces, the state is urged on majestically and slowly in one uniform line of progression and improvement. It is altogether a mighty and magnificent whole, linked in fellowship with that scheme of analogy which unites under one bond our nature, our morals, and our religion; and it is all, to speak humanly, under subjection to that long exercised spirit of political prudence which is the distinction and excellence of the British character.

The great and happy characteristic of this distribution of power is this, that it is not frittered among individuals; it resides with the different orders of the community, in masses, and corporate interests. Every man of light and leading is necessarily a member of a class; his objects are the objects of the order to which he belongs, and his efforts are usually comprised within this orbit of exertion; if he ventures in politics to act a single, he must generally act an eccentric part; and his course becomes dangerous and destructive to himself, if not imbecile and absurd in operation and display. Of this classification and reciprocation of power, less the result of positive institution than of involuntary and casual organization, ancient polity knew nothing. Its systems were sometimes metaphysically enchanting, but they had in them little or nothing of the nature of man. They were for the most part framed in contradiction to his nature. The commonwealth of Rome was never really free. It was full of distrust; it was afraid of human improvement; the introduction of philosophy and the arts were regarded as the forerunners of national ruin. The Spartan government was still more forced and unnatural; it was made only for soldiers. Athens had national pride, and the air and semblance of freedom, but it would be ridiculous to talk of the Athenian constitution. It could not endure its own great men, and in a moral view it was the meanest, most frivolous, and most unjust of all communities. In a word, every ancient government that was not arbitrary, depended upon superinduced and precarious principles. It had no cement in man's real nature: it allowed little or no play to the passions. Some glimpse, indeed of the balanced system of which we have said so much occurred to the wisest of the ancients, but it came and departed as a pleasing vision, too fugitive to be steadily contemplated; —*nimium lubricus aspici*. How hardly would they have been convinced, that in a remote Island in the Northern Seas, this vision would one day be realised; but how much greater would have been their astonishment to be told that the day would arrive, when this country, so distinguished among

the nations of the earth, would contain a description of persons, many of them largely participating in its blessings, discontented with their state of substantial happiness, because not agreeable to some untried theory of perfection, and disposed to risk their real privileges in the pursuit of ambiguous improvements; and a still larger number malignantly determined for the gratification of their selfish ambition, to destroy this work of centuries and singular gift of Providence.

The Government under which we live has, therefore, great claims to our obedience. Obedience is an Englishman's interest no less than his duty. We do not say that an administration may not so mis-conduct itself as to justify systematic opposition. We do not deny that where the general management is dangerously wrong, though chequered by partial acts of a beneficial tendency, the whole may not be reasonably opposed, for the sake of displacing men unworthy of their seats: nor do we question but that it is right, under such circumstances, that opposition should be made with a corporate spirit and confederate strength. There is even a security in this mode of attacking in a mass. A body of men can seldom hold together except in fundamental points: violent propositions tend to disunion; and thus in the mutual awe of a large society of moral beings, there is always something to controul the excesses of temerity. But if the country has been prosperous under its existing rulers, we think it not too much to say, that where certain measures are of doubtful expediency, it is the duty of a patriot politician to incline to the side of Government; and in general, in the case supposed, to afford them a systematic support. It is the part of the generous and candid so to act. We are in duty, and by interest, bound to honour the King, and to respect the power with which the constitution has invested him of choosing his ministers. If we can, indeed, lay our hands upon our bosoms, and with the singleness and simplicity of truth affirm that we believe them incapable of good, or disposed to ill, it is another thing; but if we know their measures to be in the main beneficial, it evinces great profligacy of heart to oppose their measures on account of the men; and still greater to traduce them to the country. The selfish acts of such a body of men is of the most wretched description: they seldom stop with deluding the people, and inflaming discontent; they are found meanly capable of disparaging the successes of their country, and viewing its reverses with a vindictive complacency. To be mild, Government must be secure; to be gentle, it must be strong. Weakness produces jealousy, and jealousy injustice. It has been so with most republican states: they have been violent from want of confidence in themselves. They have

always been occupied with domestic quarrels; and every minute derangement has shaken them to the centre. They dare not relax the severity of their laws, where mercy should temper justice: the immediate authors of a law cannot without extreme danger interrupt its course, set aside its execution, or moderate its rigour. The curtain of hopeless sorrow is drawn round their tribunals, and no ray from the source of mercy can penetrate. In England the law which with its triple sanction is of peculiar sacredness, bends to circumstances, and is gentle in its severity. Admirable, too, in respect to the liberty of the subject, is the unity and solidity of the executive power. Bound down, and consolidated, it presents a definable object to the people, against which to direct their caution. It is its great excellence to be an integral part of an entire system, deriving its security not from its own active and operative strength, so much as from the action and counteraction of a balanced constitution. By its solitary splendour it stands out of the reach of ambition. A deep fosse lies between it and the circle which surrounds it. To the rim of this circle a passage is clear to the emulation of the virtuous and the brave, but so are things constituted in this happy state, that ambition sets bounds to itself, and expires by its own exertions. Borne upwards by the gale, the aspiring individual rises till he leaves the atmosphere of the people, and vanishes in splendid obscurity. Such is the faithful portraiture of the constitution under which we live; and this is the system of society, political and moral, which we call upon our countrymen at this moment of trial, manfully to defend, against its domestic enemies,—a restless multitude of persons, geographically speaking, our countrymen, but to all moral intents and purposes as entirely strangers to us, as the inhabitants of interior Africa, or the natives of the polar circle.

Art. II.—*The Comedies of Aristophanes.* By T. Mitchell, A.M. late Fellow of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 454. Murray. London, 1820.

The volume before us contains two comedies of Aristophanes, the Acharnians and the Knights, in an English dress. It is the first time, we believe, that they have been translated into our tongue.

Aristophanes still remains in a mutilated state. A complete edition of the comic poet has long since been pointed out as a desideratum. The folios of Kuster and Portus are inaccessible

to students in general. Brunck has given us the best text, and, by means of the various manuscripts which he consulted, freed it from many usurpations. But it is printed in a type so painfully small, that, in spite of all his industry, it is deformed with numberless errors. His unsparing hostility also to the particle γε has not unfrequently been indulged at the expense of metrical exactness; and he has retained readings which do no honour to his critical discernment. He makes, it is true, an amusing apology for the imperfections of his book. Our readers will scarcely believe that, with the utmost naivetè, he ascribes them partly to the noise made by little Master Brunck, who, in the midst of the severe labours of the commentator, was capering about his father's library, and partly to the gossiping visits of some worthy neighbours, who broke in upon his retirements. We will, therefore, give them his own words:

"Mirari subit, lætarique bonam fortunam frequentioribus istiusmodi lapsibus mihi cavisse; maximè quum recordor, partem haud minimam istarum fabularum a me descriptam iterum fuisse, dum in museo meo vel ludebat filius meus, quo animum meum nihil magis advertit oblectatque, vel confabulantur boni quidam viri, qui quot fere diebus horisque matutinis ad me visere solent."

The unexpiated fault, however, of Brunck's edition, is the omission of the old scholia, which are esteemed the most valuable specimens of the kind; an omission, poorly supplied by annotations, which being critical rather than explanatory, administer little or no aid to the interpretation of so difficult an author. Many scholars, therefore, have testified some impatience for a new standard edition of Aristophanes. There are now, they think, more abundant materials than ever for the undertaking: for in addition to the collations of the manuscripts given us by Kuster, Beck, and others, there are the ample emendations of Bentley, and of Porson,* to enrich them. But whoever undertakes the task, must be upon his guard against the parental weakness of Brunck, and take especial care not to be at home to the morning loungers of his neighbourhood.

That the translators of the comic poet should have been few, must be ascribed to the difficulty, we had almost said, to the impossibility of transfusing him from his own language. Of the English versions, the oldest is that of the Plutus, in 1651, under the title of "Hey for Honesty! Down with Knavery!" by Thomas Randolph, author of "The Muses' Looking-glass." Another translation of the same play appeared in 1659 by an

* Porson. Aristophanica. Dobree.

anonymous hand. In Stanley's "Lives of the Philosophers," 1687, there is an imperfect translation of "The Clouds." Theobald translated "The Plutus." Of "The Clouds," the first entire translation was by James White, with the quaint title of "A Comedy, written by Aristophanes, the Wittiest Man of his Age, against Socrates, who was the Wisest and the Best." The next in order of time are "The Plutus," by Fielding; "The Frogs," by Dunster; "The Birds," by a Member of one of the Universities; and the easy and flowing version of "The Clouds," by Cumberland. These were reprinted in one collection about eight years ago. There are entire translations of all the plays into the Italian, by Rosatini; and into French, by Poinsinet: and there is the masterly performance of Wieland in German. There are also detached translations in French and Italian. Madame Dacier translated "The Plutus." The same play, together with "The Clouds," was rendered by Terrucci into Italian. "The Birds" was translated also into French by Boivin le Cadet, according to Mr. Gibbon, one of the best scholars that France ever produced.* We presume that Mr. Mitchell has an entire translation in his view; of which the two plays, contained in the present volume, are published as specimens.

Yet, whilst we cheerfully acknowledge that a familiar acquaintance with Aristophanes is necessary to a perfect conception of the flexibility and force, the exquisite polish and endless varieties of the Greek language,—that we cannot obtain a faithful portraiture of the manners and habits of the Greeks, but through their scenic representations, and that of these we can obtain no satisfactory information without much intercourse with Aristophanes; and whilst for this purpose we are solicitous for an accurate amendment of his text, and an ample elucidation of his obscurities;—we can go no further. Our vows for an entire translation of him into English are by no means ardent. Mr. Mitchell, it is true, has, with a very proper feeling, avoided the interpretation of much that is offensive, and made large sacrifices to taste and delicacy. Considering it, however, to be a most important part of our function to discountenance every literary effort, which has a tendency to taint the ingenuous purity of youth, and to vitiate the moral taste of maturer years, we are far from being eager for the naturalization of this ancient classic amongst us. The most chastized translation, we apprehend, must give a plain intimation where the obnoxious passages are to be found, which are so studiously

* Gibbon. Misc. Works, vol. v. p. 586.

omitted. In addition to their ordinary instruments, the Lexicon and the Latin version, they who are moderately tinctured with Greek, will be enabled to supply the *lacunæ*, which are thus brought under their observation, and which would not perhaps otherwise have invited their attention. The difficulties, however, of this author are, in general, so truly discouraging, that students of that age, which is the most susceptible of moral stain, cannot have acquired sufficient erudition for the systematic perusal of his comedies without the aid of a translation. Speaking, therefore, with ingenuousness, we could have wished that the Athenian poet had still been permitted to repose in the libraries of the learned, veiled in the mysteries of his native language. Much would have been gained to decorum, and little lost to literature: for we have been long convinced, nor has Mr. Mitchell's attempt shaken our conviction, that Aristophanes is incapable of translation. Point, wit, and personal ridicule are not easily interchanged between contemporary tongues. How extravagant then is the expectation, that the humour, the turn, the joke of Attic diction, deriving their effect from customs and allusions, that have for ages past away, should be otherwise than lifeless and vapid by transfusion!

With these feelings, it was not without regret that we received the information given us by the editor of the plays, published in 1812, that the study of Aristophanes was becoming prevalent in our Universities. Our own recollections made us doubtful of the fact; but an inquiry into the present practice of the lecture room has relieved our anxiety; for we find, that with the exception of "The Plutus," which, defiled as it is with much impurity, is of an ethical character, and by some critics has been classed with the reformed or middle comedy, the plays of that writer form no part of the classical course either at Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed the grossness of the comic bard, whom, in the endless mutabilities of human doctrine, it is now the fashion to place in the number of moral and ethical teachers, is of that description, which peculiarly renders him an unfit companion for youth. Indelicacy, in its fullest strength of meaning, is still a word too delicate, to describe the phrases and allusions which he deals in by wholesale. His beauties are for ever overshadowed by contiguous deformities; and his beauties are unfortunately so exquisite as must, to young and unconfirmed minds, in some degree consecrate his deformities. He goes infinitely beyond the licence claimed by Boileau for himself and his brother satirists, of calling things by their names. Words now by common consent banished from the decent intercourses of society, and

condemned to the exclusive use of the low and the profligate, images whose very entrance into the mind is prevented by the triple guards of religion, virtue, and example, unblushingly take their place in the dramas of Aristophanes, by the side of sentiments, breathing the soul of moral purity, and sentences polished to the last refinement of Attic diction. Nor are the weeds that thus choak the soil only of casual growth. They are not unfrequently cultured with the same care which he expends on the choicest flowers. That which affrighted modesty cannot name;—the most loathsome of our infirmities;—all that we strive to forget, appears in Aristophanes, dressed in the most studied attire, and clothed in the most graceful folds of that wonderful language, which exalts the great, embellishes the beautiful, and adds new grossness to the gross. So instinctively, as it were, is he attracted towards obscenity, that even whilst he has a high moral purpose in view, and soars with the flight of an eagle in pursuit of it, he suddenly abandons his quarry, to rake in the mud and filth of the dunghill. In that beautiful passage in "The Clouds" for instance, which begins thus,

Αλλ' οὖν λιπαρὸς γε και ευανθὴς εν γυμνασιοις διατρίψεις.—κ. τ. λ.

and whilst in that fine dialogue between the two allegorical personages, he is indulging in the most exquisite panegyrick upon the old discipline of Athens, opposed to the corrupt manners of his own time, and pouring forth the choicest treasures of ethical wisdom, he suddenly wings his downward flight, as if into a more congenial region, to revel amidst the grossest images of Grecian debauchery.

It may indeed be conceded that all this is not without its natural corrective: for his pictures are too disgusting to be sensual, and his allusions too naked to be alluring. The cup in which he mixes his poison is not always administered by the hands of the Graces. He is often an inefficient instrument of evil, and pandars too clumsily for the passions. He is not, therefore, to be considered as so dangerous a writer, as those (the dramatick authors of the German school, for instance,) who corrupt the heart without offending the ear. Yet with all these antidotes, he is still dangerous. The unintermitted expression of obscene things, in obscene language, must gradually wear out the ingenuous purity of youth, even in minds of the most favoured structure, as the physical organs become by habit insensible to the foulest effluvia. Nor is this disgusting impurity expiated by the sublime and virtuous purposes which his admirers attribute to his Muse. The most forgiving candour, which the

classical enthusiast can exercise towards a favourite author, the warmest partiality which a laborious editor can feel for the ancient about whom he is occupied, can suggest no legitimate defence for his transgressions. They are unredeemed by all the beauties which adorn his page, and all the wit that sparkles in his dialogue.

That Aristophanes was a severe corrector of the Athenian vices, that he was peculiarly sensitive to the follies and caprices and cruelties of that "complex Nero" the sovereign people of Athens, and scourged them with an unrelenting hand, we by no means reluctantly admit. But to see him placed by Cumberland, and the Schlegels (whom Mr. Mitchell implicitly follows) in the moral chair, and to be invited to his lectures, as if ethical truth came mended from his tongue,—is an unreasonable exercise of our forbearance. Much may be indulged to the enthusiasm of commentators and translators, who naturally feel a paternal tenderness for the subject of their labours: but when this enthusiasm betrays them into insane admiration; when, like the lovers and madmen of Shakspeare, they have

> ——————— such seething brains
> Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
> More than cool reason ever comprehends,

we must take care not to look through the same distempered medium, but to frame our estimate by a cooler and sedater vision.

If it be said, and more than this is said, that it was to give efficacy to his satire, and poignancy to his reproaches, that he flirted and coquetted with the Athenian mind; that to correct the morals of his countrymen, he condescended to gratify their tastes; that he stroked and caressed them as it were with one hand, that he might more effectually chastize them with the other; that we must not be too fastidious, but take so agreeable a writer for better and worse, the moral poet and the unrestrained libertine, the wisdom of the philosopher and the gaiety of the buffoon; that it was more practicable to attain his end by acquiescing in the prevailing modes of comic writing, than by a vain effort to introduce chaster and purer topics, which might endanger that end; that the same auditors, who hissed Cratinus, one of their favourite poets, from the stage, because in one of his pieces he had stinted them of their usual allowance of ribaldry, would have visited Aristophanes with the same indignity, had he presumed to rebel against the coarse habits of the Athenian theatre; if this be urged in behalf of Aristophanes, let Aristophanes himself be heard in reply. Amongst the eleven comedies of the poet, which time has spared, "The

Plutus"* is, we think, one which, though by no means free from verbal grossness, contains a comparatively small proportion of the feculence and indecency of his other plays. It has also much less to gratify that appetite for personal scandal, which was so prevalent in Athens, and which had received from Aristophanes some of its most delicious repasts: yet the piece was eminently successful. Here then is one proof at least, that he might have gratified the Athenian mob without pampering their sensuality. Such also was the popularity of Aristophanes, so complete was his mastery over his auditory, that we do not over-rate his influence, by presuming that he might by degrees have given the public taste a better direction, and brought virtue and delicacy, had it so pleased him, instead of vice and depravity, into fashion at the theatre. Let it be recollected also, that Aristophanes was, in a great measure, the framer of the old comedy. It came to him, says Mr. Mitchell, in a rough and unfinished state, and was re-cast by his hands. It is not then overtasking the astonishing powers of the poet, when we venture to conjecture, that they were not incompetent to a reformation of the Athenian stage. He who could with impunity laugh at the crimes and follies of Athens, tell the people to their faces that they were a set of shallow, self-conceited, presumptuous egotists, and the dupes of every one who pampered their vanity; who had so boundless a sway over the government and the people, as to be applauded for the severest animadversions upon both, and rewarded with the most tumultuous approbation, and the highest honours of the theatre for saying that, which another comic poet (Anaxandrides) expiated by a slow and cruel death, might surely have more effectually legislated for the drama, and more completely reformed the vices of the old comedy, than the decree which was afterwards passed to restrain it. Aristophanes, however, aimed at no such purpose. With the servile alacrity of a mere minister of pleasure, whether he was required to gratify the malevolence of the low by insults on the high, or to serve up to the diseased cravings of Athens a banquet of lewdness and sensuality, he was indefatigable in his calling. Such was the poet whom the new literary fashion of the day has erected into a moral censor, and a philosophic instructor.

An apology for the obscenity of the poet is attempted to be

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* Elle appartient pour le fond au genre de l'ancienne comédie; cependant, une plus grande moderation dans la plaisanterie personelle, et une teinte generale plus adoucie la rapprochent de la comédie moyenne.

(Schlegel sur Litt. Dram. tom. i. p. 34.)

extracted by his translator* from the Phallic origin of the Greek comedy, and the daily spectacles, (emblematic representations interwoven in that hideous superstition,) which the eyes of men and women abroad and at home daily encountered. Charity, that thinketh no evil, prompts us to look back with pitying eyes upon those benighted minds, which walked in the darkness of the shadow so eloquently sketched by the Apostle, and rather hastily to adopt than austerely to reject the extenuations that are proffered for the corruptions of the heathen world. Without urging a doubt, however, as to the genealogy ascribed to the Greek comedy, we must be allowed to remark that more than two centuries had now elapsed, during which the tragic exhibitions from their first dithyrambic origin having successively passed through the hands of Thespis, Phrynicus, and Æschylus, had been polished into the sedate majesty of Sophocles, and the finished pathos of Euripides; while comedy had made also considerable, if not equal advances from those licentious festivities, when at the celebration of the vintage,† a rude troop, smeared with the dregs of the grape and intoxicated with its juice, poured out their unpremeditated sarcasms, and unpolished buffooneries, to the bitter but elegant satire of Cratinus, and the rich and harmonious diction of Aristophanes. After so complete a transformation, nothing of its Bacchic origin could remain, but the time (the Dionysian festivals) appointed for its representation. Its obscenity, therefore, had little to do with its religious original. The fact is, that a long course of indulgence had made grossness a daily nourishment for the Athenian mind. But let us concede to Mr. Mitchell that the ancient comedy derived its licentiousness from the ceremonies of Bacchus, and what will Aristophanes gain by the admission? He whose empire over the public taste was so unbounded that he gave a new form to the Grecian comedy, might easily have divested it of its consecrated obscenities. Reverence for the religious institutions of his country formed no part of the character of a poet, who ridiculed, on more occasions than one, the very god of the festival, and handled Jupiter himself with the most unceremonious freedom.

Such are the suggestions, which present themselves to our minds, when a place amongst the moral teachers of antiquity is claimed for Aristophanes. How inefficacious, must have been the discipline of a master, upon the light, volatile, and thoughtless Athenians, who meets more than half-way the crimes, which

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* Mitchell. Prel. Discourse, p. 25. † Anacharsis, tom. vi.

he rebukes, and who, instead of hurling his invective from the elevation of virtue, descends into the haunts of the vices, converses with them as acquaintances, and uses their lowest, and most familiar speech! We are not slow in yielding to the prince of comic poets the real and appropriate praise that is due to him, but we have kept ourselves uninfected with the contagion of that false criticism, which converts into a severe moralist and a virtuous preceptor, a poet gifted indeed with all the accomplishments of his age, but who, having dedicated his life to the lighter amusements of his countrymen, seems scarcely to have cherished a wish, or to have indulged an aspiration, beyond the dramatic crown of the festivals. The awful censorship of virtue belonged not to a writer, who, to tickle the ears of his plebeian audience, dealt most unsparingly in the lowest ribaldry, and to sooth their malignity, dragged into his scene, as an object of scoffing and ridicule, the purest and wisest character of the age; who violated the retirements of private life to bring into public contempt, and to mark for public vengeance, those who were either obnoxious to himself or the people; who, where neither vice nor folly could be imputed, made the accident of birth a reproach, and laughed at the most moral and pathetick poet of antiquity, because his mother was a vender of herbs; who destroyed as far as he could the moral distinctions, and enfeebled the motives to virtue, by lashing with equal ridicule a Socrates, and a Cleon, the foulest profligacy and the most spotless integrity. It is not for such a man suddenly to start up in the dignity and dress of virtue. Aphorisms of morality to come forth with effect, must have the support of character and the stamp of consistency.

The history of Athens will supply us with additional antidotes against this immoderate admiration. When the comedy of Aristophanes exercised its severe inquisition over public and private life, where are we to look for its moral fruits? What fashionable folly did it laugh down? Was plebeian pride rebuked by its ridicule, or the tyranny of the many abashed into mildness and forbearance? The audience indeed saw their own deformities pleasantly dressed up for their amusement. They laughed, and scarcely felt the satire. The satire besides was directed against them collectively; no individual was wounded or amended; every one acknowledged the sarcasm to be just, while the dexterity of self-love transferred it to his neighbour: all were amused, none reformed: they returned the next day to the very follies at which they had laughed, with a relish sharpened by the penance; and having indulged a hearty laugh at all that was high and consecrated amongst them—at Jupiter,

or Mercury, or Bacchus,—or gratified the levelling passion so prevalent in democracies in the ridicule of an eminent statesman, the next day they prostrated themselves with the meanest servility at the statues of the gods they had ridiculed, and swelled the retinue of the great man, who but a few hours before had been caricatured and libelled for their amusement. Such was the efficiency with which Aristophanes corrected the morals of his countrymen.

There can be no doubt, indeed, that he occasionally strikes at abuses which are lawful game to the comic or satiric writer. In the comedy of the Knights, the rapines and extortions of Cleon are painted to the life. It must have abated however the edge, as it diminished the merit of the satire, that it did not flow from an unpolluted source. Private resentment gave to it its force and direction, for Cleon had opposed the poet's registration as a citizen of Athens. Wieland, whose erudition confers no slight authority upon his opinions, tells us farther, that the poet was in the pay of the party of Nicias, the political opponent of Cleon. Unquestionably the selection of such a character was fortunate. He was a monster unredeemed by a single virtue, born to be despised, but determined to be great, who by the meanest assiduities to the people had from the lowest station ascended the giddiest heights of popularity. This was the miscreant, whose turbulent eloquence persuaded that infamous decree which inflicted death on the males, and reduced to slavery the women and children of Mitylene, after the unsuccessful revolt of that devoted city, and that too in open violation of a solemn treaty, and stifled the few compunctious feelings that appeared to be stirring in the bosoms of the Athenians.* Such was Cleon, whose varied turpitude may be compendiously summed up in a single phrase. He was a consummate demagogue; a character of such finished profligacy, that it might be suspected to have come down to us with blacker shades than belonged to it, but that the French revolution has rendered the most portentous magnitude of democratic crime familiar to our imaginations. After the gigantic villanies of Danton and Marat, those of Cleon are no longer incredible. But the satire of the piece is so neutralized by its buffoonery, that it seems little calculated for a powerful effect. Its whole humour consists in a contest for popular favour between Cleon and a sausage-vender, one of the lowest dregs of the people, who contends for, and at last wrests from him, says the French author of Anacharsis,† "*l'empire de l'im-*

* Mitford's Hist. Greece, vol. iii. p. 183. † Anachars. tom. vi.

pudence." In fact its impression seems to have been light and evanescent. The comedy however was enthusiastically applauded. The objects of the ridicule laughed off their spleen. The attack on the sovereign people was forgiven for the dexterous compliments with which the poet interspersed it, and forgotten in the graces of the poetry and the broad farce of the incidents. Aristophanes obtained the prize of victory—and Cleon remained in as great favour as ever.

All this by the sectarists of the comic poet is attributed to a dignified fearlessness, the noblest attribute of genius. And when we advert to the unlimited power and influence of Cleon at the time, we unreluctantly concede this praise to Aristophanes. It must not however be unqualified. Such were the established privileges of the old comedy, that personalities, however undisguised, were of its very essence. The poet was sure of protection from an audience, who relished nothing so much as reflections upon the great and powerful. It required, indeed, a still higher courage to be plain spoken to the people, and when we peruse these keen strokes of invective upon that tyrannical rabble, we find a respect for Aristophanes strongly stealing upon us, tempered indeed by the considerations which, as we have sufficiently explained already, restrain us from concurring in the unmeasured panegyric of his modern admirers. Surveyed, however, in this attitude, his muse almost commands our veneration. Every lineament of the portrait glows with the tints of nature and truth. But even the great powers of Aristophanes were below the demands of the outrageous reality. No invective, no satire, can be more than a mere shadowy outline of the sensual depravity, the alternate cowardice and cruelty, the fitful tyranny of that proud democracy, which when they sat to Aristophanes for their picture, had in their hands the executive, financial, and legislative powers; a combination of functions, according to Montesquieu, constituting a complete despotism. The crooked policy of Pericles had freed them from all restraint. Left to their own licentious and drunken wills, they exhibited all the freaks and caprices of the worst tyrants, who have been permitted to torment mankind. It was this plebeian tyranny which, with almost a dash of his pen, and a metrical felicity with which the scholar will be enraptured, (the force of which is something more than diluted by the sing-song imitation of Mr. Mitchell which we subjoin,) Aristophanes has powerfully delineated in the simple, but vigorous words put into the mouth of the Chorus in the third act of the Knights.

Ω Δῆμε χαλην γ' ἔχεις
Αρχην, οτε παντες ἄν-
Θρωποι δεδιασι σ' ωσ-
περ ἄνδρα τυραννον.
Αλλ'—κ. τ. λ.

How much has been lost in rigorous simplicity, and how little gained in any other respect by Mr. Mitchell's translation, will be immediately felt by the classical student.

Honour, power, and high estate,
Demus, mighty lord, hast thou!
To thy sceptre small and great
In obeisance lowly bow!

Yet you're easy to his hand,
Whoever cringes;
Every fool you gape upon,
Every speech your ear hath won,
While your wits move off and on
Their hinges.

Here, however, the dexterity with which the Demus repels the insinuation, and chaunts his own praises in reply to the Chorus is worthy of remark. The praise is so skilfully interposed, that it had no doubt the effect of silencing the growl of the intractable animal, whose temper Aristophanes had so well studied. The old man is to be sure a testy, cross-grained, sour fellow. But he has much good sense at bottom, which he displays on fit occasions; and as to his being the gull of knaves and flatterers, his credulity is only assumed, and his slumbers feigned, that he may pounce upon the rogues, who are cramming themselves at his expense. The people thus ridiculed and flattered, returned home unedified by the satire, but delighted with its humour, as cruel, as turbulent, and capricious as ever.

We have been led into this freedom of animadversion upon the merits of Aristophanes, because we see, or think we see, an undue zeal at work which is eager to bestow upon him a degree of praise far beyond his just rank amongst the writers of antiquity. When in subservience to this end, the laudable prepossessions against him which have been handed down to us from the wise and good who have gone before us, are attempted to be removed, and a poet, who has heretofore been ranked amongst the mere ministers of wanton and libertine gaiety, is about to be classed with the teachers of moral wisdom, our duty dictates at once the part we are to take. Grossness and morality have no affinities. The alliance is

forced and unnatural. We have already, we trust, shown that we have not thus spoken from an insensibility to the excellencies of the poet. *Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora.* We have not ceased to feel the effects of that wonderful language, which with its variety of inflexions and infinity of combinations, at once faithfully interprets the most abstruse operations of human intelligence, and pourtrays the warmest emotions of the human heart. We are well aware also, that Aristophanes has exhibited the graces of that language in their highest perfection. Yet while we give him full credit for his just and manly severity against the Athenian vices; his detestation of the ruinous and expensive war into which his country was plunged; his fearless chastisement of the factious demagogues, who "bawled for freedom in their senseless mood;" his contempt of the useless and frivolous disputes of the sophists; while we admire his wit and versatility, the vigour and playfulness of his fancy, and the magic harmony of his verse;—our objections to him as a writer who is to be brought into familiar contact with the English reader, remain unimpaired. We trust, moreover, that he will be still banished from the seats of instruction, and not contribute to swell the list of writers, who, besetting the youthful mind in the very vestibules of learning, threaten to extinguish that ingenuous shame, which is its best security and most becoming ornament. The love of paradox or the zeal of editorship may palliate his impurities. But it is not a little water that clears him of his deeds. The stain is more than skin deep. It pervades and poisons the whole mass.

Observing as we do the present translator's idolatrous admiration of his original, we are glad however to perceive, that he has not followed the example of almost all the commentators, editors, and translators of Aristophanes from the invention of printing to the present period, in resting a large portion of the fame of the comic poet upon the patronage of St. Chrysostom. That eminent father of the church (so ran the fable) never retired to rest without placing a copy of him upon his pillow. From Aldus, down to Brunck, every editor transmitted the traditionary falsehood. All the translators, Fielding, Madame Dacier, Dunster, and Cumberland, kept it alive. It staggered and perplexed the pious, that such a sympathy should have existed between the accomplished divine and the licentious poet. For had conjecture been permitted to sketch the retired studies of a saint, it would have placed upon his couch a book inspiring far different contemplations. But while it lived, the imposture had its effect. It furnished Voltaire with a sneer, and gave no slight scandal to those, who had been taught an

habitual reverence for the early lights of the church. Many of the ancient fathers, it is true, were deeply acquainted with heathen literature. It was the armoury whence they drew the keen and polished weapons with which they assailed and overthrew their pagan adversaries. But the love-sick admiration of St. Chrysostom for an obscene writer, was a perplexing paradox, till the lie which was impudently coined by Aldus Minutius, and appeared for the first time in his preface to the first edition of the poet, was detected by the sagacity of Menage.

In dwelling thus upon the impurities of Aristophanes, we might be chargeable with a want of candour and of charity, if we did not give due weight to the extenuations which the state of society and of manners in his time suggests in his behalf. A great reformation of social life was the necessary consequence of a purer theology. Amongst the benignant influences of that religion, which worked so complete a revolution, not only in states and empires, but in the hidden recesses of the human heart, its social and humanizing power has been powerfully operative. When the soul was cleansed of its defilements, licentiousness of phrase disappeared also. The moral darkness of the heathen world will therefore serve generally to account for the abominations that deformed their drama. But, besides the absence of that light, which had not then put to flight the embodied hosts of pagan errors, let it be remembered, that the gentle domination which the fairer half of the species has since acquired over the manners and opinions of the modern world was then wholly unknown. It was not our Jeremy Collier who exiled from the stage the obscenities of Vanburgh and Wycherly. It was the respect which even in a licentious age was never withheld from that part of the sex, who had learned to respect themselves. But the Athenian ladies lived in a state of seclusion from public life. They only occasionally peeped beyond the precincts of domestic retirement at a sacrifice, or mingled in a religious procession. The valuable treatise left us by Xenophon upon domestic œconomy tells us that their education was scarcely superior to that of their slaves. An highly accomplished order of females, indeed, had access to the theatre; but their reproofs would have been ineffectual, for they wanted the dignity of virtue. The sex as it now exists was unknown in Athens. Minds cultivated into an equality, but never aspiring to rivalship with those, whom Providence has assigned for their protectors, moving in an humbler, but not a lower sphere of duties; living in a little world of sentiment and emotions, from which men are excluded by more rugged and severe occupa-

tions; submissive in their influence, tender in their reproaches, and lighting up in domestic life the chaste and hallowed light of an undissembled affection, or of an ardent passion gradually subsiding into a meek and consecrated friendship—woman so enthroned, so elevated, had not even a poetical existence in an Athenian fancy.

But with these extenuations of his grossness in which we willingly acquiesce, Aristophanes has other charges to answer. For there is a quarrel of some standing between the admirers of Attic wit, and those with whom the names of Socrates and virtue are habitually associated. And after this dispute is adjusted, the scholar, the lover of moral wisdom, the admirer of tenderness and pathos, in short, the student of Euripides, will prefer his complaint on the score of his unceasing hostility to that great master of the Greek drama. Mr. Mitchell deserts his poet in neither of these conflicts. It seems that Aristophanes is to be saved harmless, no matter at whose expense. If Socrates or Euripides stand in the way of his full and perfect commendation, his new admirers address themselves to the pious office of detracting from the reputation of both.

Much as it is to be lamented, that Socrates and Aristophanes should have come into so rude a collision, the subject involves a speculation of more moment, than often pertains to the persons and things of two thousand years ago. It is fitting, that we should feel some solicitude for the characters of the great masters of ancient morality, and that the frequent discrepancy between doctrine and practice should not be exhibited in their examples. We are disposed to admit that the accusation has, by many writers, been pushed too far against Aristophanes. Of any participation in the death of the Athenian sage, he is guiltless. Ælian's story, which introduces Melitus as persecuting Socrates in consequence of the representation of the Clouds, has been abundantly discredited. Twenty-four years intervened between the play and the condemnation. Still the character of Aristophanes has descended with heavy reproaches for defamation and buffoonery against the purest integrity and the most unclouded wisdom of the heathen world. Is this sentence, in which the whole voice of antiquity concurred, to be reversed? Of the patrons of Aristophanes who have defended him from these imputations, Mr. Cumberland is the Coryphæus. William Schlegel has slightly touched the subject, but his leaning is towards the poet. The former of these learned critics has more decidedly assumed his defence; and Mr. Mitchell, following their footsteps, has entered into a still more expanded view of the question in the Preliminary Dicourse prefixed to the volume before

us, and which some of our readers will probably remember in a contemporary journal * of somewhat recent date.

Now the utmost vindication that has been heretofore set up by scholars for the author of the Clouds may be thus stated. Socrates, they contended, is not so much the object of ridicule in the play, as the philosophers in general, and the sophists in particular, who by their idle lives, and their minute and sometimes impious disputes, were the authors of much mischief to their disciples and their country. But Mr. Cumberland † was impatient of these limitations. Socrates comes from the hand of that critic more lacerated, than from the lash of the poet. "The Clouds," says Cumberland, was written to show how the sophistry of the schools may be employed as an instrument of fraud and evasion in matters of right and morality. It incidentally satirizes chimerical paradoxes concerning the duties of children and of parents. For this purpose a school is introduced, and Socrates at the head of it. It was not a satire upon Socrates, but was intended to raise a harmless laugh at the sophists. Yet, with an improvidence not often found amongst persons habituated to exact reasoning, this mild position is instantly abandoned. For he immediately proceeds to justify the comedy as a direct attack upon Socrates; drags forward against the philosopher all the common-place imputations that have assailed him, and particularly dwells (as a commentary on the Socratic school) upon the infamous lives of its principal disciples. We are reminded of Alcibiades and Æschines, an unprincipled character, says Cumberland, who had learned the art of evading his debts from his master, and whom he supposes (an idea which has escaped the keener glance and sounder erudition of the scholiast) to have been shadowed by Aristophanes under the name of Strepsiades; of Simon so rapacious, that to use the phrase of the poet, the very wolves ran off, as they espied him; of the despicable Cleonymus; of Aristippus, a parasite and drunkard,—and all these as the familiar friends of Socrates. Nor is insinuation spared, to affect him with a shocking and nameless depravity.

To these criminations our answer shall be short. A writer who digs in the filth of Athenæus, and drags before the judicature of a learned and polite age the obscure and doubtful authority of Herodicus, is not entitled to a lengthened refutation. Passing by the evidence of Plato and Xenophon, as delivering their testimonies under the influence of private affection, we have unerring attestations to redeem Socrates from the charge. We have the silence of his enemies. A host of according voices

* Quarterly Review. † Observer, No. 44.

could not speak more loudly in his favour. Aristophanes,* who brought him upon the stage, and who was by no means disposed to be merciful towards the effeminate vices of his age, is upon this head wholly silent. Melitus his public accuser, who would have gladly strengthened his case by a more substantial accusation, was silent also. Aristoxenus, and several professed enemies of the academy, who hunted out with incredible zeal and untired industry topics of crimination against its illustrious founder, have not said a word on the subject. Add to these negative proofs affirmative evidence not feeble in its authority, the praises heaped upon Socrates by writers who, living so much nearer the Socratic age, could refer to monuments and traditions no longer extant. The very suspicion is inconsistent with the homage paid to his character by the great masters of ancient morality. We can scarcely open a philosophical treatise of Cicero without perusing the panegyric of Socrates in language usually appropriated to superior natures. A Roman poet, whose iron scourge fell with peculiar weight on the filthy voluptuaries of his day, and whose indignation and fury were unchained against the disgraceful vices of humanity, holds up the sage of Athens with an admiration softened by affection, as the pattern of moral purity and virtue.

> ——————— dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,
> Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vincla cicutæ
> Accusatori nollet dare.

But we are half ashamed to have dwelt so long upon a question which we considered to have been long settled to the honour of Socrates. Mr. Cumberland's assertions should not have induced us to disturb it. But we think that it is insinuated by Mr. Mitchell in language not less injurious to the memory of the ancient philosopher, because it is somewhat more guarded and ambiguous.

Is the Clouds a harmless satire upon the sophists, and therefore absolved from the reproach which has adhered to it for ages, of being a malignant libel upon Socrates? Fredric Schlegel in a tone of modest conjecture and cautious criticism, inclines strongly to the poet. "It is," says he, "another grievous reproach against Aristophanes, that he has represented in such odious colours the wisest and most virtuous of his fellow citizens. It is, however, by no means improbable, that Aristophanes selected without any bad intention that first and best of men, that he might render the sophists as ridiculous as they deserved to be. It is not unlikely, that the poet con-

* Maxim. Tyr. Dissert. p. 8.

founded, without wishing it, this inestimable sage with his enemies the sophists, whose schools he frequented in his maturer years, solely with the view to make himself master of that which he meant to refute and overthrow." * To these reasonings, if they deserve the name, we must oppose the simple suggestions of common sense and reason. If it was the exclusive object of the poet to expose the sophists, were the name and person of Socrates requisite to give effect to the satire? Was there no other type under which the sophists could have been ridiculed? The answer is obvious. Not only was there no identity between Socrates and the sophists, but the former had declared inexpiable war against them. He reserved for them his richest wit, his severest irony. They were perpetually writhing beneath his hands. Fact also comes in aid of common sense. Whether the defence of Socrates bequeathed to us by Plato, was in substance adopted by his master, is a needless inquiry. Plato, after the condemnation of the sage, published it as the defence of Socrates; and supposing that Plato was the sole author of it, it is not to be supposed that he would have put into the mouth of Socrates a retrospective allusion to the enmity of Aristophanes in the Clouds, if such had not been his own conviction or that of his master. Nor were either of them so wanting in natural sagacity as to mistake the harmless burlesque of a noxious sect, for the personal defamation of Socrates. Let us, however, hear what Socrates in that apology is made to say, when he alludes to his enemies.

"*One amongst them*," he says, "*is a comedian*. But what did they object to me? Socrates, they said, is a dangerous man. He is perpetually occupied in iniquiries concerning matters, which nature conceals from us. He dresses false reasoning in the garb of truth, and teaches the same pernicious art to others. And this you yourselves saw, when the comedy of Aristophanes was represented, in which a person named Socrates was suspended in a basket, who pretended to walk the air, and many other absurdities. (αλλῳ τινὶ πολλὴν φλυαριαν φλυαρουντα.") †

The fact speaks unanswerably for itself. Nothing can be more remote from the real Socrates than the Socrates of the Clouds. But is the falsehood of the satire to be received as a justification of it? The pernicious maxims put into his mouth, and that of his scholars, are not those of Socrates. Granted. But by what process of reasoning is a plea which admits the falsity of the libel to absolve the author? Its falsehood might have counteracted its malice; but how does it mitigate its guilt? The truth is, that it is a gross caricature, though

* Lectures on the History of Lit. p. 57. † Plato in Apol. Ed. Bipont.

not founded on the faintest resemblance. The dramatic Socrates is in most direct contrast to the philosopher. In the play he is represented as a stipendiary teacher. He received no salary or pay for his instructions. The young man in the play beats his father across the stage as a corollary from the precepts of Socrates. No moralist ever urged more forcibly upon children their duties to their parents. There is in the excellent work of Xenophon* an admirable exhortation to filial piety which Socrates gave his eldest son, who had complained to him of the violent temper of his mother Xantippe. The slow process of induction peculiar to the Socratic discourse renders it less energetic, than it might have been, had it appeared in a shape less formal and didactic. But even as a specimen of the peculiar manner of the philosopher, it is not without its value. Having by the usual machinery of interrogation obtained the youth's acquiescence in a series of propositions, by which ingratitude was reduced to a species of injustice, which became aggravated in a ratio to the value and amount of the benefits received, he asks, whether any higher benefits can be received than those which children receive from their parents? He then sums them up; the hour of maternal anguish; the anxious and sleepless cares of the mother for her progeny; the nurture supplied from the fountains of her own existence; the solicitudes with which she hangs over the cradle of her unconscious infant; the trembling anxieties, with which she conducts him through the perils of his tender years, with no other recompense than the satisfactions of a mother's heart. This is an imperfect summary of a beautiful passage, which must be dear to every feeling mind. It will be sufficient, however, to furnish a convincing contrast between the malice of Aristophanes, and the purity which he endeavoured to defame.

These remarks have been extorted from us by the new sect of literature, of which the principal aim is to raise Aristophanes upon the ruins of a better man. Of these, we think, that the translator of the two plays before us is not among the most candid or moderate. Borrowing the celebrated hint of Procrustes, he seems determined to fit Socrates to his bed of torture, and to adapt him in all respects to the Clouds of Aristophanes. In confirmation of this remark, we select the following passage from his Preliminary Discourse, the positions of which are apparently confirmed by copious citations from Plato and Xenophon, although Mr. Mitchell's uncompressed habits of diction render the quotation almost inconsistent with the limits prescribed to us.

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* Xen. Memorab. Edit. Oxon, p. 81.

" About the time when the play called the Clouds was brought before a public audience, a person was seen in all the streets and public places of Athens, whose appearance, manners, and doctrines equally tended to excite observation. If not a sophist himself, he was at least seen continually in the company of the sophists; and, as he made no scruple to practise upon them the arts which they practised upon others, it is no wonder that an almost general opinion should have considered him as one of the profession; as a sophist more honest indeed than the rest, but in talent, in vanity, and self-conceit surpassing them all. Like the sophists and philosophers, he had given himself deeply and unmeritedly to physical researches: and in a temperament naturally melancholy, it had produced such an effect upon his countenance and manners, that by the gayer part of his fellow-citizens, who wanted opportunities of knowing him more intimately, an introduction to his society was considered as something like venturing into the sombre cavern of Trophonius. And certainly there were not wanting reasons for forming such an opinion. Wrapt up in profound reveries, the ordinary functions of nature seemed sometimes suspended in him—the vicissitudes of day and night passed unobserved, the necessary refections of rest and food were neglected, and he seemed to have derived from his own experience the reproach which he sometimes cast upon the other philosophers, that their native town had only possession of their bodies, but that the air was the chosen habitation of their minds. The pride of knowledge communicated a consequence which contrasted rather ridiculously with the humility of his external appearance; his air was stern, his step was lofty, and his eyes, if not fixed upon the heavens, were thrown around with an appearance of conscious importance. He was rather ostentatious in proclaiming that his father had been a statuary, his mother a midwife; and he explained, in language highly ingenious, but rather more at length, perhaps, than was consistent with good taste, and certainly in terms which only a degraded state of female estimation would allow to be called decent, that the profession, which his mother had practised, was that which he also pursued; with this difference, that he performed for the intellect, what she had done for the body; and that while she confined her attentions to the female sex, his obstetric services had been devoted exclusively to the male. * * * * By whatever name, however, he chose to term his vocation, certain it was, that no man could be more assiduous in the prosecution of it. Whoever was the disputant, or whatever the subject of conversation, the discourse finally fell upon the head of the person with whom he was conversing. Armed with a divine commission, as he pretended, for that purpose, and himself under the immediate direction of a supernatural being, not perfectly naturalized in the theology of his country, every man was questioned by him in turn, and found no respite, till he gave a complete account of himself:—what was his present and what had been his past mode of life,—and once upon this topic, said one who knew him well, there is no hope of escape, till you have been put to the touchstone torture, and your whole life sifted to the bottom. So strong was this passion, that the attachment to rural scenes, which prevailed so

strongly in most of his fellow-citizens, in him seemed a feeling almost extinct—he was a stranger to the environs of Athens, and was scarcely ever seen outside the walls. * * * * Man was his game; and from man he never wished to be absent; but the passion was by no means reciprocal: a catechist so inquisitorial was not always agreeable, and the presence of the philosopher *either created a solitude where he went, or if he collected an audience, it was among the idle young men, who took a malicious pleasure in his cutting remarks, and who immediately left him to practise upon others the lessons which they had just received.* In a town where the personal appearance of the male sex excited more comments and observation than the female, even the exterior of this person was calculated to fix the attention of many, who were not disposed to penetrate beyond it; and whatever merriment was excited on this subject, it must be owned that himself was ever the first to set the joke afloat. His eyes (to use the words in which he was accustomed to draw his own figure, and in which it will be necessary to follow him, for purposes that will appear hereafter) stood so forward in his head, that they enabled him not only to see straight before him, but even to look sideways; and he used in consequence to boast, that himself and a crab were, of all other animals, the two best adapted for vision. * * * * With a view to reduce the periphery of his body, which certainly was not very exact in its proportions, he practised dancing, and that down to a very advanced period of life; not merely to the occasional discomfiture of serious reflection in his pupils, but even to the excitement of a doubt in them, whether their master was quite correct in his senses:—to close this, not very agreeable part of the subject:—when these pupils likened his whole exterior to that of the Sileni, no doubt of the truth was ever expressed, and no umbrage taken as at a supposed affront. Though little distinguished for beauty himself, some of the handsomest young men of Athens were seen continually in his train: and while they did not scruple to take the utmost liberty in expressing their opinion upon his deformity, he did not perhaps altogether find his advantage in gazing upon their beauty; for it led to the objection, which the warmest of his admirers either did not attempt to deny, or found it necessary to palliate, that it led him sometimes to clothe the noblest operations and aspirations of the mind in the language of the senses, that it engaged him to arrive at mental through corporeal excellence, and made it appear, that the presence of the beautiful Agathon, or the interesting Autolycus was necessary, before the philosopher could arrive at the essential beauty, the αυτο καθ' αυτο, his reveries about which must have become sometimes a little fatiguing to the most admiring of his auditors. With these persons, who were never many in number, of whom the more ambitious deserted their master as soon as they had gained the object which brought them into his society, and others of whom left him to form schools, whose names have since been synonymous with sophistry, the coarsest effrontery, and the most undisguised voluptuousness, the greatest part of his time was spent; for the civil duties which occupied the hours of others were avocations which he chose wholly to decline: he never made part of the General Assem-

bly; he never frequented the Courts of Law; and the awkward manner in which he performed the externals of a senator, when necessity or accident brought him into the situation, shewed that neither practice nor reflexion had made him acquainted with the duties of the office. Even that duty which seemed peculiarly connected with his office of a public teacher, that of committing to writing the result of his studies, or giving a lasting habitation to those important disputations in which he was continually engaged, was a task which he declined, and for which he had framed reasons, which, however satisfactory to himself, have by no means been equally so to those who have lived after him. To himself, however, one very satisfactory consequence resulted from these derelictions, as some did not hesitate to call them, of the duties of a citizen: it left him the most unlimited leisure for frequenting, what seemed his peculiar delight, the schools of the sophists, and engaging in disputation with those fallacious pretenders to universal knowledge. If there were some points in which the sophists and himself had a certain similiarity, there were many of a trifling, and still more of a serious nature, in which they were diametrically opposite. While the sophists went clad in magnificent garments, he appeared in the most plain and simple apparel. The same coat served him for winter and summer, and he preserved the old-fashioned manner of his country in going always barefooted: he frequented the baths but rarely, and never indulged in the usual luxury of perfumes. While the sophists confined themselves to the sons of the wealthy and the great, and were therefore known to them and them only, he did not disdain to frequent the meanest of the artisans, to converse with them in their own language, and on topics with which they were most familiar. There was even a class in society still more degraded, which he did not scruple occasionally to visit, and to evince, by his instructions, that there was no class of society whose pursuits had wholly escaped his scrutinising eye. The effect of these visits was very evident in his language, and those who felt themselves annoyed by his raillery, or pressed by his acuteness, did not fail to throw into his face the shipwrights, the coblers, the carpenters and weavers, with whom his habits of intercourse were not unfrequent, and from whom he was so fond of drawing those maxims and comparisons, which confounded the class of persons, to whose annoyance and discomfiture he seems to have devoted the greatest portion of his time. It is the language of the chivalrous ages, which would best do justice to this part of his character: and the knight, locked up in complete armour, and ready to run a-tilt with the first person he met, is the completest image of this philosopher, preparing to encounter the sophists, at once apparently his enemies and his rivals.

" To ask questions or to answer them—to convict or to be convicted —were, in his own words, the great purposes for which men should meet together; and a person, who had decreed that his life should be a complete logomachy, could not have come to the contest better prepared; nor, where words were to be the weapons of warfare, could any man draw them from a better-provided armory. * * * * His hear-

ers described the effects of witchery and enchantment: they compared it to the touch of the torpedo, which causes a numbness in the faculties. Much was affirmed by him, and little proved—both sides of a question were alternately taken, and the result left upon his hearers' mind was, that he himself was in doubt, and only excited doubts in others. The sophists, indeed, by the manner in which they were handled, were made, *especially in hot weather,* to perspire more copiously than, perhaps, was agreeable; for their subtleties were met with niceties still more acute than their own, and they were entrapped into admissions of which they did not foresee the consequence; but their falsehoods were also combated with positions which he who advanced them would have been unwilling to have had considered as decidedly his own, and in pursuing them into their dark recesses his own gigantic powers could not altogether save him from the reproach which he cast upon another: "the best divers only should venture to plunge into a "sea of such prodigious depth." Such was the person whom Aristophanes selected to be the hero of his Clouds." (P. xc—ci.)

Nor is this all. There is a mass of insinuation contained in another passage. Having observed that the character of Socrates was a little more open to remark than some admirers in their ignorance were aware of, and more than some in their knowledge were willing to bring into notice, "Learned and impartial men," says Mr. Mitchell, "well acquainted with the subject, will do the present writer the justice to say, that *some points* are not pressed so closely as they might have been, and that had he not confined himself to the two authors, (Xenophon and Plato) from whom he has very rarely deviated, his remarks might have been conveyed in a higher tone of censure."*

Our readers will peruse with various impressions the portraiture thus drawn of Socrates. The general effect, however, is an unfavourable one, and the prevailing sensation which it is calculated to excite must be that of disgust for a character formed of features so harsh and disagreeable. They ought to be reminded, however, that it is not a portrait of the sage systematically taken, of which the lineaments, blended into each other, constitute a whole by means of mutual softenings and mingled traits, nor so exhibited as to be contemplated at one view, but patched together from widely detached and unconnected passages torn from their context, and selected for the support of a peculiar hypothesis. We will not revive the insinuation thrown out by Athenæus† on Plato's authenticity as a writer of narrative. Yet certain it is that a dramatic or fictitious character prevails through those beautiful dialogues; that in those writings he seems more intent upon striking effect, than

* Prel. Dissert. p. 130. † Lib. ii.

studious of faithful delineation, and that after all they do not furnish us with a clear and uniform account either of the ethics or the life of Socrates. Be that as it may, some research has enabled us to say with confidence that these features of Socrates, so collected from Plato and Xenophon, have received considerable heightenings from the pencil of Mr. Mitchell. For instance, Socrates is said to have been deeply and unremittingly given to physical researches, which produced such an effect on his countenance and manners, that those who frequented his disputations returned from them as from the cave of Trophonius. Now in the Phædon (the passage to which Mr. Mitchell refers his readers) Socrates merely admits, that *in his youth* (νεος ων) he had addicted himself to these inquiries. This, according to our author, is sufficient to class him with the sophists. But what does it amount to? He passed through the elementary course of Athenian studies. Is this circumstance to fix upon him a predilection for those vain and frivolous inquiries, which none derided more keenly, or exposed more skilfully? Every scholar must have remarked the contempt which he expressed for those studies at a maturer period. None can forget that it was Socrates who effected the great revolution in moral science, which, to use the words of the eloquent disciple of the second academy,* brought philosophy down from her aërial abodes to converse with man, introduced her into the commonwealth, placed her in private life, and exercised her in investigations adapted to the affairs of the world, and the end and dignity of our being; and were we desirous of opposing Plato to Plato, we might observe, that, in the Apology, Socrates expressly denies that he was ever addicted to these studies at all. As to the cave of Trophonius, it is Aristophanes in the Clouds who supplies the image to Mr. Mitchell. But Aristophanes is a party in the suit, and his evidence must go for nothing.

In the Memorabilia of Xenophon,† Socrates discourses specifically upon the inanity of physical science, with only a parenthetical admission of not being wholly ignorant of it. When the reader has attentively read this passage, which, be it observed, is one of the authorities cited by Mr. Mitchell to show that Socrates was addicted to the frivolous study which he there so strongly reprehends, he will rise from its perusal completely satisfied that the fondness of the Athenian philosopher for physical pursuits was by no means fair game for Aristophanes, and that it is an imputation equally false and unfounded.

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* Tusc. Quæst. p. 14. Acad. Quæst. lib. i. † Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 7.

That he was frequently seen among the sophists is pretty evident, for he was engaged in endless disputes with those intellectual jugglers. He gave them no quarter. He left no occasion unimproved of showing the spuriousness of their wisdom, and the fallacy of their doctrines. He strangled the most powerful and gigantic of these logomachists, Protagoras,* who in the beginning of the controversy, as it is delineated by Plato, appears to have had the advantage, and received the applause of the company. A few short interrogatories however (the *experimentum crucis* of the Socratic logic) decided the conflict. We can readily suppose indeed that the perpetual use of this weapon must have been highly tormenting; to those small wits in particular whom Socrates encountered, and who, by the dexterous application of it, were not only made to admit, but themselves to detect their own absurdities. According to Mr. Mitchell, it was an intolerable persecution let loose upon society; and as every man was obliged to undergo a minute questioning, till his whole life had been sifted to the bottom, it must have produced, as he affirms on the authority of Xenophon, a solitude around the tormenting inquisitor. We were diffident of the fact, and our own recollections not concurring with the sense which Mr. Mitchell seems to attribute to the passage which has furnished him with the picture of this intolerable inquisition, we again betook ourselves to the text of Plato. True it is, that in the dialogue intitled Laches, Nicias tells Lysimachus, that he who disputed with Socrates, whatever might be the subject of discourse, was so hooked in as to be obliged perforce to give an account of himself and the whole system of his life, and that there was no chance of escape till the whole examination was completed. We are ready to admit that this must have been vexatious enough. Let us, however, pursue the passage to its context, and see whether something does not turn up for Socrates. The description given by Nicias of the Socratic disputation is, no doubt, heightened for the dramatic effect which Plato had in view. But hear how the same person in the dialogue softens this severe scrutiny into one of the best exercises of the mind, that of a close and rigid self-examination. "For my part," continues Nicias, "I am quite broken in to this discipline. I am far from thinking that it has an injurious tendency to be thus called upon to revive the recollections of the good and evil we have done. He who undergoes such an inquisition must necessarily act more providently for the future." † We turned also to the passage in Xenophon for the

* Plat. in Prot. p. 232. † Plato in Lachet. p. 179. Ed. Bipont.

solitude which this mode of disputation brought round the philosopher. The whole chapter exhibits a lively specimen of the Socratic mode of argument. Euthydoneus, a young man of high promise, fresh from the schools of the sophists, to an overweening confidence in his own powers, and a supreme contempt for the ordinary modes of acquiring knowledge, added a dangerous aspiration after the first offices of the republic. He is brought by Socrates to an admission, *that he knew nothing*. He withdrew abashed, but returned amended, attended Socrates with unremitting assiduity, and diligently modelled himself after his precepts. Many of those, says Xenophon, who were thus handled came to him no more; but they were those whom Socrates considered to be weak and senseless.* Such is the solitude created around him; or such rather the disproportionate generality of Mr. Mitford's deduction from premises so narrowly limited. What could be more in the ordinary course of things than that the idle and the vain should fly from a discipline which, however salutary, tormented their vanity, or that the ingenuous and docile, on the other hand, should adhere to him with a grateful sense of the good effects which they had derived from the moral medicine which he administered to the little and mean passions of their nature?

It is not indeed to be dissembled that, as a process for the discovery or elucidation of truth, the Socratic argumentation is tedious and circuitous. By assuming that the adversary disputes every step of the argument, the disputation is drawn out to an unprofitable minuteness, and the reasoner, instead of setting out upon some intelligible axiom, or some undeniable assumption, has to extort an assent to that which is nearly self-evident, before he can advance a single step. The logical experiment of Squire Thornhill upon poor Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield is an admirable burlesque of the Socratic argument. But the medicine is to be estimated by the constitution and habit on which it had to work. In this point of view it was an admirable machinery for turning the sophisms of the pretended philosophy of the day against those who dealt in them.

Enough, we presume, has been said to shew that Socrates is not amenable to the ridicule or the reproach so justly incurred by the sophists. But we have to parry a two-edged sword. With great industry, all the supposed deformities of the Athenian philosopher are put together, dove-tailed and tesselated so as to quadrate with the Socrates of the Clouds. Yet with the absurdest inconsistency we are called on to relish the wit of

* Xen. Mem. lib. iv. c. 2.

the Clouds, and to preserve our respect for Socrates, because it is said the satire is exclusively pointed at the sophists. *Tantamne rem tam negligenter?* Why then expend so much learned industry to place Socrates amongst the sophists; nay, to make him the most contemptible and disgusting of the sophists? He must be an Œdipus, not a Davus who can follow Mr. Mitchell through the windings and doublings of his argument. The Clouds was not written to expose Socrates, but Socrates was selected to give more effect to the Clouds, says the dissertator (p. 137.) It should seem that Socrates was scarcely aimed at by the comic poet. We proceed a page or two onwards, (139) and the same dissertator assures us that the chastisement dealt him in the play had the effect of directing his mind to better pursuits.

We are aware, that we have not noticed half the insinuations urged against one of the greatest men in the ancient world. We have, however, not dealt in conjecture. We followed Mr. Mitchell to his authorities, because we were diffident of the extent of inference which he has uniformly drawn from them. The scepticism, of which Euripides has described the advantages in matters of graver import, we called to our aid in the lighter, but by no means unimportant, task of redeeming Socrates from unjust calumny and unmerited reproach, and we felt

Σωφρονος γαρ απιστιας
Ως ξυδεν χρησιμωτερον βρωτοις.

We are conscious also that much more remains for animadversion. The insinuations against Socrates are not yet exhausted. As to the familiar divinity, the best and most enlightened judges of antiquity have interpreted it into an internal impulse, which restrained,* without impelling his actions. Figuratively called a divine voice or demon, it was nothing more than that internal movement, the fruit of diligent observation and a minute attention to the moral connexions so nicely linked by the great author of the universe, which gave him an almost immediate intimation of those things from which it was his duty to abstain. It was experience ripened "into a prophetic strain." In one word, it was that conscience, which in the absence of a better light, for which the world was not ripe, by a process as quick as intuition, resisted the solicitings of passion, and showed at once the moral complexion and tendencies of the act, which it warned him to avoid.† In the bill of indictment drawn up by Mr. Mitchell, the intercourses in which he lived with the

* Cic. de Divin. † See Apuleius de Deo Socr.

artizans of Athens have also a conspicuous place assigned to them. We again refer our readers to the passage in Xenophon* from which the reproach has been drawn. Candid minds, however, with the example of an infinitely superior nature before them, will not visit the Athenian teacher with much severity, when they follow him to the dwelling of Parahasius the painter, or of Clito the statuary, or of Pistias the armourer; and view him condescending in language fitted to their capacities, and by illustrations drawn from their arts, to instruct them in the good and the fair, and the congruity and fitness of the moral perfections.

Let it not be supposed that we are willing to bestow idolatrous praise on Socrates. It were an injury and injustice to the brightest of Pagan characters to try him by the standard of Christian perfection: but let us not be frugal of our admiration, when we recollect that his self-denial and temperance and fortitude were nurtured in the sterile soil of heathen morality. The decree, which unbarred the gates of immortality and life was yet shrouded in the dark destinations of infinite wisdom. But the knowledge of the one true and living God, and the glimmering belief of future dispensations, had broken out in a feeble ray over the darkness of the ancient world. Passages of frequent recurrence in the works of Plato show that both the master and the disciple had ascended as far as unassisted reason could lead them, towards those elevated speculations. In the Phædrus, philosophy seems to have soared to the great author of the good and the fair, and to have deduced by a series of plain and intelligible inductions irresistible proofs of the indestructibility and future existence of the soul. Yet whilst we make these concessions, we must be timidly cautious, lest the youthful mind should imbibe the pernicious error that, before the great doctrines of repentance and atonement, which lead us at once to our proper good by holy and infallible promises and denunciations, and substitute the gladdening assurances of the gospel for the hope skirted with fear, and the dim and doubtful light of natural reason,—before the dawn of that bright day, even Socrates himself had attained more than "the beggarly elements," the form and phantasm of that true and perfect wisdom which cometh from above.

If we have lingered thus long upon the character of Socrates, and Aristophanes is again brought to trial for "The Clouds," the fault is theirs, who have disturbed the verdict long since pronounced by the enlightened voice of antiquity, and a host of scholars, from the revival of letters to the present day.

* Xen. Mem. lib. iii. c. 10.

But if any argument were wanting to shew how inappropriate to Socrates was the buffoonery of the Clouds; the piece was unsuccessful, although the poet had enriched it with all the varied fruits of genius and fancy. Had Warburton not listened to Ælian, who attributed to the acting of it the criminal condemnation of Socrates, he would not, in his masterly dedication of the "Divine Legation," have adduced its success as an instance of the pernicious use of ridicule, and the triumph of buffoonery over virtue. We are plain men, and can easily conceive, that even to the Athenian people a caricature without a resemblance, a satire without verisimilitude, would be a matter of distaste and aversion. The chivalry of Mr. Mitchell however does not permit him to attribute the failure of the poet to its most natural cause. He admits indeed that Aristophanes, who was nicely skilled in the preparation of what was palatable to his audience, who had long studied their tastes, and successfully administered both to their eyes and ears all that the pomp of decoration, and all that the harmonies of verse and music could contribute to the fascination of each, had, on this occasion, rather surpassed than fallen short of his usual efforts. But the subject of the play was not interesting: (what more interesting to an Attic audience, we are tempted to ask, than personal satire?) it had no connexion with the Dionysian festivities; the wrong festival was chosen, the greater instead of the lesser; in one word, Aristophanes, to whom in all that pertains to the *ordonnance*, the *getting up* in our theatric idiom of a play, he attributes so much ingenuity and diligence, who had at stake also the highest rewards to which Athenian genius could aspire, or by which Athenian vanity could be soothed, the crown of dramatic victory;—Aristophanes, by the most drivelling inattention to these circumstances, wrecked his play and his reputation.

Having said so much of Socrates, we must not overlook Euripides, who has also experienced some rough handling from the comic poet. In vindication of Aristophanes, his translator has recourse to M. Schlegel, who has brought the poor tragedian to trial for a long series of offences against taste and morals. Now, we have long considered M. Schlegel to be a sound and judicious critic, and the opinions of such a man we are inclined to treat with the highest respect. But at the same time, we cannot pronounce him to be uninfected with the vices of the German philosophy; whilst we think too that the peculiarities of that school of thinking furnish a tolerably clear solution for the paradoxical judgment which he has passed on Euripides. For who does not know, that of that school the leading affectation is that of exploring the inmost recesses of the mind and the heart for the principles of our knowledge and

the sentiments of our nature? Each critic in right of his "interior researches" sets up an independent rule of judgment. Hence it is that, as Madame de Stael observes, they have no fixed standard of taste. Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller had before their eyes a vibratory and uncertain criterion of excellence, and were therefore perpetually changing the form and model of their dramas. One of the prerogatives which is assumed by almost every critic of that country is a perfect independence of all former codes or canons. Hence it is that they overlook the only real standard of critical investigation, that practicable excellence which is alone permitted to the intellect of man, and which consists in a mixed but harmonious assemblage of faults and beauties, of graces and defects, in pursuit of the shadowy forms of an ideal perfection. In such a relaxation from all precedent or rule, it may be easily supposed, that the tone of criticism becomes exaggerated; that every thing is stated in the extreme, and scarcely any proposition laid down that is sufficiently mixed or qualified.

Whilst we attribute, however, M. Schlegel's animadversions on Euripides to the love of paradox, incident, for the reasons just stated, to the critical school of the Germans, we are not on the other hand insensible to the force of certain objections, which have been legitimately urged against the poet, and for some of which he has been judiciously reprehended by the old scholiast. True it is, that he deals most profusely in maxims (γνωμαι), that his dialogue abounds with too quick reciprocations, that his loquacity (λαλια) occasionally retards the action of his pieces, that his rhetoric has some flavour of the schools, and that his prologues torment us now and then with the most tedious genealogies. But the imputation of a relaxed morality seems to us the very fever of exaggerated criticism. And how is the imputation supported? It seems that this great master of pathos and feeling has sometimes put into the mouths of his persons ambiguous and casuistic maxims; for instance, "the mouth has sworn, but the heart disavows the oath," which has been so severely ridiculed by Aristophanes. But are dramatic passages fairly dealt by, when they are torn from their context, and the characters by whom they are uttered? Yes, observes M. Schlegel; for their abbreviated and sententious form fixes them on the memory, and renders them more liable to a perverted application. Surely this is "considering the matter too curiously." For how is the argument to end, without involving in the sweeping condemnation of an *Index expurgatorius* the brief and sententious aphorisms of fraud or cunning, ambition or avarice, which occur in almost every page of the dramatists and poets? Thus we have the miser's consoling

doctrine in Horace ready cut and dried for misers in all times and countries. Populus me sibilat, &c. &c.; Shakspeare's solace for affrighted ambition, hesitating to wade through slaughter to a throne, "Things bad begun," &c. &c. These little maxims are prepared for pocket use, short, epigrammatic, and easy to be remembered. Yet it would demand more than common gravity to hear them arraigned, as tending to make men misers or murderers.

There are other exceptions urged by Mr. Mitchell against Euripides, both as a poet and a moral writer, which it would lengthen our digression too much to notice. They derive, however, their strength from an ill-timed and forced comparison of the bard with Æschylus and Sophocles, his great precursors. True, he has neither the bold and overbearing sublimity of the one, nor the manly yet delicate graces of the other. For, the whole frame and texture of his dramas bespeak a new stage of the art. It was an experiment that had not till then been tried, to exhibit a closer conformity between the tragic stage and what is really passing in the world, than is to be found in the plays of the poets just alluded to. To this end, it was requisite for him to do that which had not been done before, to consider the almost boundless region of the human passions, the endless conflicts of human purposes, and the diversified sorrows which are scattered around us, as the rightful domain of tragedy. Hence he neither employed the elevated and fanciful personages of Æschylus, nor the pure and faultless characters of Sophocles, for they were instruments that would have impeded his design. His dramatic persons for the same reason, though belonging to what are called the heroic times, speak the language of human beings; they are gladdened by the same joys, bowed down by the same griefs which affect us all. We might do greater justice to Euripides, by enlarging upon the topic; but to those who cannot feel the exquisite pathos of the poet to a degree sufficient to stifle the cavils of so minute a criticism, every appeal would be fruitless. With such understandings, we want a common language to be mutually understood. These, however, are not our own sentiments only: they are confirmed by the suffrage of critics and scholars of the highest authority. As to the morality of his dramas, it may be enough to mention our own Milton, a man of austere morals, versed in all human learning, and familiar with every form and combination of poetic beauty. Milton, it is well known, adopted Euripides into the circle of his literary friendships, and devoted himself with the fondest enthusiasm to a diligent and critical perusal of his text. But we shall take our leave of the topic, by citing the testimony of

a modern critic, who understood Euripides just as well as the German critic, or Cambridge translator, and then return to Aristophanes:

"Osor formidolosæ superstitionis, quæ cives Atticos agitabat, de uno Deo universi conditore, de providâ divinæ mentis circà res humanas curâ, de virtutis amore, de certo scelerum vindice, de prœmiis piorum sic sensit, ut in ista terrarum orbis caligine, solus ille poëtarum sapuisse dignusque Socratis consortio fuerit visus Clementi Alexandrino, atque inter paucos proximus accepisse veritatem, quam Christiani profitemur. Veræ virtutis et honesti laudator constantissimus." *

He who would judge accurately of the old Greek comedy, must keep his eye upon the contemporary state of Athenian manners, and remember that about the time of Pericles, the natural sensibility of the Athenians, fostered by his encouragement, had grown into an ungovernable passion for the theatre. As an agreeable alternation to the noble productions of the tragic Muse, and the severer exercises of the mind by pity and terror, arose the old comedy, which combined all the playfulness of the most sportive buffoonery, with the higher graces of the drama. For the Athenians were sensitively alive to the ridiculous. Their comedy therefore was a luscious and varied banquet for those who were addicted to laughter, and not very nice about what they laughed at: it was a species of amusement, unfettered by the regular laws of the drama; in which the poet, out of a gross and wild improbability, in which real and fictitious persons, wit, and satire, and personal defamation, produced the most unexpected combinations, whirled his audience through a world of his own creation. Athens, it must also be remembered, was the centre of a small but powerful state. The sovereignty was in the hands of the people. Every marked distinction was annihilated. The right of citizenship was rigorously confined to a certain number: hence every species of excellence, that seemed to overtop the democratic equality, when denounced and ridiculed on the stage, administered to the debased appetite for defamation, which, as we have already observed, was a prominent feature of the Athenian character; a passion so omnivorous, that even the sister art of painting largely partook of its spirit.

But besides the causes which we have enumerated as acting powerfully on the Greek comedy, it had other peculiarities. The perplexities which, gradually unravelled, constitute the plots, as they are called, of the modern drama—the embarrassments and rivalships of lovers—the delicate distresses of heroines—all of which are cleared up at the termination;—there was nothing

* Diatribe in Eurip. Valcknaer.

that approached to this in the ancient comedy. Aristophanes cared nothing about his plots: he abounds with what does not in the least conduce to the business of the drama. But Mr. Bayes, no mean authority, has told us that the only use of the plot is to bring in good things. By this test, the comedies of Aristophanes are unexceptionable. His scenes are those of a magic lantern, whose wild and grotesque figures succeed each other in a series irregular but not confused, and with a freedom, that seems to laugh at the pedantic rigour of the unities. There is another distinction: our comedies are drawn, for the most part, from the prevailing humours of certain classes and subdivisions; the frustrated pretences of that ludicrous but common vanity, which measures its demands upon the homage of others by that which it pays to itself, and that other species of it which is incident to certain ranks and distinctions, and arises out of a sort of *esprit de corps*. Nothing of this kind existed at Athens, and therefore furnished no pleasantry for their stage. For the Athenian institutions were uniformly equal; no condition of life was prominent enough to be characterized by its appropriate foibles, or to generate its peculiar humour.

As to the *ordonnance* of the Greek stage, we know but little. The Abbé Barthélemy, in his "Anacharsis," has laboured the subject with much research; but nothing satisfactory is the result of his researches. An apprehension of substituting conjecture for fact restrains us from enlarging on the music and dancing of the Greeks, of which the effects have probably been much exaggerated. We shall only observe, that the absence of those sources of dramatic imitation, which we have just noticed, reduced the dramatic subjects of the old comedy to two; political affairs, and private defamation. The comic chorus, therefore, which generally represented the people, was an important agent. Besides this, the Greek comedies were parodies of their most popular tragedies, and *got up*, with all the pomp and circumstance of the tragic drama. Upon the chorus the comic poet lavished all his skill in rhythm and harmony. Such was the opulence of Aristophanes, that he has chorusses which, for beauty and diction, and sweetness of versification, are not surpassed either by Sophocles or Euripides. The peculiar distinction, however, of the comic chorus is the Parabasis; it is this which constitutes the great charm of Aristophanes: for by this invention the Author, in the intervals of the acts, (though strictly speaking, the Greek comedy is not divisible into acts,) himself addressed the audience. He extolled his own merit: if he had been unsuccessful in former contests, he complained of the injustice, not unfrequently of the want of taste of his judges; sometimes he threw out satyric taunts

against his rivals; sometimes arraigned the public measures, or proposed new ones. Such was the anomalous and singular construction of the old comedy, of which we have brought a few peculiarities to the notice of our readers, that they might come in some degree prepared for what must otherwise strike them with surprize, if not with disgust, when they take up the comedies of Aristophanes in their own language.

Enough has been already said, to show that we are sensible of the appalling difficulty of rendering Aristophanes in a living tongue. To Mr. Mitchell we readily concede a familiar acquaintance with the old scholia, and the customs and habits of Athens. We trust also that he is not deficient in the more ordinary requisite of a translator; a critical knowledge of the text, and great industry, aided by natural acuteness in its elucidation. But all these endowments may superlatively fall to the lot of a translator; and after all, Aristophanes remain untranslated. It is no reproach to fail where success is scarcely attainable. The difficulty seems insurmountable in the translation of a comic poet. Of tragedy, the language is universal: its passions and sorrows are of all times and countries, and written in the universal charter of our nature: but folly and affectation, and those moral deformities which belong to the ridiculous—these are not conventional. They are so modified by times and circumstances, and forms of polity and society, that they lose all their vitality when they are transplanted to other times, and placed in different groupes, and surrounded with other circumstances. These are general impediments: others are peculiar to Aristophanes. His beauties are so peculiarly those of a country and dialect, they are in short so truly Attic, enshrined as it were in so rich and exquisite a diction, that all his brightness becomes dim as soon as it is viewed through another medium; and his humour is of so volatile and aërial a quality, that it will for ever elude the grasp of the most accomplished translator. Still it would be pedantry to assert, that every effort to give a tolerable sketch of him in English must be unavailing. The problem is, by what rules and on what principles such a translation should be conducted? Our opinion is, that Mr. Mitchell, with whatever felicity of versification he has executed his task, has followed rules and principles which have led him astray from his original.

Translators are naturally impatient of restraint: but there are certain statutes and regulations, from which they can plead no exemption. As far as it is possible, we have a right to know in English what the author said in Greek. There is however a refuge to which they sometimes betake themselves. They tell us, that if it is not what the author actually said, it is what he would

have said, had he written in English. To this maxim it is to be ascribed, that the Father of Poetry, whose excellencies are vigour of thought and simplicity of expression, has appeared in a translation, where the thought is for the most part overlaid by the diction. But the licence, if rightly exercised by the translator of Homer, ought not to be claimed by him, who undertakes Aristophanes, and for a plain reason. "The solid trunk of sentiment," says Dr. Johnson, "will not be impaired by the freest version:" but as to colloquial and idiomatic expression, and those combinations which we style wit, of these we shall get nothing at all in a translation, which is wholly absolved from its original. What then is required of a translator? Not that he should perplex his readers or himself in a vain attempt to give his author the kind of English, which he supposes that he would have used had he written English: for

> "Thus Greece and Rome in modern dress arrayed
> Is but antiquity in masquerade."

An English poem is not the legitimate exchange for a Greek original. But we require from translators a species of English, which, without violence to the laws and idioms of our own tongue, interprets, with all possible fidelity, those of the author. That it will, after all, be an unfaithful representation in respect of spirit and character is certain; but this is a necessary condition of translation: a general likeness is all that can be demanded. It is true the English reader will peruse with unmoved muscles, in his own tongue, that which convulsed an Athenian with laughter. What of that? he must bend to necessity. Time and space will not yield to his desires. All that he can rationally expect is an approximation so close as to give him an idea, however faint, of the general character of what was considered to be humour in Athens.

Not that we require a servile interpretation; we contend only against that species of paraphrase which, whilst it is perpetually eddying in circles round the author, never comes near him. We do not quarrel with Mr. Mitchell for adopting the diction which Cumberland employed in his spirited translations of the fragments preserved in Athenæus. The language of Jonson and Fletcher, adopted by that critic, is the genuine and native vigour of our speech, antiquated, but not obsolete. But we hold him highly responsible for not being faithful to the imagery of his original; for this is indispensable in translation, according to the statutes in that case made and provided. How can we form a conception of the qualities of a poet's imagination, but by the figures which he employs? If other metaphors or similes are substituted, we lose the distinctive strokes of the author;

and the translator is disloyal to his original. We think that Mr. Mitchell has egregiously offended in this particular. Nor did Mr. Cumberland, in his excellent translation of "The Clouds," play the metrical tricks exhibited by Mr. Mitchell, in the vain imagination of representing the unimitated and inimitable measures of the comic master in namby-pamby verse, and singing rhyme. Nor did he treat his readers with *centos* from Shakspeare, and other poets familiar to our ears; a practice against which we strongly protest, and for this reason:—we are willing to flatter ourselves that we are reading Aristophanes, when we read the plays translated by Mr. Mitchell; but the illusion vanishes, when we find that Shakspeare and other of our elder poets have supplied any portion of his dialogue. Memory whispers where the translator stole his spoils; and the whole has a clumsy and patch-work appearance. Moreover, most of the passages which Mr. Mitchell by means of this larceny has taken from our great bard, are parts as it were of a consecrated edifice. The abstraction of them from their hallowed precincts is a sort of profanation. It is the dilapidation of Shakspeare to furnish brick and cement to other writers. Now, that we may not appear unjustly querulous, we will subjoin a few instances out of many in which this has been done: "Double, double, toil and trouble." Acharn. 37. "Damned be he that first cries hold." Ibid. 48. "Looped and windowed raggedness." Ibid. 60. "All pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Ibid. 74. "Oh for a muse of fire." Ibid. 90. And in the Knights, p. 218,

"All these to hear
Did the grave council seriously incline."

Nor is it Shakspeare only on whom contributions are levied. Hudibras pays his share:

"——— do ribs of cold iron
My heart, man, inviron."

And in the same play occurs a well-known line:

"Or had practised oldest vices newest kind of ways."

Even Lord Foppington supplies his celebrated exclamation, "Stap my vitals."

Mr. Mitchell is frequently pleased to change the figure of the poet; an arbitrary and lawless procedure in our opinion, unless there exists an absolute necessity for it. Thus in the Acharnians, Dicæopolis sums up his plagues, and contrasts them with his pleasurable sensations. Talking of the former, he says,

"Αν δ' ωδυνησθην ψαμμοκοσιγαργαρα!"

a figure, of which the literal meaning is, that his afflictions equalled in number a mountain of sand. Mr. Mitchell paraphrastically substitutes a metaphor and a simile:

> "But for my plagues, they come in whole battalions,
> In numbers numberless, like ocean's waves."

With these exceptions, and others upon which we are unwilling to dilate, we gladly bear our testimony to the general spirit which characterizes these translations, and to the skill and versatility with which the chorusses and parabases are rendered. We are not indeed much enamoured of such metres as

> "Double, double, toil and trouble, quickly step and change
> your plan,
> Inquisition or petition must arrest the shameless man."

But the sum of our opinions upon Mr. Mitchell's work is this; that they are only fragments of translations; scenes and dialoges being sometimes omitted, and supplied by a prose narration, often much longer than the passages that are not translated, in which Mr. Mitchell kindly undertakes the office of interlocutor, and, like Mr. Bayes, "insinuates the plot into the boxes;" that his notes are valuable elucidations of his author, and that some of the scenes are rendered with great felicity of execution. We shall conclude this article with a few extracts as specimens.

In the Acharnians, there is a paraphrastic but elegant transfusion into English verse of the hymn to Phales, beginning Φαλης, εταιρε βακχειε, with which we would willingly have treated our readers, were not the mysteries of the god somewhat too much revealed, in spite of the skill with which the grossness of the original is avoided. We insert the following translation of the exquisite Invocation to Peace, in the Acharnians, which the poet put into the mouth of Dicæopolis, the chorus having already invoked the God of War:

> *Dic.* "Maid, whate'er thy appellation,
> Truce, or Reconciliation,
> Thee, I mean, whose fitmost place is
> With fair Venus and the Graces,
> (With them was thy earliest dwelling);—
> Lovely charmer! all excelling,
> Did I see thee, nor discover
> Gifts that might have won a lover
> In that forehead op'ning fair,
> In that boon and buxom air?
> But the dull delusion's over—
> Call me instant from above
> Him the winged child of love;

Him that's drawn by painter's hand
Weaving roses in a band:
He the holy priest shall be
(Worthy thy fair self and me)
To bind fast the chains, which never
May our fates and fortunes sever.—
Perchance you think my heart is cold,
And mark my hairs, and say I'm old.
Old I own me, yet kind fate
Triple blessings did me wait,
If my lot be join'd with thine—
To plant in lengthen'd ranks the vine,
To graft the fig-tree's tender shoots,
To pluck the vineyard's purpling fruits;—
And olive-trees in many a row
Around our farm shall circling grow,
Fragrant oil and juice supplying
To anoint our limbs at will,
When yon moon but lately dying
Once more begins her lamp to fill." (P. 113—115.)

The lines in italics seem to have been suggested by Cowley's Ode of Anacreon,

"Oft I'm by the women told," &c.

We close our specimens of Mr. Mitchell's work wi h the following speech of Demosthenes, from the Knights, because it paints the sovereign people with admirable force and humour, and it is rendered with great spirit:

"With reverence to your worships, 'tis our fate
To have a testy, cross-grain'd, bilious, sour
Old fellow for our master; one much giv'n
To a bean-diet; somewhat hard of hearing:
Demus his name, sirs, of the parish Pynx here.
Some three weeks back or so, this lord of ours
Brought home a lusty slave from Paphlagonia,
Fresh from the tan-yard, tight and yare, and with
As nimble fingers and as foul a mouth
As ever yet paid tribute to the gallows.
This tanner-Paphlagonian (for the fellow
Wanted not penetration) bow'd and scrap'd,
And fawn'd and wagg'd his ears and tail, dog-fashion;
And thus soon slipp'd into the old man's graces.
Occasional douceurs of leather-parings,
With speeches to this tune, made all his own.
'Good sir, the court is up,—you've judg'd one cause,—
'Tis time to take the bath; allow me, sir,—
This cake is excellent—pray sup this broth—
This soup will not offend you, tho' cropfull—

You love an obolus; pray take these three—
Honour me, sir, with your commands for supper.'
Sad times meanwhile for us!—with prying looks,
Round comes my man of hides, and if he finds us
Cooking a little something for our master,
Incontinently lays his paw upon it,
And modestly in his own name presents it!
It was but t'other day these hands had mixt
A Spartan pudding for him; there—at Pylus:
Slily and craftily the knave stole on me,
Ravish'd the feast and to my master bore it.
Then none but he, forsooth, must wait at table:
(We dare not come in sight) but there he stands
All supper-time, and with a leathern fly-flap
Whisks off the advocates; anon the knave
Chants out his oracles, and, when he sees
The old man plung'd in mysteries to the ears,
And scar'd from his few senses, marks his time,
And enters on his tricks. False accusations
Now come in troops; and at their heels the whip.
Meanwhile the rascal shuffles in among us,
And begs of one,—browbeats another,—cheats
A third, and frightens all. 'My honest friends,
These cords cut deep, you'll find it—I say nothing,—
Judge you between your purses and your backs;
I could, perhaps.'—We take the gentle hint,
And give him all; if not, the old man's foot
Plays such a tune upon our hinder parts,
That flogging is a jest to't, a mere flea-bite—
Wherefore, (*turning to Nicias*) befits it that we think what course
To take, or where to look for help." (P. 161—164.)

Art. III.—*The Life of Voltaire, with interesting Particulars respecting his Death, and Anecdotes and Characters of his Contemporaries.* By Frank Hall Standish, Esq. 8vo. pp. 393. Andrews. London, 1821.

This is a panegyric on Voltaire, in which just so much of his wickedness is exhibited as was necessary to give some verisimilitude to the portrait; while most of the dark lines are softened off, and the whole is coloured with the glowing tints of philanthropy, philosophy, and lofty independence of character. A few examples of the author's *own* sentiments will be sufficient to show our readers how capable he is of doing justice to his hero.

Of the frequent *obscenity* of the volume we give no example; the biographer of Voltaire ought to be allowed some latitude in this respect, or his book would not be worthy of its subject. Mr. Standish's impurity has, however, the superadded merit of not being always necessary to his narrative; it is often gratuitous—he appears anxious to prove how well he has succeeded, not as a mere imitator or servile copyist, but in imbibing the true spirit of the author of "La Pucelle," whom Rousseau himself could not tolerate within the limits of his republic, "because his plays corrupted the manners of the people."

The following are Mr. Standish's mature ideas on the subject of love, friendship, marriage, and the female character. We quote some of the least licentious passages:

"A matrimonial alliance is generally formed for mutual convenience: the pure passion of love is debased by that of interest; but sincere friendship is a reciprocal interchange of benefits unmixed with any sordid consideration of advantage or requital." (P. 93.)

"There are few women, of any temperament, who are not addicted to some vice, or to some pleasure. Though the Marquise du Châtelet loved celebrity and literature by profession, these were, even with her, secondary passions to intrigue and gambling. The former rendered her unfaithful to her husband, and afterwards to her lover; and the latter disturbed their mutual peace by embarrassing their fortune. No woman, however, united the power of pursuing dissipation and study at the same time, with so much success; and beholders saw with astonishment the commentatrix of Newton, after leaving a card-table, instruct, and converse with the learned and the gay. Her attachment to Voltaire added to the happiness of his life; and, though she occasionally provoked his jealousy, he loved her the better when it passed away; for, if any thing real, or which exists in this world, can at all approach to the representations of poetical love, or imaginary affection, it is a connexion of this nature, unmixed with interest, and unfettered by restraint." (P. 163, 164.)

For a specimen of this writer's view of Divine Providence we give the following passage:

"Voltaire having been ordered by the king to select for him a public lecturer, recommended the Abbé de Prades. This is the same Abbé, who, being desirous of taking the title of doctor in theology, maintained, with the greatest intrepidity, at a full meeting in the Sorbonne, at Paris, the following doctrines: 'That our soul is nothing more than an igneous fluid, after the opinion of the old fathers; that Moses is the most impudent of all historians, after some more learned men; and, lastly, that the miracles of Jesus Christ resembled those of Esculapius upon his own authority.' This boldness in the promulgation of what were judged to be such detestable principles, gained the Abbé a great reputation over all Europe, and a small fortune at Berlin. Fre-

derick made him a prebendary, as well as a lecturer. Theopius lamented, and the wicked laughed at bad works producing such good fruit, *but the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and not to be measured by human rules, or laws.*" (P. 229.)

The following is Mr. Standish's view of *the duty* of suicide:

"The confiscation of a proscribed man's property is absurd; for there are few who wish to live, after being deprived both of their honour and their fortune; if he be a philosopher and a man of courage, he will deprive himself of life: and if a theologian, and not deficient in resolution, he will do the same." (P. 369.)

We are at no loss to discover where our author learned this doctrine, for the theatre seems to be his church, and his priest is Voltaire. We have heard much respecting the moral lessons to be learned by the gross exhibitions which pollute the stage; but we scarcely recollect any thing on this subject that can vie with the profane flippancy of the following passage:

"A fine play often produces as good feelings, or as much moral amelioration of character, and is often listened to with as much attention as the finest pulpit eloquence. The nearer examples of courage in the support of virtue, or constancy and firmness in distress, are brought before our eyes, while the tyranny of worldly opinions is triumphing or trampling over the endurance of philosophy, or fortitude, the more we can reconcile its influence to our own case; and, even if we go back to antiquity for examples, there are few who will not allow the unconquerable spirit of Cato in Utica, whose mind could never be enslaved, although the universe was sinking beneath the powerful grasp of a successful rival, when brought before our view in the glowing colours of modern genius, *to be as striking as the most tranquil death-bed scene of the most pious Christian, commented on by holy writers, or approved by sanctified discourse.*" (P. 143, 144.)

Of the author's conception of the most common charities of our nature, the reader may form a judgment from the following picture of filial affection:

"Few things add so much to the enjoyment of literary fame, or the prosecution of literary acquirements, as independence. Voltaire owed his, principally to the London edition of the *Henriade;* to fortunate speculations in the public funds; and, to the death of his father—the last, though not the most amiable, yet the most secret and sincere, wish, of an expectant son." (P. 134.)

His religious opinions are very short and simple; for example,

"Perhaps some may conclude by acquiescing in the opinion of the Dervise of the fable, who supposes us placed in this world, much on the same plan as rats inhabit a ship which the Grand Seignior sends to Egypt." (P. 289.)

"Occupation of mind, and the consolations of true religion, are

boasted of as the strongest antidotes to grief; but the speculations, or the experience of the sage, *as well as the resignation of the pious, are found useless and weak in calamity;* and the bitterness of sorrow triumphs over human theories." (P. 220, 221.)

The old catechisms taught, that man's chief end is to work out his salvation, to glorify God, and to enjoy his presence hereafter in heaven. Mr. Standish's idea respecting our probationary state is quite a discovery in moral science. We imagined it had always been allowed, even by those who consider Christianity a delusion, that at least it is often a happy one, and particularly in soothing the troubles of the mourner, and calming the bed of death. But Mr. Standish does not allow it even this faint praise. He knows as little of the history, as he does of the power, of *religion.*

Voltaire does not shine alone in the pages before us; even Frederick, his master, comes in for his share of admiration; and is actually praised (p. 182) for his "*goodness of heart!*" Really this is insufferable; for if ever any one man has betrayed a more callous heart than all others, Voltaire always excepted, it was Frederic of Prussia, misnamed the Great. We should be glad to know what Mr. Standish would say to such a passage of history as the following:—A certain royal general, who possessed a large share of "goodness of heart," intending one night to make an important movement in his camp, gave orders that by eight o'clock all the lights should be extinguished, under pain of death. *The instant the time arrived,* the general sallied out to see whether his orders were punctually obeyed. In the tent of captain Zietern he found a light. The captain, anxious to dispatch a letter which he was writing to his wife, had either not observed the signal, or had been led, in the ardour of his affection, to neglect it for a few moments, in order to finish his epistle, which he was actually folding at the moment the general entered his tent. A man of peculiar "goodness of heart" would, perhaps, have shut his eyes, or have framed or accepted some excuse to save the life of a valuable officer under such affecting circumstances; or if military discipline rendered that impossible, would at least have announced the fatal tidings in the least cruel manner which could be devised for the occasion. But Frederic's goodness of heart operated in a very different manner: he ordered the officer, who was on his knees pleading for mercy, to rise, and inform him to whom he had been writing. The unhappy man replied, that he had retained the light for a very few minutes only, in order to conclude a letter to his beloved wife. Frederic coolly ordered him to add one line more, which he would dictate, and which was to inform the unhappy woman, without assigning any reason, that before she received that

letter, the writer would be no more. Zietern was obliged to obey, and the next morning he was shot. Such are the tender mercies of atheism. The military execution might be an affair of expediency; but the gratuitous superadded barbarity was the spontaneous effusion of Frederic's own "good heart." Perhaps, however, Mr. Standish would not see much barbarity in the transaction; for, in describing the inhuman tortures inflicted by the pagans on the early Christian martyrs, he is quite merry on the subject, and talks of "*a droll* picture of a man impaled," &c.

Voltaire, Frederic's best friend, the companion of his studies, and the corrector of his verses, or, as he himself termed it, "the washer of his dirty linen," could not long live with him, and has given in his letters the most disgusting picture of that heart which Mr. Standish conceives to have been *naturally* good, till it was corrupted by kingly power. While Frederic was professing the most ardent friendship for Voltaire, he was heard to say, that "he should not want him above twelve months longer;" adding, "we squeeze the orange, and throw away the rind." This remark soon came to Voltaire's ears; for this kind-hearted fraternity never kept any secrets, the knowledge of which would serve to wound and irritate the minds of their dear friends. Voltaire did not approve of this friendly squeeze, and prepared to decamp from the royal abode; hoping, before it was too late, as he himself remarks in one of his letters to Madame Denis, "to save the rind." He thus portrays, in the same letter, his beloved protector's character:—"I will compile a dictionary for the use of kings. *My friend*, signifies *my slave;—my dear friend*, is as much as to say, *you are more than indifferent to me;*—by *I will make you happy*, you are to understand, *I will bear with you so long as I shall need you;—sup with me to-night*, means, *I will make you my butt to-night.* This dictionary might be carried on to a great length, and be not unworthy a place in the encyclopædia." He goes on in the same strain. We recommend Mr. Standish to turn to the following passage, in particular, as peculiarly characteristic of the good-hearted Frederic: "What! delight in making mischief among those who live with him! To say every thing that is kind to a person, and write pamphlets against him! To lure a man from his country, by the most endearing expressions and solemn promises, and to treat him with the blackest malice! What a contrast! And this is the man who wrote in such a philosophic strain [mark, Mr. Standish], that I mistook him for a philosopher, and styled him *The Solomon of the North.*" Voltaire adds, with more than his usual truth, "He said you are a philosopher, and so am I;—but I begin to see *that neither of us is so.*"

But we needed not to have referred to the page of history, or to the letters of Voltaire; for Mr. Standish's own book records anecdotes in abundance of this monarchical freethinker; proving him to have been as hard-hearted as he was vain, licentious, and over-bearing. We present the following portrait, from Mr. Standish's pencil, for the admiration of those who would wish to behold "a truly philosophical" king:

"This singular government,—these manners still more strange,—this contrast of stoicism and epicurism,—of severity in the military discipline,—and of effeminacy in the interior of the palace,—*the pages with whom he used to amuse himself in his cabinet*, and soldiers passing the gauntlet six and thirty times under the windows of the King, who was looking on at the punishment,—discourses on morality, and an unruly licentiousness, composed a fantastical picture, with which few persons were acquainted at that time, and which has since been never beheld in Europe." (P. 201.)

"Whether it was through economy, or through policy, Frederick did not grant the least favour to his old favourites, and, above all, to those who had exposed their lives in his service, when he was Prince Royal. He did not pay the money which he had then borrowed: and, as Louis XII. did not revenge the injuries he had experienced when Duke of Orleans, the King of Prussia forgot the debts of the Prince Royal. The poor mistress, who had been whipped for him by the hand of the executioner, was married to the clerk of the hackney-coach office, for there were eighteen hackney-coaches in Berlin; and her former lover presented her with a yearly pension of seventy crowns, which was always paid with the greatest exactness. Her name was Shommers, a tall woman, very thin, with the look of a sybil, who did not appear to be worth undergoing a flogging for a prince. Nevertheless, when at Berlin, Frederick displayed much sumptuousness on public days. It was a splendid sight to see him at table, surrounded by twenty princes of the empire, served on the finest gold plate in Europe, and thirty fine pages, and as many young edukes, richly dressed, bearing large dishes of solid gold. The great officers were then seen; but, except at such times, they never appeared. After dinner, they used to go to the opera, in a large house, three hundred feet long, which one of his chamberlains, named Knoberstoff, built without the help of an architect. The best singers, and the best dancers, were in his pay. La Barbarani was then performing on his theatre. She afterwards married the son of his chancellor. The king had ordered this dancer to be taken away from Venice by some soldiers, and she was brought by way of Vienna up to Berlin. He was rather in love with her, because her legs resembled those of a man. A singular thing is, that he used to give her thirty-two thousand francs, as yearly wages. His Italian poet, who used to make verses for the operas, of which he formed the plan himself, had only twelve hundred francs a year; but it is to be considered he was very ugly, and could not dance. La Barbarani had alone more than the emolument of three ministers of state together. As to the Italian poet, he one day paid himself. He stole

from a chapel, used by the first King of Prussia, some old gold galoons, with which it was ornamented. The king, who never frequented a church, said, that he found himself no loser. Besides, he had just been writing a dissertation in favour of thieving, which is printed in the collection of his academy; and he did not think it proper, at this time, to belie his writings by his actions. This indulgence, however, was not extended towards the military. There was a gentleman of Franche Comté, in the prisons of Spandau, six feet high, whom the late king had enticed away on account of his tallness. They had promised him the place of chamberlain, and allotted him that of a common soldier. The poor man soon after deserted, with a few more of his comrades: he was seized, and brought before his Majesty, to whom he was either magnanimous, or simple, enough to observe, he only repented of one thing, which was not having killed such a tyrant. For this answer, his nose and his ears were cut off; he was made to pass the gauntlet six-and-thirty times, and afterwards sent to Spandau to work on the public roads. He was working still when Mr. de Valori, the French envoy, begged Voltaire to ask his pardon from the very clement son of the very cruel Frederick William. His majesty was pleased to say, that it was for him, la Clemenza di Tito was performed; a beautiful opera, by the celebrated Metastasio, put into music by the king himself, aided by the Italian. He took a good opportunity of recommending to his consideration the case of the poor Franche Comtois, without ears and without a nose, and composed the following appeal in his favour:

> Génie universel, ame sensible et ferme,
> Quoi! lorsque vous régnez, il est des malheureux!
> Aux tourmens d'un coupable il vous faut mettre un terme
> Et ne'n mettre jamais à vos soins généreux.
> Voyez auprès de vous les prières tremblantes,
> Filles du repentir, maîtresses des grand cœurs
> S'étonner d'arroser de larmes impuissantes
> Les mains qui de la terre ont du sécher les cœurs.
> Ah! pourquoi m'étaller, avec magnificence,
> Ce spectacle brillant où triomphe Titus?
> Pour achever la fête, égalez sa clémence,
> Et l'imitez en tout, ou ne le vantez plus.

"The request was strong; but it had the advantage of being in verse. The king promised some lenity, and even some months after, he had the goodness to put the old gentleman into the hospital at six sous a day. He had refused that favour to the queen his mother, who, very likely, had asked for it in prose." (P. 202—205.)

There is nothing in this passage respecting some of Frederic's grosser gratifications, or of those scenes of which even Mr. Standish, who is not very squeamish, is obliged to exclaim, "Modesty prevents the biographer from proceeding with the details;" though, by the way, modesty does not perform the same useful office for our author on many other equally necessary occasions. Those who are able to form any idea of what modesty

is, well know that it is not so much by facts gravely and severely stated, as by the flippant description of them, and the inuendoes of a licentious mind, that that estimable virtue is outraged. There are minds which can extract indecency from the very smile of a sleeping infant, and make all nature one vast hotbed of animal grossness.

But it is necessary that we should describe Mr. Standish's work a little more methodically. The first chapter, containing more than seventy pages out of the 393 of which this *twelve shilling* volume is composed, enters upon the state of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in order "to enable the reader more completely to appreciate the miseries under which that nation laboured previous to the appearance of Voltaire, and to more readily estimate the value of any exertions he may have used in the removal of errors and superstitious prejudices." With this worthy object in view, Mr. Standish thinks it expedient to give us his ideas upon the Reformation, the invention of printing, the sale of indulgences, Luther, Calvin, superstition, witchcraft, magic, duelling, chivalry, and a variety of other topics, which not only serve admirably to swell out the volume to the size of the bookseller's very moderate demand, but to convey a few preparatory doses of impiety and obscenity, in order to prepare the reader for what follows. Of the gross misrepresentations which abound in this part of the volume, we say nothing; much less shall we notice the affectation of fine writing which pervades the whole work; and that without any great pretensions either to taste or grammar. Mr. Standish is perfectly at liberty, if he so please, to inform us that "the Bishop of Annecy was much grieved when he saw Voltaire among the number of his *diocesans*"—meaning, among the inhabitants in his diocese—and to translate "un dévot lit l'Evangile," "a devotee reads *the Evangelist*," meaning the Gospel, or the New Testament, Mr. Standish not, perhaps, being aware that there are *four* Evangelists. These are trifles, except so far as they show how qualified the author was for the task he has undertaken, and as they may happily diminish his popularity with any stray schoolboy who should happen to be in danger of imbibing his opinions. But the *moral* delinquencies of the volume are of greater importance, and deserve a more full exposure and a heavier castigation.

His preliminary dissertations in the first chapter being concluded, the author thus commences the life of his hero, in the second:

"The progress which had been made in philosophy and letters, [where?] during the reign of Louis XIV., together with the discoveries of Newton, and other men of science in foreign countries, burst the strong

fetters of ignorance and doubt, which had long enslaved the world. The old rules of the stage, had been revived by Corneille and Racine, and the ancient connexion of time, place and action, which had gradually fallen into disuse among the moderns, were again illustrated and brought into practice by these celebrated tragic writers; by which the drama was advanced to a state of perfection which it had never till then attained. The influence of superstition and ignorance, *however*, still prevailed: and it was to remove those evils of vice and hypocrisy, to which the former gave rise, that the subject of these pages dedicated his life, his fortune, and his talents." (P. 75, 76.)

Let the admiring reader pause to observe the felicitous logic of this introductory paragraph; let him mark the sublimity of the climax in the first sentence, in which we are told what benefits accrued to the world from the progress made in philosophy and letters, from the discoveries of Newton, and from "the revival of the old rules of the stage;" and let him especially notice the truly syllogistic force of the "*however*," in the next sentence; from which we learn that, *notwithstanding* literature had advanced, and Newton had written, and Corneille and Racine had purified the stage, "superstition and ignorance," that is, Christianity and faith in the Gospel, still prevailed. But let us proceed to the next page:

"Even as an infant, young Arouet [such was Voltaire's family name] attracted admiration by the boldness of his genius, and the originality of his remarks. The Abbé de Chateau Neuf, who was his godfather, had the charge of his education. This man had, early in life, either from thoughtlessness or ambition, assumed the ecclesiastical robe; but disappointed by the restraint, and disgusted at the hypocrisy of his institution, he preferred the enjoyment of liberty to the chance of sacerdotal dignities, and resigned his fortune with his gown. No one who forsakes the church looks back with complacency on its members; from enthusiasm to infidelity there is often but one step, and perhaps the asperity of the Abbé's remarks upon his own order, influenced the satirical vein of his godson." (P. 77, 78.)

This short passage conveys much latent instruction, particularly as it shows us some of the elements of which irreligion and democracy are compounded. This Abbé de Chateau Neuf was one of the last lovers of the infamous Ninon de l'Enclos, whom even Mr. Standish describes, in his easy anacreontic manner, as a woman "who conceived it foolish to testify an exclusive attachment to any single object; and in whom sensuality assumed the place of more fixed love or Platonic affection." The Abbé was an inmate in the family of Voltaire's father, and introduced his hopeful god-son to the aforesaid Madame Ninon, and various other goodly personages. It is horrible to learn, that it was from *his god-father* that Voltaire imbibed his first principles of infidelity, and *that* in the periods of sickness in which the Abbé

attended his couch. But the principal instruction which we referred to as deducible from the passage just quoted, is the secret motive of the Abbé's conduct: he cannot submit to "the restraints" of the ecclesiastical profession; and having emancipated himself from them, he becomes the champion of infidelity, and the calumniator of his order; for "no one who forsakes the church, looks back with complacency on its members." We can assure Mr. Standish that his remark applies very widely; and that most of the young men who affect scepticism, are those who cannot submit to the "restraints" of religion; and who, having thrown off the yoke of Christianity, in order more freely to indulge their licentious appetites, become its foes and persecutors.

Mr. Standish barks as loudly at priests as Voltaire himself; though he does not bite as keenly as a mastiff. We are indebted to his want of power alone, that his work does not render both the throne and the altar contemptible. It, however, incidentally defeats its own aim, by the exhibition of facts which speak far more forcibly than the most elaborate arguments. If we wish to see the character of the new philosophy, we need only read the lives of its adepts. It is disgusting to witness the pride, petulance, self-conceit, meanness, falsehood, and tyranny which mark almost every page of their memorable history. The life of Voltaire, as it was, or even as Mr. Standish has painted it, is quite enough to satisfy every reasonable mind as to the character of his politics and religion.

Voltaire, while quite a child, was pronounced by one of the professors whose instructions he attended, "to be devoured (we give our author's words) by the desire of celebrity, and to be destined to be the apostle of Deism in France." The promulgation of Deism, therefore, it seems, originated in personal vanity. We admire such unintended juxta-positions, of which Mr. Standish's work furnishes many; as, for example, where, after describing a "most beautiful" painting which hung in the king of Prussia's sitting-room, designed by the king himself, but of so monstrously and brutally libidinous a character, that we cannot even hint at its subject, he remarks, in the very next sentence, (p. 198,) "Never did any class of men speak so freely of all the superstitions of mankind, and never were they treated with so much ridicule and contempt. God alone was respected! but they did not spare any of those who had made use of his name to deceive their fellow creatures. *Women* and *priests* never entered the palace." Good, very good, Mr. Standish! It was, however, far more to the credit of women and priests, than to that of Frederic and his philosophical junto, that the former kept aloof from this regal den of abominations. Priests were,

however, *sometimes* of use; for when Voltaire wanted a person on whom he could depend, to manage his pecuniary concerns, he committed them to the care of a priest, aye, and a Jansenist too; of whom Mr. Standish relates, that "he was equally trusted by his own brotherhood, and by *his more enlightened* client."

The abovementioned "desire of celebrity" led young Arouet to many performances which displayed his real character; among others, to compose a lampoon, which caused him to be expelled in disgrace from his father's house, and sent to Holland as a page in the service of the French ambassador. Here he formed an attachment to the daughter of a woman who conducted "a scandalous and libellous journal, which gained her a subsistence, and only attracted notice for its impudence." The woman had two daughters, one of whom he allured and ruined.

But we are not about to enter on his history, the principal facts of which may be found in a variety of quarters, and need no comment to point out their moral. We have, however, a few remarks yet to make, both on our author's hero and his work.

We have really been often surprised to hear the glowing terms in which some foreigners, especially Frenchmen,—and, for the sake of our author, we must add a few "enlightened philosophers" nearer home, are accustomed to speak of Voltaire. In our view, never was there a man less deserving of love or esteem. He was proverbially cold-hearted, peevish, and satirical; and Mr. Standish himself allows that "his countenance expressed wit, mingled with malignity."

But wit and malignity were not Voltaire's only characteristics; his arrogance was notorious; his best friends could not brook it; and his hypocrisy and dastardly spirit were even, if possible, more conspicuous than his arrogance. Mr. Standish might have enriched his volume, without much research, with reams of anecdote and documents to this effect. In the whole of the philosophic war, Voltaire's maxim was, "Strike, but conceal." We find him constantly writing to his confederates in such terms as the following:—"Confound *the wretch* [their enigmatical name for Christianity and its adorable Author] to the utmost of your power; speak your mind boldly; but when you strike, conceal your hand. You may be known; for there are persons sufficiently keen-scented to suspect you, but they will not be able to bring conviction home." Again: "The Nile is said to spread around its fertilizing waters, though it conceals its head; do you the same, and you will secretly enjoy your triumph. I recommend *the wretch* to you. We embrace the worthy knight, and exhort him *to conceal his march* from the enemy." Voltaire was much vexed, because greatly alarmed

when suspected of being the author of any obnoxious publication; for the sage of Ferney had none of that instinctive greatness of mind, which forbids a man to write what he would be ashamed to own. Speaking of the Philosophical Dictionary, he says to D'Alembert, "The greatest service you can do me, is to assert, though you even pledge your share in paradise, that I had no hand in that hellish work. There are three or four people, who perpetually repeat that I have supported the good cause, and that I fight mortally against the wild beasts. It is betraying one's brethren, to praise them on such an occasion; those good souls ruin me with their commendations. It is certainly, say they, his; it is in his style and manner! Ah, my brethren, what fatal words! you should, on the contrary, cry out in the public streets, 'It is not he;' for the monster must fall, pierced by a hundred invisible hands; yes; let it fall beneath a thousand repeated blows." The whole of Voltaire's confidential correspondence is to the same effect; and he expressly tells D'Alembert, in one of his letters, that they were "to act as conspirators, not as zealots."

But in nothing did Voltaire evidence his cowardly hypocrisy more, than in his conduct towards the established church of his country, in the most solemn rites in which he did not scruple to assist, in order the better to carry on his nefarious projects, while he shielded himself from public reprobation. Some of his friends were heartily ashamed of his odious dissimulation in this respect; but he never felt shame for himself on the subject. He says, in a letter to one of his female confidantes, the actress Clairon, "I am now sixty-seven years old. I go to the parochial mass. I edify my people. I am building a church. I receive the communion. I believe in Jesus Christ, &c.....Ye base persecutors, what have you to say to me? 'Why, did you not write *La Pucelle?*' No, I never did. I am a good Christian, a faithful servant of the king, a good lord of the parish, and a proper guardian for any young lady, &c. These are the answers I make to the Fantins, Grisels, Guyons, or the little black monkey," &c. &c. A man who can write in this way is, to our minds, a being below contempt; a being whom no possible aggregation of learning and talents could redeem from infamy. Yet it is to the malice of his genius, rather than to the powers of his understanding or imagination, that Voltaire owes his success and his popularity. His versatility of parts was, without doubt, extraordinary; he could write tragedies and comedies, and act them when he had written them; he was a poet, a logician, a metaphysician, an historian, a lexicographer. But he was *great* in nothing, except in the gigantic atrocity of his war against Heaven. It was as impossible even to respect the intellectual

side of his character. He that could write elaborate verses in his study, commit them carefully to memory, and then pass them off as extempore effusions, deserved to have the confidential secretary, who picked up the fragments of his papers, torn into a multitude of pieces, and informed the world of the imposition. We cannot resist giving, from Mr. Standish's pages, one more anecdote, as strikingly illustrative of this littleness in Voltaire's character. If the reader were not acquainted with the names of Frederic the Great, and the sage of Ferney, he might imagine himself reading a transaction between two chambermaids, or a cook and her scullion.

"In the agreement made by him with the King of Prussia, besides the key of chamberlain, and the cross of merit, he stipulated for the usual allowance of a minister of state, that is to say, nearly twenty thousand francs a year, besides a lodging in the palace, a seat at the king's table, fuel, and two wax candles a day; and he was allowed, every month, so many pounds of sugar, tea, coffee, and chocolate; articles which the gentlemen of the bed-chamber valued at as much more. But it so happened that, either by design, or accident, they were in the habit of giving Voltaire sugar badly refined, spoiled tea, bad coffee, and ill-made chocolate. He suspected, perhaps, that this was done by Frederick's own orders; and whether it was that he wanted to know the truth, or correct the abuse, he complained of such bad treatment. Whatever orders the king might have given, no alteration took place; and Voltaire, more indignant than ever, did not fail to repeat his cause of grievance. 'Come, my dear friend,' said the king, 'you can do very well without those trifling provisions, they cause you too much anxiety. I shall give orders that they may be suppressed in future.' This conclusion astonished Voltaire. It seems, thought he, they follow the maxim of 'let each gain or save as he can;' the worst case on these occasions is to be made the dupe.

"He accordingly began to sell the twelve pounds of wax candles he received monthly; and in order to have a light in his apartment, he took care, every evening, to go several times to his rooms under different pretences, and to take each time one of the largest wax-candles from the king's apartments; which he did not bring back, and which he might have called, with very good reason, the substitutes for his sugar and coffee. These circumstances could not fail to produce a dislike between the parties." (P. 230—232.)

It is humiliating to human nature, that a man of such a character, should have been able to impose himself on the world for a philosopher, and to have become the leader of a powerful sect. Voltaire reigned by terror; his sarcastic powers were ever on the alert to ridicule whoever or whatever was opposed to his views. His chief engine was the French Academy, which he governed with absolute controul; and by means of his artifices soon filled its ranks with members of his own fraternity.

Voltaire well understood his business; some were afraid of his

wit and malevolence; others hoped, by aping his infidelity, to share his literary reputation; and thus, by a well-combined application of various instruments, he contrived to bring most of the leading men in politics and letters under his control. With liberty for his motto, he was in his practice a despot. He tolerated nothing that opposed his wishes; his best friends must submit or part; and no man could have kept a more keen glance upon their faults and failings. Not a word that they said or wrote escaped his notice. D'Alembert, under the article "Dictionary," in the Encyclopedia, had used the following expression, in reference to Bayle: "Happy had it been if he had paid greater respect to morals and religion." Voltaire eagerly writes to him, that "he had read that expression with horror, and that D'Alembert ought to the last hour of his life to repent deeply of those two lines." Poor D'Alembert is terrified and writes a penitential reply, stating that he had only used the words as terms of course, "pour servir de passe-port à la verité;" that is of infidelity—we suppose we must not say of atheism, for Voltaire was almost persuaded by the testimonies of his senses to be always a professed Theist. He averred that there was no proof that a God did *not* exist, that the thing was possible, and that there were even some probabilities in favour of the hypothesis. Some of his friends considered this his "weak side;" Diderot in particular remarks, in one of his letters, "Ce pauvre Voltaire radote un peu: il avouat l'autre jour qu'il croyait à l'être du Dieu." We wonder Mr. Standish did not embellish his pages with this anecdote in honour of his hero; he could not surely think such a profession a piece of "radoterie" in that otherwise great man.

We will sum up the offences of our author, by extracting his unfair and mutilated account of Voltaire's last hours. He had travelled all the way from Ferney, near Geneva, to Paris, to see his play performed; a worshipper of himself, on the brink of eternity.

"Although he was still unwell, he received the actors and actresses, who were to perform in *Irène*, at his house. They rehearsed before him as he lay in bed; and, at this time, he sat up a whole night, correcting the fifth act of the tragedy. During one of the rehearsals, he broke a blood-vessel. The Abbé Gaultier came to visit him, but required a public profession of his faith, and the wits in Paris wrote a parody on the priest and the profession. The day after the visit of the Abbé, he recommenced the rehearsals of *Irène*, of which he had not a very favourable opinion; and it was on this occasion, that he observed with pleasantry, 'It would be sad for me to have come to Paris, only to be confessed and hissed.'

"This play had already arrived at its sixteenth representation; but he had not been able to attend, although perpetually called for by the

public. The illness from which he had just escaped (which is dangerous at all ages, and generally mortal at so advanced a period of life), added to the interest which the public took in him, and rendered them more solicitous in their visits. Two sentinels were placed at the box-door of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the king, where he sat with the Marquise de Villette. He had hardly entered, when the spectators rose, some incited by the pleasure of seeing him in better health; others by the respect they considered they owed to a philosopher, who had filled all Europe with his fame and literary glory. This was the first homage he received. The audience then simultaneously clapped their hands with excessive joy, and a thousand voices from every corner exclaimed, 'Let him be crowned.' Buzard, the actor, who performed so well the character of a high priest, in obedience to the public voice, proceeded to the coronation. The modesty of Voltaire for some time hesitated in receiving the honour,—the first of that sort hitherto known in France; but at last he accepted it amidst cries of 'It is the public that sends it.'

"Shouts of applause continued till the close of the theatre, indeed for nearly four hours. During the two representations of the tragedy, and the after-piece, the comedians paid him a compliment, equally unexpected by himself and by the public. It was the inauguration of his statue. The curtain rose, displaying, in the middle of the stage, his bust, done by Caffieri, and placed on a pedestal. All the actors and actresses, each in an appropriate dress, were grouped in a semicircle around it, holding in their hands a crown of laurel, after which they chanted the name of Voltaire at distinct intervals. (P. 373—375.)

From this scene he returned home, as he expressed it, "to expire covered with glory." His illness and death shortly succeeded.

"The curate of Saint Sulpice, and the Abbé Gaultier, who had formerly attended him, being made acquainted with his danger, were permitted to see him in the presence of his niece, his nephews, and his friends. The curate approached the pillow of the dying man, and asked him whether he had faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ. The philosopher was insensible, and did not hear the question; or, if he did, did not deign [deign! good, very good, Mr. Standish] to answer. The curate profited by the silence to explain to his friends and his relations his reasons for such a demand. 'As,' said he, 'in the works attributed to him, the divinity of Jesus Christ is strongly attacked, I think it my duty to acquaint myself with these points of his belief.' M. le Marquis de Ville Vieille then addressed him, and thinking that he should not be heard, cried in his ear with a loud voice, 'Here is the Abbé Gaultier, your confessor.' The philosopher, *probably delirious*, [good again] to the great astonishment of the assistants, replied, 'The Abbé Gaultier, my confessor; pray make my compliments to him.' They then announced the curate of Saint Sulpice. Voltaire is said to have raised himself from his bed, and extended his hand for salutation. When the clergyman said, 'Sir, do you acknowledge the divinity of Jesus Christ?' he replied, 'For the love

of God, do not mention that man's name.' These were his last words; at which, observes Duvernet, 'All free-thinkers will be very much delighted, but which are certainly calculated to make Christians shudder.'

"The Curate of Saint Sulpice, no doubt alarmed at this reply, retired, and announced to the rest of his fraternity at Paris, that Voltaire had died as great a Deist as he lived; that he would not bury him; and that, if the commands of his superior obliged him to perform the office, he would have the body dug up during the night. This report, although not very probable, as it was mentioned publicly, I have thought it my duty to record. It may be also right to contradict a common belief that was then circulated, which said, that as soon as the Abbé Gaultier had left the apartment, Voltaire raised himself on his pillow, and repeated the four following lines:

> Tandis que j'ai vécu, on m'a vu hautement,
> Aux badauts effarés, dire mon sentiment,
> Je veux le dire encore dans les royaumes sombres
> S'ils ont des préjugés, j'en guérirai les ombres.

"This anecdote is false, as well as many others, then in circulation. The verses had been written ten years before, and when Voltaire was in the full enjoyment of health. It appears like an idle boast his repeating them on his death-bed; but the truth is, that he died peaceably, with the resignation and calmness of a philosopher. His body was embalmed, and carried at night out of Paris to the convent of Sellieres, of which his nephew, Mignot, was abbot. His heart was sent to his friend the Marquise de Villette, enclosed in a sarcophagus, which was placed in the chamber in which he used to study, and on which the following inscription was written: 'His heart is here, and his genius is every where.'

"Opinions have been, and are likely to remain, various, with regard to the real state in which Voltaire expired. His friends describe him as sinking into the grave like a philosopher: others, *among whom are the physicians in attendance*, describe him as suffering great agonies, and terrified by his approaching dissolution. Between two such different accounts probability might induce those unbiassed to incline to the former. No doubt the opium which he had swallowed might cause delirium; [very good again]; and the religious would magnify indications of weakness, to which the strongest minds are liable, into fear of a future existence; whilst d'Alembert would be unwilling to allow, that the tortures of his body on so trying an occasion would ever cause even a temporary perversion of his sentiments." (P. 378—381.)

With this description the reader will contrast the well-known account given by the Abbé Barruel, who described the rage, the terror, the horrors of the expiring philosopher, in terms which no man can read without shuddering. Mr. Standish has given us no evidence to attest *his* statements; the Abbé has given both facts and authorities. The physicians, who are the most unexceptionable witnesses, Mr. Standish himself cannot deny,

deposed to the truth of those facts. Since the Abbé Barruel wrote, various direct attestations to the truth of his narrative have been given to the public; and among others a most convincing letter, by M. de Luc, written in consequence of a denial of the Abbé's statement having been sent to the British Critic. This letter will be found appended to the first volume of the latter editions of Barruel's work. But, what is still *more* convincing, several *unintentional* corroborations of Barruel's story have appeared within the last few years. A life of Marmontel, written by himself, was translated into English a few years since, in which even that friend and admirer of Voltaire incidentally confirms the fact of the extreme misery of his last hours, which were truly such, that Barruel might well exclaim, "Let not the historian fear exaggeration. Rage, remorse, reproach, and blasphemy, all accompany and characterize the long agony of the dying atheist. This death, the most terrible that is ever recorded to have stricken the impious man, will not be denied by his companions in impiety; their silence, however much they may wish to deny it, is the least of those corroborative proofs which could be adduced. Not one of the sophisters has ever dared to maintain any sign given of resolution or tranquillity by the premier chief during the space of three months, which elapsed from the time he was crowned at the theatre, until his decease. Such a silence expresses how great their humiliation was in his death."

We have been led to speak the more strongly, both respecting the volume of Mr. Standish and the subject of his narrative, because we cannot but consider the publication of such a work at such a moment, a serious offence against the peace and good order of society. Voltaire has ever been the idol and the oracle of the dissolute, the irreligious, the discontented, and the seditious. At this moment in various parts of Europe his works are assiduously forced into circulation; in Spain in particular, one of the first uses made of the abolition of the Inquisition and the relaxations of the press, was to inundate that country with his pestiferous writings. Ten years ago there were but three editions in the book-market, in that country, and of these there were far more copies on hand than would supply for some time to come, the very limited demand. But since 1817, seven or eight new editions have been printed, and these in different sizes, 8vo. 12mo. 18mo. and at various prices, so as to suit all classes of purchasers. An individual has announced a new edition comprised in fifteen volumes, at forty sous per volume; so that the whole of Voltaire's works may be had for thirty francs! The typographical execution must of course be vile in the extreme, but *n'importe*—kitchen-maids and stable-boys

are not very nice in these respects; the cheapness with them is the great object; and those who can pay more liberally for their intellectual repast may have it served up in better style. This, by the way, exceeds all that Voltaire himself, with all his vanity, could have anticipated; for he often speaks in his letters of the difficulty of inoculating the less educated ranks of the community with his doctrines. He writes to D'Alembert, in September 1768: "Both you and Damilaville must be well pleased to see the contempt in which *the wretch* is fallen among the better sort of people throughout Europe; *their* suffrages are all we wished for or thought necessary; *we never pretended to enlighten house-maids and shoemakers;* we leave *them* to the apostles." There were at this time no *thirty franc* editions; the higher departments of society and the more exalted ranks of intellect were alone exposed to the poison. Voltaire and his allies employed the elaborate machinery of an Encyclopedia; but "Satan now is wiser than of yore," and has taught the art of condensing the "leperous distilments" of blasphemy, irreligion, and sedition, into two-penny pamphlets and nursery ballads. This indeed does not surprize us in an age in which the powers of the steam engine are employed to chop minced meat;* and penny subscriptions are set on foot to buy seats in the imperial parliament. Our Hones, and Woolers, and Cobbetts, are wiser than their precursor of Ferney; they do not confine themselves to men of condition or men of letters; but rely upon a levy en massé, and hope to make up by physical force what they want in intellect and moral worth. Frederic of Prussia used to ridicule the political system of Voltaire and his fraternity, as a project which bore more the marks of a scheme framed by a knot of literary speculators than by men acquainted with the actual business of the world. Thus, he remarks in his Refutation of the System of Nature: "The Encyclopedists are universal reformers. France, according to their plan, is to form a republic, and *a mathematician* is to be its legislator. Mathematicians are to govern it, and to work all the operations of the new republic *by fluxions.* This republic is to live in perpetual peace, and to support itself without an army!" Our working infidels surpass Voltaire in their political wisdom; for Voltaire was not himself a republican, though he could not control his followers; and was willing to sacrifice his cooler political sentiments to the common object of extirpating Christianity. This, with him, was always "le grand poisson qui mange tous les petits." But setting this, his ulterior view, aside, Voltaire might have learned from Montesquieu that his egotism was likely to be less pampered in a state of which virtue was necessarily the basis.

* This is literally a fact, at several shops in the metropolis.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Rebellion in* 1745 *and* 1746. By the Chevalier de Johnstone, Aid-de-Camp to Lord George Murray, General of the Rebel Army, &c. *Containing a Narrative of the Progress of the Rebellion, from its Commencement to the Battle of Culloden; the Characters of the principal Persons engaged in it, and Anecdotes respecting them; and various important Particulars relating to that Contest, hitherto either unknown or imperfectly understood. With an Account of the Sufferings and Privations experienced by the Author after the Battle of Culloden, before he effected his Escape to the Continent, &c. &c. Translated from a French MS. originally deposited in the Scots College at Paris, and now in the Hands of the Publishers.* Longman and Co. London, 1820.

THE Chevalier de Johnstone was the only son of a respectable family at Edinburgh. After a youth spent in frivolity and debauchery, he went at the age of eighteen into Russia to visit his two uncles, who had risen high in the Russian service. The advantages of their protection and of that of their friend, Field Marshal Keith, inspired him with the wish of pursuing a military career in the same country: but the authority of his father, who opposed the measure, and threatened to punish his disobedience by disinheriting him, put a stop to the project. He returned to London; and after four or five months of dissipation, spent without plan or aim, he returned to Edinburgh, where he seems to have remained till Charles Stuart descended from the highlands into the lowlands of Scotland; Johnstone was at that time about five-and-twenty years of age. He had been educated in Jacobite principles, and his sister had married into the family of Lord Rolls, who had taken an active share in the preceding rebellion. Accordingly, when the rebels approached Perth, Johnstone joined their standard, received a captain's commission, and continued with them till their final dispersion. After the battle of Culloden he escaped into Holland in the suite of Lady Jane Douglas, who afterwards attracted so much public notice in the contested succession to the estates of her brother the Duke of Douglas: but instead of proceeding immediately to Russia and availing himself of the influence of his uncles in that country, he hastened to Paris, in the expectation that the French court would ere long make a powerful effort to replace the family of Stuart on the English throne. In 1749, a pension was granted him of 2,000 livres. He soon afterwards accepted an ensigncy in the French service, in the hopes and with the assurance of speedy promotion. With this rank he was sent to Louisbourg, where he had not

long been, when his name was struck off the pension list, and his means of subsistence were reduced to the mere amount of his pay, that is, to 480 livres per annum. He therefore paid a visit to Europe to solicit promotion, but he was soon obliged to return to his station, where, to beguile the solitude to which his poverty doomed him, he had recourse to the study of the principal French authors, who have written on the military art. In 1754 he received a lieutenancy; but not long afterwards the capture of Louisbourg by those very English regiments which he had assisted in routing at Preston-Pans, forced him to withdraw into Canada: and from that province, when the French were driven out of it, he retired into France, where he spent the remainder of his days in penury and discontent.

These memoirs seem to have been written in the latter period of his life, though there is no internal evidence to fix the precise time. One part of them contains an account of the proceedings of the rebels up to the time of their final rout: the other and much more interesting half is occupied with his own personal adventures in effecting his escape into France, and with the course of his fortunes in that country. The editor and translator (for the memoirs were written in French) regards them as furnishing important materials for future historians. In this opinion, inspired by a very natural partiality for a work on which he has spent his time and labour, we cannot altogether coincide: for these Memoirs do not, so far as we can observe, throw any additional light on the leading transactions in the Rebellion of 1745. Mr. Johnstone was too young and too inexperienced a man, we may add also, of too shallow a capacity, to be admitted into the councils of the leaders, or to form a sound opinion of what was going on from the parts which fell under his immediate observation. Zeal, courage, and a good constitution seem to have been his principal military qualifications: his subsequent misfortunes, indeed, forced him to seek amusement in the cultivation of his intellect, but that cultivation never extended beyond the usual limits of the attainments of a French subaltern, that is, the perusal of a few writers on tactics, with some scraps of morals and history. The narrow range of Mr. Johnstone's ideas is conspicuous in every part of his book, and never more so than when he would fain soar to general and philosophical truth. It is not from such a writer that we can expect much information on the progress of a civil war; besides, his accuracy is not always to be depended on; he frequently falls into mistakes concerning times, places, and persons. Whatever he himself believed he seems to have given as a fact, without taking the trouble to state the species of evidence on which his belief rested: and in particular he appears to have often confounded what he had heard with

what he knew from his own observation. As he wrote after the lapse of a considerable interval, it is not wonderful that he should have fallen into errors; still, this occasional inaccuracy, though arising from a very natural and pardonable cause, is not on that account the less injurious to the value of the work, considered as supplying materials for history; because, wherever its statements differ from other narratives, the credibility due to them cannot be easily ascertained.

At the same time that we are of opinion that these memoirs might have slumbered in manuscript without exciting much regret in the historic muse, we are far from thinking their publication either useless or superfluous. A book may be read with both pleasure and advantage, though every fact mentioned in it, which is of any consequence as a matter of history, may be found more correctly stated elsewhere. The Rebellion of 1745 well deserves to occupy both the understanding and the imagination of Englishmen: it is a scene to which all who take an interest in the history of their country must often revert. Home's account of it is deficient in animation, and though in general accurate so far as it goes, too often shrinks from declaring the whole truth. Johnstone tells his story under the influence of different prejudices and feelings; and though he instructs us less, he perhaps interests us more. A man who relates transactions in which he himself had a share, can scarcely avoid touching upon circumstances and expressing views, which will often convey to the mind of the reader more than suggested itself to that of the writer. That part of these memoirs, which, descending from history to biography, is occupied with the personal adventures of the author, will be read with peculiar pleasure. It possesses all the interest of a romance, and exhibits traits of the character and feelings of the times, which are of much more value than elaborate developements of the intrigues of cabinets or of the plans of campaigns.

The achievements of the rebels in 1745 have been the theme of much vulgar admiration. It has been deemed little else than a species of miracle, that a few thousands of half-armed highlanders should baffle the military power, and shake the throne of the British empire. Here, as in most other cases, our wonder is the fruit of our ignorance. If we look to the actual circumstances of the times, every result will be easily explained.

The only part of the enterprise in which there is any thing that can seem wonderful, is the success with which the first commencement of it was crowned: for the old saying, "*that what is well begun is half ended*," may be applied with more truth to rebellion than to any thing else. On the 25th of July, Charles Stuart landed in the western highlands with seven followers.

On the 19th of August he was at Glenfinnin with a thousand followers; two days afterwards he received an accession of four hundred men. On the 5th of September he reached Perth; and on the 17th he entered Edinburgh to take possession of the palace of his ancestors. Hitherto there is nothing wonderful in the rapidity of his movements, the prudence of his measures, or the numbers and valour of his followers. The only subject of surprise therefore must be, that the royal army did not prevent so insignificant a band of mountaineers from obtaining possession of the capital of Scotland. But before we blame either the troops or their commanders, let us consider whether they did not do all that, considering their numbers and circumstances, could fairly be expected. It has often been asked, why did they not march immediately to quench the spark of rebellion in its first glimmering? They did so. The intelligence of Charles's landing reached Edinburgh on the 9th of August; and Sir John Cope the commander in chief, in compliance with his own opinions and the advice of the ablest men in Scotland, adopted instantly the resolution of proceeding northwards. But why did he not make more haste? Because the state of the country, and the situation in which he was left by the administration, rendered celerity impossible. He had in the course of the summer repeatedly urged the ministry to put Scotland in a state of defence, but no attention was paid to his communications. Accordingly, when the news of Charles's landing reached Edinburgh, no preparations had been made. Cope had neither troops, nor money, nor provisions. In ten days he could muster only about 1400 men. Though he had written for money on the 3d of August, it was not till the 17th that he received a letter of credit. The poverty of the country which was intended to be the scene of operations, made it necessary to provide sufficient supplies of bread for the army; but though all the biscuits in Leith and Edinburgh were bought up, and the bakers there, as well as in Stirling and Perth, kept in constant employment; he was obliged to begin his march before he could obtain the requisite quantity. He left Stirling on the 11th day after the arrival of the Pretender was known at Edinburgh; and it is not easy to see how Cope, situated as he was, could have used more dispatch, unless he had committed the greatest folly of which a general can be guilty, by taking the field with forces obviously inadequate to the end in view. It would have been easy for him to have begun his march three or four days sooner without money or provisions, but what would have been the advantage of plunging into the midst of the mountains and defiles of the Highlands, with the certainty that to obtain food he must almost immediately have retraced his steps? He took the road towards Fort Augustus, and on the sixth day of

his march he found himself coming close upon the Highlanders. They had taken post at Coryarrak, a mountainous defile, which it was impossible for the bravest troops to force without being exposed to certain destruction. If they had advanced beyond it, or if Cope had been able to get possession of it before them, he might have encountered them with reasonable hopes of success. It was not his fault that they had advanced thus far and no farther; he could not foresee that they would chuse this route, and advance precisely to this point. To go on was impossible; he had therefore only the alternative of retreating or of turning aside. The former of these plans was liable to two objections; it exposed the royal army to the seeming humiliation of not daring to encounter the rebels; and if the country people, whose disaffection there was strong reason to suspect, should break down the bridges, it might be accompanied with considerable danger. To have remained stationary would have been madness, for his provisions would soon have failed; and he had before him an army, which though little more than half of what, according to the intelligence he then had, he supposed it to be, was even in fact more numerous than his own. Cope therefore wisely resolved to turn aside towards Inverness; and consequently the road to Edinburgh was open to the rebels.

As some have blamed Cope for not marching northwards more speedily, so others have condemned him for making any movement in that direction. The Chevalier de Johnstone, after having found fault with him on the former ground, attacks him on the latter too: "By shutting up the Prince in the mountains," says he, "General Cope would have prevented him from performing any of those brilliant achievements, which were so essential in the beginning of his enterprise to ensure its success: and the Prince would never have attempted to pass the Forth by force, had entrenchments, lined with field artillery, been thrown up at all the fords." This scheme, though entertained by wiser heads than Johnstone, and, among others, by some of the ministers for the time, would, in all probability, have terminated in a complete failure. The Forth is fordable in many places, so that it would have been impossible, especially with so small an army as Cope's, to prevent the rebels from passing it. The entrenchments lined with field artillery make a shew in a sentence, but Cope was not fortunate enough to be able to call them into existence. At the time when he began his march there was only one old gunner in the castle of Edinburgh, and three soldiers, belonging to the invalids, who served as matrosses. These, with six gunners, borrowed from the naval service, constituted his corps of artillery in the battle of Preston Pans; we should rather have said *before the battle*, for in the beginning of the action they

ran away with the powder flasks. It is ridiculous to talk of preventing the passage of a fordable river with an army in such a state of equipment.

In the brilliant commencement, therefore, of the Prince's career, there is nothing to excite astonishment—neither superior wisdom, nor distinguished courage, nor even a strange succession of lucky accidents. The only thing that can reasonably occasion a moment's wonder, is the defenceless condition of the country; and even for this it would be unjust to blame the ministers severely. The troops were engaged on foreign service; it was not the fashion of the times to maintain a large standing army for domestic purposes; and though there was reason to apprehend that an attempt might, ere long, be made to restore the house of Stuart, yet wise men might well believe that the means would be proportioned to the ends, and that the preparations of France to escort and aid the Pretender would serve as a signal of the approach of danger, and would give us timely notice to prepare.

By the time that the rebels were in possession of the capital, Cope had returned from the north by sea, and now approached close to Edinburgh. He chose his ground with great judgment:

"The camp of the enemy was fortified by nature, and in the happiest position for so small an army. The general had on his right two inclosures, surrounded by stone-walls, from six to seven feet high, between which there was a road of about twenty feet broad, leading to the village of Preston Pans. Before him was another inclosure, surrounded by a deep ditch filled with water, and from ten to twelve feet broad, which served as a drain to the marshy ground. On his left was a marsh, which terminated in a deep pond; and behind him was the sea: so that he was thus inclosed as in a fortification, which could be attacked in no other manner than by a regular siege. We spent the afternoon in reconnoitering his position: and the more we examined it, the more our uneasiness and chagrin increased, as we saw no possibility of attacking it, without exposing ourselves to be cut to pieces in a digraceful manner. At sun-set our army traversed the village of Tranent, which was on our right, and took a new position opposite to the marsh. General Cope, at the same time, ordered his army to take a new front, supporting his right by the ditch of the inclosure, and his left by the sea, and having his front towards the lake.

"Mr. Anderson, proprietor of the marsh, came to the Prince in the evening, very *à propos*, to relieve us from our embarrassment. He assured him that there was a place in the marsh where we could pass it with safety, and that he himself had frequently crossed it when hunting. The Prince, having instantly caused the place to be examined, ascertained that this account was correct; and that General Cope, not deeming it passable, had neglected to station a guard

there. He caused the army to pass through the place in question during the night; the Highlanders moving along in files, without meeting with any opposition from the enemy, forming themselves as soon as they came out of the marsh, and extending their line towards the sea.

"At break of day, General Cope took our first line, which was formed in order of battle, at the distance of two hundred paces from his army, for bushes. It consisted of twelve hundred men; and our second line, of six hundred men, was composed of those who were badly armed; many of them, as we have already observed, having only staves or bludgeons in their hands. Captain Macgregor, of the Duke of Perth's regiment, for want of other arms, procured scythes, which he sharpened and fixed to poles of from seven to eight feet long. With these he armed his company, and they proved very destructive weapons.

"When our first line had passed the marsh, Lord George dispatched me to the second line, which the Prince conducted in person, to see that it passed without noise or confusion. Having examined the line, and found that every thing was as it should be, on my return to Lord George, I found the Prince at the head of the column accompanied by Lord Nairn, just as he was beginning to enter the marsh, and I passed it a second time along with him. We were not yet out of the marsh, when the enemy, seeing our first line in order of battle, fired an alarm gun. At the very end of the marsh there was a deep ditch, three or four feet broad, which it was necessary to spring over, and the Prince, in leaping across, fell upon his knees on the other side. I laid hold of his arm, and immediately raised him up. On examining his countenance, it appeared to me that he considered this accident as a bad omen.

"Lord George, at the head of the first line, did not give the English time to recover from their surprise. He advanced with such rapidity that General Cope had hardly time to form his troops in order of battle, when the Highlanders rushed upon them sword in hand. They had been frequently enjoined to aim at the noses of the horses with their swords, without minding the riders; as the natural movement of a horse, wounded in the face, is to wheel round: and a few horses wounded in that manner, are sufficient to throw a whole squadron into disorder, without the possibility of their being afterwards rallied. They followed this advice most implicitly, and the English cavalry was instantly thrown into confusion.

"Macgregor's company did great execution with their scythes. They cut the legs of the horses in two; their riders through the middle of their bodies. Macgregor was brave and intrepid, but, at the same time, altogether whimsical and singular. When advancing to the charge with his company, he received five wounds, two of them from balls that pierced his body through and through. Stretched on the ground, with his head resting on his hand, he called out to the Highlanders of his company, "My lads, I am not dead! —I shall see if any of you does not do his duty!" The Highlanders instantly fell on the flanks of the infantry; which being un-

covered and exposed from the flight of the cavalry, immediately gave way. Thus, in less than five minutes, we obtained a complete victory; with a terrible carnage on the part of the enemy. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second line, where I still was by the side of the Prince, not having been able to find Lord George, we saw no other enemy on the field of battle than those who were lying on the ground killed and wounded, though we were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, running always as fast as we could to overtake them, and near enough never to lose sight of them. The Highlanders made a terrible slaughter of the enemy, particularly at the spot where the road begins to run between the two inclosures, as it was soon stopped up by the fugitives; as also along the walls of the inclosures, where they killed, without trouble, those who attempted to climb them. The strength of their camp became their destruction. Some of them attempted to rally in the inclosure, where there was an eminence which commanded the field of battle, and from which they fired some shot; but they were soon put to flight by the Highlanders, who immediately entered the inclosure in pursuit of them.

"The field of battle presented a spectacle of horror, being covered with heads, legs, and arms, and mutilated bodies; for the killed all fell by the sword. The enemy had thirteen hundred killed; and we made fifteen hundred prisoners, and took six field-pieces, two mortars, all the tents, baggage, and the military chest. General Cope, by means of a white cockade, which he put in his hat, similar to what we wore, passed through the midst of the Highlanders without being known, and escaped to England, where he carried the first news of his defeat. This victory cost us forty killed, and as many wounded. The greatest advantage which we derived from it was, the reputation which the Prince's army acquired in the outset; which determined many of his partisans who were yet wavering, to declare themselves openly in his favour. The arms of the vanquished, of which we stood in need, were also of great service to us. The Prince slept next night at Pinky-house, about a quarter of a league from the field of battle. He committed to my care one hundred and ten English officers, who were our prisoners, with orders that they should want for nothing.

"The panic-terror of the English surpasses all imagination. They threw down their arms that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves by their fears of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken possession of their minds. I saw a young Highlander, about fourteen years of age, scarcely formed, who was presented to the Prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The Prince asked him if this was true? "I do not know," replied he, "if I killed them; but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword." Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the Prince, whom he had made prisoners, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This High-

lander, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along the road between the two inclosures, struck down the hindermost with a blow of his sword, calling, at the same time, "Down with your arms." The soldiers, terror-struck, threw down their arms without looking behind them, and the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, made them do exactly as he pleased. The rage and despair of these men, on seeing themselves made prisoners by a single individual, may easily be imagined. These were, however, the same English soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who might justly be ranked amongst the bravest troops of Europe." (P. 24—30.)

We have quoted this account of the battle of Preston Pans at length, partly because it will serve to correct some of the errors which the vivid delineations in the romance of Waverley may have imprinted on the minds of our readers; but still more, because it completely unfolds the cause of the success of the Highlanders. Cope was taken by surprise, and his camp forced in a quarter where it seemed impregnable. The troops could not avail themselves of their superiority in arms and discipline. In a scene of confusion, which annihilated all subordination, and left neither time nor space for military evolutions, the mountaineer was more than equal to the soldier; for he had more confidence in his personal exertions than his adversary—his courage was less dependant on the co-operation of others—and the dirk and sword were more than a match for the musket and bayonet. The mode of fighting practised by the Highlanders is distinctly explained in a subsequent part of the memoirs:

"They advance with rapidity, discharge their pieces when within musket-length of the enemy, and then, throwing them down, draw their swords, and holding a dirk in their left hand with their target, they dart with fury on the enemy, through the smoke of their fire. When within reach of the enemy's bayonets, bending their left knee, they, by their attitude, cover their bodies with their targets, that receive the thrusts of the bayonets, which they contrive to parry, while at the same time they raise their sword-arm, and strike their adversary. Having once got within the bayonets, and into the ranks of the enemy, the soldiers have no longer any means of defending themselves, the fate of the battle is decided in an instant, and the carnage follows; the Highlanders bringing down two men at a time, one with the dirk in the left hand, and another with their sword." (P. 86.)

In the battle of Preston Pans the numbers were nearly equal. Cope had somewhat more than 2,100 men, the rebels about 2,400; of whom upwards of 600, forming the reserve, were not engaged. The author of Waverley deviates so far from the fact, as to estimate them at 4,000. It may be worth while to remark, as an illustration of what is of infinite importance both in public and

private affairs—the necessity of habits of accurate thinking to enable a witness to give correct testimony—that, on the trial of Cope, all the officers who were examined fixed the number of rebels in the field at 5000 men or upwards. One individual alone, and that one a Professor of Mathematics, affirmed, that not more than sixteen or eighteen hundred were engaged in the attack. This evidence was treated with contempt, as a vile slander upon the army, and as the silly effusion of science pretending to judge of things with which it had no practical acquaintance. The truth is now known: the Professor of Mathematics judged with perfect accuracy, while the imagination of the military men nearly trebled the actual number of the enemy.

The battle of Preston Pans, or Gladsmuir, gave Charles possession of all Scotland. England remained to be won. For this purpose the army moved from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh on the 3d of November, in three divisions, and on the 9th reached Carlisle. They opened their trenches on the following day, and on the 15th the town and castle surrendered. Marshal Wade with a considerable army was at Newcastle the whole time, but remained without stirring, till the very day of the capitulation. On the 29th of November the rebels reached Manchester, where they were joined by about 300 men, the only partisans whom they found in England willing to shed a drop of blood, or to run the least risk, for the House of Stuart. On the 4th of December they reached Derby. They had now penetrated far into England; they were within less than 130 miles of London, and it is possible that they might have passed the Duke of Cumberland, and placed themselves between him and the capital. But they had not made one step towards the final accomplishment of their object. They had gained no accession of strength; the higher orders stood aloof; the lower classes manifested fear and aversion; the whole power of the government continued unimpaired: a superior army was close by them; another was in their rear; a third awaited them in the vicinity of the capital. In these circumstances it would have been madness to have gone on. What availed four or five thousand men, however brave, against a country like England? Suppose that they had beaten the Duke of Cumberland, their strength would have been too much impaired for them to meet the fresh army which they would have had to encounter immediately afterwards. Even if the royal troops had shrunk back from their path, and Charles had marched triumphantly into the capital, his puny army would have been as nothing amid the immense multitudes of London. The rebels, in marching into England, had done the best thing which men in their situation could do; for they had thus tried every chance of success: but no party in England would take up the sword for

the House of Stuart, and success was consequently hopeless. They had advanced farther, perhaps, than in prudence they ought; constantly flattering themselves that the disappointments of the passing day would be compensated by the events of the morrow. But their eyes must have been gradually opening to the fallacy of their expectations, and at Derby their affairs were brought to a crisis. If they marched onwards they must either fight the Duke of Cumberland or leave him behind them. In either case retreat was thenceforward out of the question: on the latter supposition, because they would have a powerful enemy in their rear; on the former, because it was absurd to fight, except with the design of pressing on at all risks to London. The determination, therefore, to retreat, which was adopted at Derby, was nothing else than the natural result of the reflections which for some time must have been passing through the mind of every chief, who could think as well as hope. Lord George Murray has been accused of causing the adoption of this measure, and of having thus blasted the enterprise of Charles. It was, however, not the retreat that was ruinous to Charles's undertaking, but the circumstances which made retreat indispensable. The Chevalier de Johnstone ascribes the retreat to the arrival of intelligence from Lord John Drummond, who announced, that he had assembled 3,000 men, and that reinforcements were every day expected from France. This circumstance would no doubt have some influence on the resolution of the Highland chiefs, especially as the royal forces were beginning to assemble in considerable numbers in the south of Scotland. It might determine the balance, which in some minds was perhaps wavering between the risk of desperate adventure on the one hand, and the torment of uncertainty and of constantly diminishing hopes on the other. But we can scarcely adopt Johnstone's opinion, that, had it not been for the news of this reinforcement, Lord George Murray would have prosecuted his march to London.

It may be easily imagined, what a grievous mortification the commencement of the retreat proved to the pride and hopes of the Highlanders:

"The retreat was, at length, fixed for the next morning, the 6th of December; and the better to conceal it, we left Derby some hours before day-break. The Highlanders, conceiving at first that they were on their march to attack the army of the Duke of Cumberland, displayed the utmost joy and cheerfulness; but as soon as the day allowed them to see the objects around them, and they found that we were retracing our steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the whole army but expressions of rage and lamentation. If we had been beat the grief could not have been greater." (P. 55.)

Marshal Wade was at Ferry-bridge, when he heard of the

retreat of the rebels. He resolved to march into Lancashire to intercept them, and on the 10th of December arrived at Wakefield, where he learned that they were already at Wigan; he therefore gave up the pursuit. But the Duke of Cumberland followed the retreating army closely, and sent forward a corps of 4000 men, who nearly succeeded in cutting off a strong detachment of the Highlanders, which had charge of the artillery. The detachment repelled all the attacks that were made on it during its march: but towards evening the English troops posted themselves in some enclosures, which commanded the only road by which it could join the main body at Penrith. The rebels, however, at last effected a junction; and the result was a conflict, which, though it bears the name of a skirmish only, was the most severely contested action that occurred in the course of the enterprise. The Duke of Cumberland claimed the victory; but on what pretence, history has never been able to discover; for he failed in his object, was driven from his ground, and lost a much greater number of men than his opponents:

"The sun was setting when our detachment formed a junction with the army. The Highlanders immediately ran to the inclosures where the English were, fell down on their knees, and began to cut down the thorn hedges with their dirks; a necessary precaution, as they wore no breeches, but only a sort of petticoat, which reached to their knees. During this operation, they received the fire of the English with the most admirable firmness and constancy; and, as soon as the hedge was cut down, they jumped into the inclosures, sword in hand, and, with an inconceivable intrepidity, broke the English battalions, who suffered so much the more as they did not turn their backs, as at the battle of Gladsmuir, but allowed themselves to be cut to pieces without quitting their ground. Platoons of forty and fifty men might be seen falling all at once under the swords of the Highlanders; yet they still remained firm, and closed up their ranks, as soon as an opening was made through them by the sword. At length, however, the Highlanders forced them to give way, and pursued them across three inclosures, to a heath, which lay behind them. The only prisoner they took was the Duke of Cumberland's footman, who declared that his master would have been killed, if the pistol, with which a Highlander took aim at his head, had not missed fire. The Prince had the politeness to send him back instantly to his master. We could not ascertain the loss of the English, in this affair, which some estimated as high as six hundred men. We only lost a dozen Highlanders; who after traversing the inclosures, continued the pursuit with too much ardour along the heath." (P. 61.)

On the morning of the 19th of December they arrived at Carlisle, having marched 170 miles in thirteen days and a half; and on the following day, they re-entered Scotland. On the 20th of December they reached Glasgow, and allowed themselves six

days' repose. Hence they proceeded to the neighbourhood of Stirling, where they were joined by reinforcements till their numbers amounted to upwards of 4,000 men. On the 4th of January they began to form the siege of Stirling Castle. In the mean time General Hawley had entered Scotland, and with 8,000 regular troops, besides volunteers, had taken post at Falkirk. On the 17th the rebels unexpectedly marched thither and gave him battle:

"General Hawley drew up his army in order of battle, in two lines, having three regiments of infantry in a hollow at the foot of the hill. His cavalry was placed, before his infantry, on the left wing of the first line. The English began the attack, with a body of about eleven hundred cavalry, who advanced very slowly against the right of our army, and did not halt till they were within twenty paces of our first line, to induce us to fire. The Highlanders, who had been particularly enjoined not to fire till the army was within musket-length of them, the moment the cavalry halted discharged their muskets, and killed about eighty men, each of them having aimed at a rider. The commander of this body of cavalry, who had advanced some paces before his men, was of the number. The cavalry closing their ranks, which were opened by our discharge, put spurs to their horses, and rushed upon the Highlanders at a hard trot, breaking their ranks, throwing down every thing before them, and trampling the Highlanders under the feet of their horses. The most singular and extraordinary combat immediately followed. The Highlanders, stretched on the ground, thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses. Some seized the riders by their clothes, dragged them down, and stabbed them with their dirks; several again used their pistols; but few of them had sufficient space to handle their swords. Macdonald of Clanranald, chief of one of the clans of the Macdonalds, assured me, that whilst he was lying upon the ground, under a dead horse, which had fallen upon him, without the power of extricating himself, he saw a dismounted horseman struggling with a Highlander: fortunately for him, the Highlander, being the strongest, threw his antagonist, and having killed him with his dirk, he came to his assistance, and drew him with difficulty from under his horse.

"The resistance of the Highlanders was so incredibly obstinate, that the English, after having been for some time engaged pell-mell with them in their ranks, were at length repulsed, and forced to retire. The Highlanders did not neglect the advantage they had obtained, but pursued them keenly with their swords, running as fast as their horses, and not allowing them a moment's time to recover from their fright. So that the English cavalry falling back on their own infantry, drawn up in order of battle behind them, threw them immediately into disorder, and carried the right wing of their army with them in their flight. The clan of Camerons, which was on the left of our army, having attacked at the same time the right of the English army, where there were only infantry, put it also to flight." (P. 92—94.)

The rout thus begun was prevented from becoming universal by three regiments on Hawley's right wing, who, maintaining their ground, checked the pursuit, and by the negligence of those, who commanded the Highland left, in improving the advantage which had been gained on the other parts of the line. Though the victory was so complete as to be followed by the almost total dispersion of the royal army and the loss of their cannon, the Highlanders were for some time not aware of the success which had attended their arms. It was only by accident, that Lord Kilmarnock, who, as his estate lay in the neighbourhood, was well acquainted with the country, approaching by bye paths to reconnoitre the enemy, discovered that they were in full flight, and communicated the joyful intelligence to Charles. So little did military conduct or regularity prevail among the victors, that many hours elapsed, before even the superior officers knew whether they had lost or won. Our author took shelter in a mansion where he found the brother of the Duke of Gordon, the son of Lord Lovat, and six or seven other chiefs of clans: "*None of them,*" says he, "*knew what had become of their regiments; other officers arrived every instant, all equally ignorant of the fate of the battle.*" It was not till eight in the evening that their suspense was terminated.

The rebels had now to choose between two methods of proceeding. They might return to prosecute the siege of Stirling Castle; or they might march to Edinburgh, disperse the few royal troops that still kept together, and by that means either prevent the Duke of Cumberland from entering Scotland, or at least diminish the force which he would be able to bring into the field against them. The latter was both the safer and the more brilliant path. It may therefore seem wonderful that they should have preferred to continue their attack on Stirling Castle, though it was easy to foresee, that before they could bring the siege to a conclusion, a royal army would be assembled too strong for them to resist. To account for their conduct, we must recollect that their numbers were greatly diminished after the battle of Falkirk; for about 4,000 men, under one pretence or another, went off to visit their homes. Lord George Murray was probably aware that, with the forces which he could muster, he had no chance of maintaining his ground in the low country. Had he marched towards Edinburgh, the enemy would have fallen back, till they had collected a force sufficient to compel him to retrace his steps, without having derived any advantage whatsoever from his previous movements, and with all the seeming disgrace and real danger which accompany a retreat. He might therefore think it, on the whole, adviseable to remain in the neighbourhood of Stirling, and it was better in the mean time to

prosecute the siege than to remain totally inactive. There was always some chance of success: and the French engineer, in whom it was natural that the Highland chiefs should confide, was bold in his promises and sanguine in his expectations. This engineer, however, was utterly ignorant of his art. He was suffered to construct his battery in quiet; but it was scarcely finished, when it was destroyed by the fire of the castle. All hopes of reducing the fortress were now at an end; the royal troops were assembling in considerable force; the Duke of Cumberland had arrived at Edinburgh; and accordingly, on the last day of January, the rebels left Stirling and directed their march towards Inverness. On the 16th of February they had arrived at Moy, about ten or eleven miles from Inverness, and the Prince had there taken up his abode in the mansion of the chief of the clan of Mackintosh. Lord Loudon was at Inverness with a considerable body of troops, and formed a design for seizing the person of Charles, in which he very nearly succeeded. The adventure is narrated by Johnstone more circumstantially than by any preceding writer:

"His Lordship, at three o'clock in the afternoon, posted guards, and a chain of sentinels, all round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it, on any pretext whatever, or whatever the rank of the person might be. He ordered, at the same time, fifteen hundred men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and having assembled this body of troops without noise, and without alarming the inhabitants, he put himself at their head, and instantly set off, planning his march so as to arrive at the castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

"Whilst some English officers were drinking in the house of Mrs. Bailly, an innkeeper in Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation, and, from certain expressions dropped by them, she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the centinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, which to accelerate her progress, she had taken off, in order to inform the Prince of the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy, quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon; and the Prince, with difficulty, escaped in his robe de chambre, night-cap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This dear girl, to whom the Prince owed his life, was in great danger of losing her own, from her excessive fatigue on this occasion; but the care and attention she experienced restored her to life, and her health was at length re-es-

tablished. The Prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him in the castle of Moy.

"As soon as the girl had spread the alarm, the blacksmith of the village of Moy presented himself to the Prince, and assured His Royal Highness that he had no occasion to leave the castle; as he would answer for it, with his head, that Lord Loudon and his troops would be obliged to return faster than they came. The Prince had not sufficient confidence in his assurances to neglect seeking his safety by flight to the neighbouring mountains. However, the blacksmith, for his own satisfaction, put his project in execution. He instantly assembled a dozen of his companions, and advanced with them about a quarter of a league from the castle, on the road to Inverness. There he laid an ambuscade, placing six of his companions, on each side of the highway, to wait the arrival of the detachment of Lord Loudon, enjoining them not to fire till he should tell them, and then not to fire together, but one after another. When the head of the detachment of Lord Loudon was opposite the twelve men, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the blacksmith called out with a loud voice, "Here come the villains, who intend carrying off our Prince; fire, my lads, do not spare them; give no quarter!" In an instant muskets were discharged from each side of the road, and the detachment, seeing their project had taken wind, began to fly in the greatest disorder, imagining that our whole army was lying in wait for them. Such was their terror and consternation, that they did not stop till they reached Inverness. In this manner did a common blacksmith, with twelve of his companions, put Lord Loudon and fifteen hundred regular troops to flight. The fifer of his Lordship, who happened to be at the head of the detachment, was killed by the first discharge; and the detachment did not wait for a second." (P. 110—112.)

The Duke of Cumberland now advanced into the Highlands. He sent detachments to inflict severities on the relations and dependents of those who had engaged in the rebellion; and in particular dispatched a body of troops into the district of the Duke of Athol, whose brother, at the head of the vassals of the family, directed the councils and commanded the army of Charles. Lord George Murray, as soon as he heard of this proceeding, hastened with his clansmen to Athol, where in one night he surprised thirty posts, and put to the sword or took prisoners all the royal troops in the district, with the exception of two or three hundred who defended themselves in the castle. After this exploit he remained fourteen days in the neighbourhood, though, strange to say! six thousand Hessians were all the time within a day's march of him. A satisfactory reason for a circumstance which is in itself extraordinary, and which has not been hitherto explained, is assigned by Johnstone. Some Hessians, who had been sent into Athol to support the English detachment, were routed by the Highlanders, and a Lieutenant was made prisoner.

Next day the officer was sent back with a letter, in which Lord George demanded from the Prince of Hesse a cartel for the exchange of prisoners, threatening, if his proposal was not accepted, to put every Hessian who fell into his hands to the sword. The Prince thought the demand reasonable; but as the Duke of Cumberland would not permit him to accede to it, he declared that he would not combat with men driven to despair, and that without a cartel no Hessian should stir from Perth. It was from this cause, that Lord George was enabled to carry on his operations without molestation.

While the main body of the rebels lay at Inverness, the Duke of Cumberland had distributed his troops in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen. On the 8th of April he deemed the season sufficiently advanced to permit him to move northwards. On the 13th, Charles, alarmed by the approach of his adversary, who, contrary to universal expectation, had crossed the Spey without opposition, moved out of Inverness, and posted his army at a small distance from it. The 15th was the anniversary of the Duke of Cumberland's birth; in consequence of the celebration of which, his troops, it was supposed, would be buried in sleep and intoxication. A plan was accordingly formed to surprise the royal camp during the night. But the Highlanders, who had separated themselves in quest of food, could not be assembled by the appointed hour, and accidents occurred to retard their march, so that when they came within two or three miles of the English camp, the day was too nigh to allow them to carry their original plan into effect. They therefore turned aside, and about seven in the morning arrived at Culloden. The Duke advanced towards them. It was easy for them to have taken post on some strong ground which was not far off; and if, either from want of provisions, or from any other cause, they should have been unable to maintain themselves there, to have withdrawn into the mountains, and carried on a hill campaign. But Inverness would have been abandoned, and the mountain warfare would have been very fatiguing to some of the individuals, who were immediately attached to the personal service of the Prince, and had most influence over him. For these two reasons the resolution was taken, contrary to the opinion of the ablest among the chiefs, to give battle to the royal army. Never did men fight under greater disadvantages. They had been exposed to considerable fatigue and privations during the two preceding days: they had been marching all night; they had been twenty-four hours without food; and their numbers did not exceed 5,000. The army opposed to them was fresh and unexhausted, and in respect of numbers was nearly twice as strong as they were: for the Duke of Cumberland had with him 8,000 regulars, besides

a part of Lord Loudon's regiment, and a numerous militia from Argyleshire, who did him most effectual service. Men, however, are very prone to be deluded by the suggestions of their own narrow experience; and the success which had attended the arms of the Highlanders in all their previous conflicts, probably inspired many with a delusive hope that victory would still smile upon them. The result taught them a different lesson. Their centre had broken the first line of the enemy, their left was advancing rapidly to the charge, when the royal troops, getting possession of an enclosure, attacked their right wing in flank, and threw it into confusion. The disorder immediately became general, and ended in a total rout. The Highlanders, however, did not sustain any considerable loss; and on the second day afterwards, they had assembled at Ruthven in as great force as they were at Culloden, and with the certainty of being soon much more formidable. The chiefs of the clans were present; all who had gone to visit their homes were hastening to the standard of Charles; and many, who had hitherto remained inactive, were now expected to join heartily in the cause, in order to save their country from becoming the prey of the Duke of Cumberland. Lord George Murray wrote to Charles, to inform him that in a few days he would be at the head of a greater army than had ever yet obeyed his commands. But Charles did not possess that steadiness of mind which could defy the frowns of fortune. His own despondency, or the fears of the timid counsellors who possessed his confidence, made him look upon further efforts as unavailing: and the only answer which he deigned to return to men who had hazarded life, high rank, and ample fortune for his sake, was "*Let every man seek his safety in the best way he can.*" It was a scene, which, at the commencement of the enterprise, could scarcely have been anticipated—a candidate for a crown abandoning his partisans, who with arms in their hands were imploring him not to desist from the struggle, and still to try the chances of war. But Charles could not be moved from his purpose: the chiefs bade each other a mournful adieu, and the Highlanders in wild howlings gave vent to their grief and their fears.

Such was the termination of this enterprise—begun with only seven men, and abandoned when as many thousands were in arms to support it. Though Charles despaired too soon, his quick abandonment of his project was fortunate for his own partisans, as well as for the country at large. The continuance of the war would have brought upon the Highlands much greater sufferings than what they had actually to endure, while it afforded no chance of raising the House of Stuart to the throne. More battles might have been fought, more blood might have been

shed, more instances might have been given of the devotion of the Highland clans to the cause which they had espoused. But that cause could never triumph. There were three circumstances which rendered its final success impossible. The first was, the hatred which some of the Highland clans bore to the House of Stuart. The enmity of the Campbells, for instance, founded on deep and bloody wrongs, was fatal to the exiled family, not only by the strength which it directly subtracted from their scale to throw into that of their adversary, but likewise by overawing inferior and neighbouring clans, whom their own inclinations would have urged to support the descendants of their ancient sovereigns. The second was, the enmity of the presbyterians to the House of Stuart. Throughout the whole of the Lowlands of Scotland, containing five-sevenths of the population, and nearly all the wealth of the country, the inhabitants were in general inveterate foes to the exiled family; and in this sentiment of enmity the members of the established church were, if possible, surpassed by the seceders. Numerous proofs of the popular zeal might be adduced. Glasgow raised a regiment of volunteers to support the royal cause. "In the country I had to pass through," says Johnstone, speaking of the dangers which he encountered after the battle of Culloden, "all the peasants were fanatical Calvinists, and assembled of themselves with their ministers at their head, to go out on expeditions to take such unfortunate gentlemen prisoners, as made their escape from the Highlands and the pursuits of the soldiers." In another place he says, "The fanatical zeal of the peasantry was an evil still greater than that of the soldiers; and the towns and villages I had to pass through, were all filled with Calvinists, bitter enemies of the House of Stuart." Charles therefore could derive no strength from the Lowlands of Scotland: his influence there was bounded by the extent of his military power. He would be obeyed only so far as he could compel obedience, but not an iota further. The third and most important of the circumstances which decided the fate of Charles's undertaking, was the indifference of the people of England to his family. The Stuarts had no partisans among the great body of the nation. The people, without feeling any peculiar predilection for the House of Brunswick, were satisfied with the existing government, and had no wish to change it for that of the Stuarts; and though they had not that rancorous hatred of the exiled family which prevailed among the Scotch presbyterians, they regarded Charles's army with the fear and dislike which it was natural that armed strangers should excite.

"Our stragglers seldom failed to be attacked by the English peasants, who were all implacable enemies of the Prince, but too

cowardly to dare to take up arms against us, though the different provinces through which we passed, might have easily formed an army of a hundred thousand men to oppose us. They were deficient neither in hatred toward us, nor in the wish to injure us; but they wanted courage and resolution to expose themselves to the swords of the Highlanders.

"The terror of the English was truly inconceivable, and in many cases they seemed quite bereft of their senses. One evening, as Mr. Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and, with uplifted hands, and tears in her eyes, supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself; when she answered that every body said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food. Mr. Cameron having assured her that they would not injure either her or her little children, or any person whatever, she looked at him for some moments with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice, 'Come out, children; the gentleman will not eat you.' The children immediately left the press where she had concealed them, and threw themselves at his feet.

"They affirmed in the newspapers of London, that we had dogs in our army trained to fight; and that we were indebted, for our victory at Gladsmuir, to these dogs, who darted with fury on the English army. They represented the Highlanders as monsters, with claws instead of hands. In a word, they never ceased to circulate, every day, the most extravagant and ridiculous stories with respect to the Highlanders." (P. 76—77.)

With the support of only a part of the Highland clans, while some of the most powerful among them, and the whole population of the Lowlands of Scotland, were his determined foes, and aversion, rather than partiality to his cause, prevailed among the people of England, how was it possible that Charles should finally succeed? How could the bravery and devotion of a few thousands of half-armed Highlanders crush the whole military force of the empire, and triumph over the determined resistance of one part of the people, and the dislike and aversion of the other? It is true that many of the great families of England wished well to the rebels, and had even pledged themselves to support the enterprise. But they were not aware of the true state of public feeling, till events revealed to them, that the prejudices which had been transmitted to them as a species of family heir-looms, had little influence on the country at large. Abstract notions of hereditary right, and a vain pride in adhering to the party which their ancestors had supported, were the only motives which could impel the gentry to take the field; and these motives were of a nature with which the country was little disposed to sympathise. The great Jacobite families perceived, that, though they should array themselves against the existing government, their

example would not be generally followed. They saw that there was no powerful feeling in the minds of their fellow citizens, waiting to be put in action by a few men of rank and consequence, in order that it might break forth and carry every thing before it. They might join the standard of Charles, but would the farmers and manufacturers of England have done the same? The respect paid to the gentry and nobility gives the upper classes immense weight, when they act either in support of established authority, or in concurrence with strong popular passion: but it is sluggish and inert when opposed by general feeling, and by reverence for the government and the laws. In Scotland, where the landed proprietors had more influence than in the southern parts of the island, many of the Lowland nobility joined the rebels; yet the accession of strength, which Charles derived from the Lowlands of Scotland, is too trifling to be mentioned. The aid of the Jacobite nobility of England would have been equally inefficient. They might have graced his fall with the splendour of their names, and, followed by a few of their immediate dependants, might have made a small addition to the amount of his forces; but the general spirit of the nation would have remained unaltered. It was only by means of the nation that the Stuarts could triumph. They had the support of a part of the Highlands, but all the rest of the kingdom was either decidedly hostile or indifferent to them. In such circumstances success was impossible. It is to this cause, and not to any errors in the mode of conducting the enterprise, that its failure must be ascribed. Such errors might vary the time and mode of the final catastrophe; but the catastrophe itself was certain, as certain at least as any thing in human affairs can be.

Johnstone in different parts of his memoirs ascribes the failure of the rebellion to different causes. He thinks, for instance, that Charles ought to have been accompanied by officers distinguished for their talents in the art of war. It may reasonably be doubted, whether such officers would not have done more harm than good. Highlanders could be commanded only by Highland chieftains, Lord George Murray probably served Charles better than Marshal Saxe himself could have done. He is of opinion, also, that he should have remained in Scotland, and established himself firmly there, before he ventured to cross the Tweed. Was this plan fitted to increase the number of his adherents, or to enlarge his resources? Would men have been more eager to join him, when they saw him remain tranquil at Edinburgh, while the whole might of England hovered on the frontier, than when in the full career of victory, he planted his standard on the walls of Carlisle, and marched triumphantly to Derby? As to the scheme of annulling the union with England, it is too wild to be

reasoned against. Strong connexions of private interest had gradually sprung up which bound the northern and southern parts of the island indissolubly together; and if Charles had attempted to separate them, he would have stirred up dissensions and excited opposition, which would have effectually checked his progress.

The retreat from Derby is often mentioned as a fatal mistake. We have already seen that it was a measure of necessity. So also the rebels have been often blamed for not improving sufficiently the victory of Falkirk. The remarks which we have already made on that subject, induce us to doubt, whether they did not improve it as far as circumstances would permit. The battle of Culloden was beyond all doubt an error; and the refusal of Charles to join his adherents at Ruthven with a view to continue the war, was the least politic as well as the least spirited plan, which he could have adopted. But these events only hastened the termination of the war. From the moment that Charles was cooped up in the Highlands, though he might have maintained for some time defensive hostilities, even the most sanguine of his adherents could scarcely hope for success.

We here take leave of the historical part of the work; we have not entered into any details concerning the errors, frequently of a very gross nature, with which the work abounds. As instances, we may refer to the share which is ascribed to Marshal Wade in the pursuit of the rebels on their retreat from Derby, to the account of the Duke of Cumberland's conduct upon the surrender of Carlisle, and to the history of the operations against Lord Loudon after the arrival of Charles at Inverness. The mistakes in dates are endless. But though the Chevalier de Johnstone cannot claim much praise for his accuracy, it would be useless for us to expatiate on this defect; for his errors are pointed out and corrected in the excellent notes, which his editor and translator has subjoined to the work. These notes do more than prevent the reader from being led astray by the mis-statements of Johnstone: they frequently bring together all the information which the mind must have before it in forming a judgment concerning a particular transaction; so that the memoirs, however imperfect in themselves, taken in conjunction with the notes, convey more accurate notions concerning the Rebellion of 1745, than are to be found anywhere else.

On one subject, however, the prejudices of the editor coincide too much with those of the Chevalier de Johnstone: we mean the character of Charles. Without ascribing to him those high heroic qualities with which some imaginations have invested him, and putting out of the question what we are told of him in after life on very suspicious authority, we can find in his conduct

during this expedition nothing to disapprove of, unless we blame him for throwing away the sword immediately after the battle of Culloden. Our author insinuates, and his editor too, that Charles was deficient in personal courage, but nothing appears to warrant the charge. From the mode of fighting practised by the Highlanders, it would have been absurd for him to have advanced at their head; there were others who could perform that duty better than he, and we find no case in which he kept out of the way of danger, when the general good would have required him to expose his person more freely. Johnstone says, that during the battle of Culloden Charles by messengers repeatedly, though ineffectually, desired Lord George Murray to send troops to keep possession of an enclosure on the right of their army, and that when he saw his orders neglected, he ought to have put himself at the head of his forces and executed in person a manœuvre which was necessary for the general safety. Let it be remembered, however, that Johnstone was in the left wing, and consequently could not have been an eye-witness of what he relates,—that Lord George Murray was probably a better judge than any other person of the number of men that could be spared for the defence of the enclosure, and that nothing could have been more absurd than for Charles, in the very heat of the action, to have interfered with the arrangements of those, into whose hands the direction of every thing had been put. He had to deal with fiery spirits; and to have passed through so many adventures without displeasing any of his adherents is no small praise. His desertion of his friends after the defeat at Culloden may be blamed, yet let us not forget that his conduct on that occasion admits of several interpretations. It *may* have proceeded from pusillanimity, but it may also have proceeded from deference to the opinions of those to whom from his youth he had been accustomed to look with respect, or even from humanity. As final success was clearly hopeless, he might well say to himself, that it was needless to prolong the struggle with a great waste of blood, when no ultimate benefit could be expected from it: though he had landed with only seven men, he then hoped to find partisans in every quarter of the kingdom; he might still place himself at the head of seven thousand men, but he had now learned that these were all who would unsheathe the sword in his defence. It is therefore ridiculous to allege, as Johnstone does, that he abandoned his enterprise, when circumstances were more auspicious to him than at its commencement.

The latter half of this book contains an account of the author's personal adventures after the battle of Culloden, and is extremely interesting. His escape from the field of battle is narrated with a curious simplicity; the gravity with which he blames a poor

fellow for his unwillingness to resign a horse to him is almost absurd.

"Being no longer able to keep myself on my legs, and the enemy always advancing very slowly, but redoubling their fire, my mind was agitated and undecided whether I should throw away my life, or surrender a prisoner, which was a thousand times worse than death on the field of battle. All at once I perceived a horse, about thirty paces before me, without a rider. The idea of being yet able to escape, gave me fresh strength, and served as a spur to me. I ran and laid hold of the bridle, which was fast in the hand of a man lying on the ground, whom I supposed dead; but, what was my surprise, when the cowardly poltroon, who was suffering from nothing but fear, dared to remain in the most horrible fire to dispute the horse with me, at twenty paces from the enemy? All my menaces could not induce him to quit the bridle. Whilst we were disputing, a discharge from a cannon, loaded with grape-shot, fell at our feet, and covered us with mud, without, however, producing any effect upon this singular individual, who obstinately persisted in retaining the horse. Fortunately for me, Finlay Cameron, an officer in Lochiel's regiment, a youth of twenty years of age, six feet high, and very strong and vigorous, happened to pass near us. I called on him to assist me. "Ah! Finlay," said I, "this fellow will not give me up the horse." Finlay flew to me like lightning, immediately presented his pistol to the head of this man, and threatened to blow out his brains if he hesitated a moment to let go the bridle. The fellow, who had the appearance of a servant, at length yielded, and took to his heels. Having obtained the horse, I attempted to mount him several times; but all my efforts were ineffectual, as I was without strength and completely exhausted. I called again on poor Finlay, though he was already some paces from me, to assist me to mount. He returned, took me in his arms, with as much ease as if I had been a child, and threw me on the horse like a loaded sack, giving the horse at the same time a heavy blow to make him set off with me. Then, wishing that I might have the good fortune to make my escape, he bounded off like a roe, and was in a moment out of sight. We were hardly more than fifteen or twenty paces from the enemy when he quitted me. As soon as I found myself at the distance of thirty or forty paces, I endeavoured to set myself right on the horse, put my feet in the stirrups, and rode off as fast as the wretched animal could carry me." (P. 160, 161.)

After the clans broke up at Ruthven, the Chevalier de Johnstone went first to the house of Mr. Gordon of Killyhuntley. Mrs. Gordon offered to cause a hut to be constructed for him in one of the most secret recesses of the adjacent mountains, which she would store with provisions and books, and where, in the disguise of a shepherd tending a few sheep, he might remain with safety. Though the lady added to the allurements of the proposal by promising to visit her shepherd occasionally, he could

not brook the idea of remaining in a state of suspense as to his final destiny. Exchanging therefore his dress for a labourer's rags, of the pestilential odour of which he complains vehemently, he repaired to Banff, where his brother-in-law held a situation under government, which gave him the means of facilitating his friend's escape. Though the town and neighbourhood was zealously attached to the family of Hanover, protected by his disguise he completed the journey in safety, and was kindly sheltered in the house of an acquaintance, where he had an interview with his relation. That relation, however, was too prudent to expose himself to danger for the sake of another, though his father Lord Rollo had taken arms in the former rebellion, and had been prevented only by old age from following the same course again. Our Chevalier, disappointed in this hope, had now two plans before him. He might lurk in the highlands, or he might make the best of his way to Edinburgh, where his friends would conceal him till an opportunity of escape was found. He knew no person in the highlands, he therefore chose the latter alternative, the dangers of which, though more threatening in appearance, were perhaps less real than those of the other scheme. They consisted chiefly in the difficulty of passing the friths of Tay and of Forth: for numerous bodies of cavalry, who constantly patrolled the shores of these two arms of the sea, arrested all who had no passports; and the most severe penalties were denounced against all, who assisted a rebel either in concealing himself or in finding the means of crossing to the other side. In his disguise, and with the aid of Mr. Gordon of Kildrummie, to whom he was an entire stranger, he reached Cortachie.

"As most of the vassals of Lord Ogilvie had been in the army of Prince Charles, I ran no risk in applying to the people of the first house in Cortachie which I came to. Having entered a public house, and informed the lady that I belonged to the army of the Prince, she immediately told me that two of our gentlemen were concealed in Glen-Prossen, a large ravine between two mountains, at the bottom of which there is a small rivulet. This Glen lies at the foot of the mountains, and is a most picturesque and retired spot. Having enquired my way to them, and received the necessary directions, I proceeded immediately to the house of a peasant, named Samuel, who dwelt at the head of the Glen, about half a league from Cortachie, where I found the two gentlemen in question." (P. 184, 185.)

"Samuel was a very honest man, but extremely poor. We remained seventeen days in his house, eating at the same table with himself and his family, who had no other food than oatmeal, and no other drink than the water of the stream, which ran through the glen. We breakfasted every morning on a piece of oatmeal bread, which we were enabled to swallow by draughts of water; for dinner

we boiled oatmeal with water, till it acquired a consistency, and we eat it with horn spoons; in the evening we poured boiling water on this meal in a dish, for our supper. I must own, that the time, during which I was confined to this diet, appeared to pass very slowly, though none of us seemed to suffer in our health from it; on the contrary, we were all exceedingly well. We might have had some addition to our sorry cheer, by sending for it to Cortachie; but we were afraid, (as Samuel's mode of living was well known, and as any alteration in it would lead to a suspicion that people were concealed in his house,) lest some ill-disposed person should give information of the circumstance to one of the numerous cavalry detachments, that passed through Cortachie, which would lead to our being made prisoners." (P. 186.)

"Besides the poverty of our fare, to which I had a good deal of difficulty to accustom myself, we were frequently alarmed by detachments of English cavalry, making their appearance in our neighbourhood. Samuel had a married daughter, who lived at the entrance into the glen, and she served as a sentinel, to inform us when there were any English detachments at Cortachie. This tranquillized us during the day, for our sentinel was very exact in acquainting us with every thing that passed; but when the troops arrived in the evening, we were obliged to consult our safety by escaping to the neighbouring mountains, where we frequently passed nights in the open air, even during dreadful tempests of wind and rain. (P. 188.)

This lurking-place soon became unsafe, his two comrades bent their steps towards the highlands, but our chevalier, though he had resolved to accompany them, was brought back by a dream to his first purpose of proceeding to Edinburgh. When he arrived at the frith of Tay, the good offices of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, to whom he revealed his situation, procured him a boat in which he was to pass to the other shore during the night; but ere the appointed hour arrived, the boatmen were so terrified by the menaces of some soldiers, who had been searching the village, that they refused to fulfil their engagement. This intelligence was a terrible disappointment to him; he resolved, at whatever risk, to go to the village in person, and use his endeavours to persuade the boatmen to assist him in his distress.

"As soon as I entered the public-house, the landlady, who was called Mrs. Burn, whispered in my ear that I had nothing to fear in her house, as her own son had been in our army with Lord Ogilvie: this I considered as a very good omen. She immediately pointed out to me the boatmen who had promised to Mr. Graham to transport me to the other side of the Frith. I applied to them immediately, but found them trembling and alarmed at the threats of the soldiers All my offers, my prayers, and solicitations were of no avail; and having employed half an hour in endeavouring to persuade them, to no purpose, I perceived that the two daughters of Mrs. Burn, who were as beautiful as Venus, and the eldest of whom was hardly

eighteen, were not objects of indifference to the boatmen, from the glances they bestowed upon them from time to time. I therefore quitted the stupid boatmen and attached myself to these two pretty girls, with the view of gaining them over to my interest, and availing myself of their influence with the boatmen, as a mistress is naturally all-powerful with her lover. I caressed them, I embraced them, the one after the other, and said a thousand flattering and agreeable things to them. Indeed, it cost me very little to act this part, for they were exceedingly beautiful; and the compliments I paid them were sincere, and flowed from the heart. As I had resolved to sleep at Mrs. Burn's, in case I did not succeed in crossing the Frith, I dismissed the old woman.

"In less than half an hour my two beauties were entirely in my interest, and each of them made a vigorous assault on her sweetheart, making use of all manner of prayers and intreaties, but with as little success as I had had. The fear of these stupid animals was more powerful than their love. The beautiful and charming Mally Burn, the eldest of the two, disgusted, at length, and indignant at their obstinacy, said to her sister, "O, Jenny! they are despicable cowards and poltroons. I would not for the world that this unfortunate gentleman was taken in our house. I pity his situation. Will you take an oar? I shall take another, and we will row him over ourselves, to the eternal shame of these pitiful and heartless cowards." Jenny consented without hesitation. I clasped them in my arms, and covered them, by turns, with a thousand tender kisses.

"I thought, at first, that the generous resolution of these girls would operate upon their lovers; but the unfeeling cowards were not in the least moved. They preserved their phlegm, and allowed the charming girls to act as they pleased, without being in the smallest degree affected by their conduct. Seeing the obstinacy of the boatmen, and wishing to take advantage of the offer of my female friends, I immediately took the two oars on my shoulders, and proceeded to the shore, accompanied by my two beauties. I launched the boat, and, as soon as we had all three entered, I pushed it into deep water, and taking one of the oars myself, I gave the other to one of the girls, who was to be relieved by the other, when she found herself fatigued. I experienced, on this occasion, the truth of the maxim, that every kind of knowledge may be useful. While I was in Russia, where parties of pleasure on the water are frequent, I used sometimes to amuse myself with rowing; little thinking then that I should one day be obliged to row for my life.

"We left Broughty at ten o'clock in the evening, and reached the opposite shore of this arm of the sea, which is about two miles in breadth, near midnight. The weather was fine, and the night was sufficiently clear, from the light of the stars, to enable me to distinguish the roads. My two beauties landed with me, to put me in the highway that leads to St. Andrews; and I took leave of them, deeply affected with their generous sentiments and heroic courage, experiencing a sensible regret on quitting them, when I thought that perhaps I should never see them more. I embraced them a thousand

times by turns, and as they would not consent to receive any pecuniary gratification, I contrived to slip ten or twelve shillings into the pocket of the charming Mally, who was one of the most perfect beauties nature ever formed, with an elegant shape, and possessed of all the graces of her sex. Under any other circumstances, they would have tempted me to prolong my stay in the village; and if fortune had ever permitted me to return to my native country, I should certainly have gone to Broughty, for the express purpose of visiting them." (P. 202—205.)

He now bent his course towards St. Andrews; it was not in the direct route to Edinburgh, but it was the only place where he had any friend from whom he could look for aid. He there applied to an old lady, a distant relation of his own; her religion (she was a catholic) made her house an unsafe place of refuge, especially in a town distinguished for calvinistic zeal. She therefore immediately sent him to a farmer, who rented land from her close to the town, with a letter, in which she required him to furnish the bearer with a horse and guide to conduct him to Edinburgh, whither he was going with important papers relating to a law suit, in which she was engaged. Unfortunately it was Sunday, and the pious scruples of the farmer occasioned an unexpected difficulty.

"I delivered the letter to the farmer, and the answer I received from this brute petrified me. "Mrs. Spence," said he, "may take her farm from me and give it to whom she pleases; but she cannot make me profane the Lord's day, by giving my horse to one who means to travel upon the sabbath." I represented to him, with all the energy of which I was master, the necessity of having his horse, on account of the law-suit of Mrs. Spence, and the great loss with which any delay in transmitting her papers to her advocate might be attended; but all that I could urge had no effect upon him, and he obstinately persisted in his refusal." (P. 209.)

Johnstone was now in a most distressed situation: his feet were so ulcerated, that it was with difficulty that he had been able to reach St. Andrews; motion was torture to him, and he knew no place where he could expect secure refreshment and repose; for the country, like the other districts through which he had passed, was zealously calvinistical, and of course animated with inveterate hostility to the house of Stuart. At last he called to mind a servant of his mother's who had married a gardener of the name of Lillie, and lived at the distance of a few miles. Though her husband was a presbyterian, he did not on that account hesitate to confide in his fidelity.

"When I found myself within a step of Lillie's house, I eagerly seized the door with both my hands, to prevent my falling on the ground. My strength was totally exhausted, and I could not have proceeded one step farther, to escape even the scaffold; scarcely

could my legs support me when I leaned against the door. What an additional strength is given to us by necessity, and the desire to preserve our existence in such a case as mine, and what incredible efforts they enable us to make! Having knocked, Lillie opened the door, but did not recognize me in my disguise of a beggar. He said to me several times, with impatience and evident alarm, "Who are you?—What is your business?—Or whom do you want?" I made no reply, but advanced inside of the door, lest he should shut it in my face. This added to his alarm; and it is evident that he took me for some robber or housebreaker, for he trembled from head to foot. I asked him if there were any strangers in the house? His wife, who was sewing near the fire, knew my voice, and perceiving my dress, she called out immediately to her husband, "Good God, I know him; quick—shut the door." Lillie obeyed, without farther examining me, and following me to the light, also recognized me. I could scarce suppress a laugh, notwithstanding my pain, at the look of amazement of Lillie, when he recognized me under my disguise. Confounded, lost in astonishment, and petrified, he clasped his hands, and with uplifted eyes, exclaimed, "O, this does not surprise me! My wife and I were talking about you last night; and I said, that I would bet any thing in the world, that you were with that accursed race." I answered that he was in the right, to conclude I was, from the principles of attachment to the house of Stuart in which I had been educated. "But, at present, my good George," continued I, "you must aid me in escaping the gallows!"

"It was a severe and humiliating trial, for Lillie to be obliged, from gratitude, to give an asylum to a rebel, and to find himself under the necessity of succouring one of those very men whom he had so loudly condemned! No one in that neighbourhood had, on all public occasions, held forth with more zeal and eloquence, against the Pope and the Pretender, who were always coupled together. He was, however, an honest man, notwithstanding his fanatical principles. He assured me that he was deeply affected with my situation, and would do every thing in his power to save me, and to procure me a passage to the other side as soon as possible. Finding that I was utterly helpless, and incapable of stirring either leg or arm, Lillie and his wife took off my shoes and stockings; and as all the gardeners in Scotland have an empirical knowledge of medicine, Lillie having bathed my feet with whiskey, which made me suffer the most excruciating pain, afterwards applied a salve to them. They then drew on a pair of Lillie's stockings and slippers; after which, I found myself relieved, and quite a new person.

"I sent Lillie with my compliments to Mr. Beaton, his master, begging him not to take it amiss if his gardener should not be at his work at the usual hour, as I was concealed in his house, and had need of his services. Mr. Beaton sent back Lillie immediately to tell me, that he was exceedingly sorry that he could not wait upon me in person, as he had been unwell for some time past, and was just then going to bed; that it was also out of his power to offer me a bed in his house, where I would have been more conveniently lodged than at Lillie's;

but that he begged me most earnestly to send freely to him for whatever I might have occasion for. He wished that Lillie should take with him some wine, fowls, and other articles; but whatever desire Lillie might have that I should fare well in his house, he very prudently refused this offer, lest, as he told me, it should have excited a suspicion amongst the servants of Mr. Beaton, that he had some person concealed in his house. I praised Lillie very much for his prudence and discretion.

" Mrs. Lillie soon prepared a dish of steaks for my supper, which I devoured in haste, as I had more inclination to sleep than to eat, having been too days and nights on my legs, and without any sleep, except during the few hours I passed in the inclosure of Mr. Graham. Lillie having undressed me, carried me to bed in his arms, as it was utterly impossible for me to put a foot to the ground. I slept without waking from ten o'clock that evening, till half past nine on the following evening, as Mrs. Lillie took particular care not to make the least noise, nor would she even wake me, to receive the visit of Mr. Beaton, who had called on me." (P. 213—215.)

He was now close to the shores of the Frith of Forth. After some difficulties, in which he was forced to repose his confidence in presbyterian zealots, who were entire strangers to him, and yet were faithful to one whom they regarded as an offender against their God as well as against their king, he succeeded in reaching Leith, where he took refuge with a woman who had formerly been in the service of his mother. Thence he removed to the house of Lady Jane Douglas, where he remained in hiding a considerable time. The last of his adventures which we shall quote, is one of the methods of concealment which he was forced to adopt while in her house.

" After passing two months in the house of Lady Jane Douglas, in the most tranquil and philosophic manner, a servant maid, who returned from Edinburgh with provisions, told her companions in the kitchen, that whilst she was purchasing meat in the flesh-market, the lacquey of an English gentleman, a commissioner of the customs, whispered in her ear, " That they knew very well that I was concealed in the house of Lady Jane Douglas, her mistress; and that there was every reason for supposing that her house would be immediately searched." She added, that she had openly contradicted this calumny; and, in fact, she could so with a safe conscience, for no one in the house, except the gardener, knew any thing of the matter; and he went up stairs immediately to inform lady Jane, who came without delay into my room, accompanied by Mr. Stewart, to consult as to what was necessary to be done; fearing lest a detachment of soldiers should come, in the course of the day, to visit the house. It was then only nine o'clock in the morning.

" This intelligence filled me with the utmost grief and uneasiness. I trembled lest the extreme goodness of Lady Jane, in giving me an asylum in her house, should involve her in difficulties with the govern-

ment; and I was a thousand times more afraid of the disagreeable consequences which the being taken in her house would entail on her, than of the fate which awaited myself. When I feelingly expressed how much I regretted the dangers to which I exposed her, she replied, with her usual spirit and promptitude,—"If there were no risk, you would be under no obligation to me."—It was impossible to get out by the door into the court, on account of the servants, who, in that case, would see me from the kitchen; and there was no place in the house, which I examined all over, where I could remain concealed. But, as they were then making hay in an inclosure belonging to Lady Jane, Mr. Stewart proposed that I should conceal myself in a cock of hay. In order to succeed in this, it was necessary to let a footman into the secret, that he might watch the other servants, and seize a favourable opportunity for my leaving the house and entering the inclosure.

"I went out, in my waistcoat, with the footman and gardener, followed by Mr. Stewart. As it was necessary to observe a number of precautions, on account of some of the windows of the village which looked into the inclosure, we began to throw down all the cocks of hay, one after another; and the footman and gardener threw each other down on the hay, with which the one who happened to be undermost was covered by the other. This pretended amusement went on for some time, when they threw me in my turn, as a part of the same sport, and covered me with hay, till the cock in which I was concealed was raised as high as the rest, leaving me only a small aperture for breathing; and having given me a bottle of water and another of wine they withdrew.

"I do not think it possible to suffer more than I did the whole day: the weather was fine, but very warm; the excessive heat of my situation under the hay, which was like an oven, almost deprived me of respiration. Mr. Stewart came to see me from time to time, and exhorted me to be patient; and, indeed, I had need of patience, for my sufferings were occasionally so insupportable, that I was sometimes tempted to give the hay to the devil, and expose myself to whatever might happen, rather than to continue where I was. My regard for Lady Jane alone restrained me. After the most dreadful sufferings, from ten o'clock in the morning till nine at night, remaining always in the same attitude, without power to stir myself, and bathed in sweat, I was at length relieved. But when I came out of the hay my body was so bruised, and I was so weak, from my excessive transpiration, that it was with difficulty I could walk, leaning on the arm of Mr. Stewart, for my legs could scarcely support me. (P. 250—253.)

Shortly afterwards Johnstone proceeded to London, disguised as a pedlar, and, if his account be correct, rode the same horse the whole way, and yet was only seven days in getting to London. He remained there some time, detained by a very pretty love adventure, the account of which seems to be a trial of the author's genius for novel writing. At last his love tale was terminated by the necessity he was under of quitting England, which he con-

trived to accomplish by going as a servant in the suite of Lady Jane Douglas to Holland.

It is impossible to read Mr. Johnstone's memoirs without feeling our confidence in our fellow creatures confirmed and extended. Again and again was he obliged to put his life in the hands of men burning with political and religious zeal against the cause for which he fought, who regarded a partisan of the house of Stuart as a favourer of Antichrist and a son of perdition, and who had every worldly temptation to deliver him into the hands of the civil or military authorities. Of their sentiments towards him and his party we may judge from his feelings towards them. "St. Andrews," says he, "was full of the accursed race of Cal-"vinists, hypocrites who cover over their crimes with the veil of "religion; fraudulent and dishonest in their dealings; who carry "their holy dissimulation so far as to take off their bonnets to say "grace when they take even a pinch of snuff; who have the name "of God constantly in their mouths and hell in their hearts. No "town ever so much deserved the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah." Yet amid all this fury of religious and political party feeling, the strongest motives to treachery, and the danger of serving a person denounced a traitor by the laws, Johnstone experienced in every instance the fullest truth and often the most zealous service. There must have been some noble stamina of moral feeling among a people, who could adhere thus firmly to the dictates of uncorrupted integrity, in spite of all the seductions of passion, prejudice, interest, and fear.

Art. V.—THE UNITARIAN CONTROVERSY.

1. *Discourses on the Principal Points of the Socinian Controversy.* By Ralph Wardlaw, DD. Glasgow. Third Edition. Longman and Co. London, 1819.

2. *A Vindication of Unitarianism, in Reply to Mr. Wardlaw's Discourses on the Socinian Controversy.* By James Yates, MA. Glasgow. Second Edition. Eaton. London, 1818.

3. *Unitarianism Incapable of Vindication: a Reply to the Rev. James Yates's Vindication of Unitarianism.* By Ralph Wardlaw. Longman and Co. London, 1816.

4. *The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity briefly Stated and Defended: and the Church of England Vindicated from the Charge of Uncharitableness in retaining the Athanasian Creed.* By Thomas Hartwell Horne, MA. Cadell. London, 1820.

It may appear strange to our readers that we should so often revert to the Unitarian controversy, on which we have more

than once touched in recent Numbers. But Unitarianism is to this day professed and defended. There are Unitarian congregations in many parts of the country. We still, therefore, feel it our duty occasionally to "contend for the faith as it was once delivered to the saints."

In entering on this subject, we must begin by expressing our sentiments upon one preliminary point of great importance. We think it ought to be clearly understood that the differences between the general Church and the Unitarians are by no means slight or unimportant. And we are the more particular in noticing this point, because attempts have sometimes been made to produce an opposite impression;—to represent the matters in dispute as of secondary importance;—to smooth off all the projecting points of the controversy. And although those who are acquainted with the subject can never be deceived by such representations, yet the indifferent and the ignorant, who together constitute a large portion of the community, may be misled by them. Therefore we think it necessary to set out with expressing a conviction, that our respective views are nothing less than totally opposite.

It is usual with Christians of different sects to say, we are going to heaven by different ways, and shall all meet there at the last. We hail the sentiment. When the roads by which the different parties are travelling run nearly parallel, or only diverge a little, we think nothing more possible. They may all lead to the same place. But suppose we are going one way along a road, and meet a person going the other. And suppose this person informs us that he is bound for the place which we are bound for. Here the case is totally altered. If such a person tells us boldly that he is going right, and that we are going wrong, we think it strange, but yet it may be so. We listen to what he has to say, and, possibly, turn about and go with him. But suppose he pursues a different plan. Suppose he says, "You are going to such a place. I am going there, too. You are going in that direction. I am going in this. You say your way is right. I say mine is. Farewell. We shall meet there at last."—This would be evidently absurd. We could not be going in opposite directions, yet both be going to the same place.—Yet so stands the case between the general Church and the Unitarians. We are not merely going different, we are going opposite ways. One therefore *must* be going wrong:—not merely going a little out of the way, but going totally wrong. Let us therefore understand one another. Whichever is right, the other is in a total error. The religion either of the member of the general Church, or of the Unitarian, must be a violation of the first commandment. We do not worship

the same God. It is not one of those cases which afford room for concession. To whichever party we belong, every admission that the other party is, or may be, in any degree, in the right, contains an admission that our own is, or may be, in the same degree, totally in the wrong. If they are right, the general Church is idolatrous. If we are right,—then, they deny the divinity of the Supreme Being. This is a subject which Unitarians have sometimes treated lightly. Not so Dr. Wardlaw.

"It is very obvious, that two systems, on which the sentiments, on subjects such as these, are in direct opposition, cannot, with any propriety, be confounded together under one common name. That both should be Christianity, is impossible; else Christianity is a term which distinguishes nothing. Viewing the matter abstractly, and without affirming, for the present, what is truth and what is error, this, I think, I may with confidence affirm, that to call schemes so opposite in all their great leading articles by a common appellation, is more absurd, than it would be to confound together those two irreconcileable theories in astronomy, of which the one places the earth, and the other the sun, in the centre of the planetary system. They are, in truth, *essentially different religions.* For if opposite views as to the *object of worship*, the *ground of hope for eternity*, the *rule of faith and duty*, and the *principles and motives of true obedience;*—if these do not constitute different religions, we may, without much difficulty, discover some principle of union and identity, amongst all religions whatever; we may realize the doctrine of Pope's Universal Prayer; and extend the right hand of fellowship to the worshippers at the Mosque, and to the votaries of Brama." (Discourses, p. 33.)

To speak the truth, if Unitarians are in earnest, they must, though they may not choose to say so, they *must* consider the general Church as heretical. That is, they must believe, in their own minds, that upon certain points of vital importance, we are totally in the wrong. They will say, "No. We differ from you, indeed. But whatever may be your way of worshipping, we are not so uncharitable as to call it heresy." But we answer, it must be so. The difference is by no means upon trifling points. It is upon the very principles, and upon the peculiar, the distinguishing features of the Christian religion. We are not merely going different ways. We repeat it—we are going opposite ways:—so that if they are going right, we must of necessity be going wrong. Do they really believe that they are in the way of salvation? Then they must of necessity believe that we are in a total error. Will they again say, "No?" What then are we to conclude? What can we conclude but this? That, after all, they are not sincere:—that, after all, they do not with their whole heart believe their own to be the right way. In fact, they cannot. If they were seriously convinced of this, they must

be seriously convinced that we are totally in the wrong. They may not call our faith heresy. But if they are hearty in their own, they must consider it heresy. We cannot both be Christians.

"The attempt to reduce the magnitude, or to lighten the weight, of the differences between us, is as vain a one as could well be made. They respect all that is essential and fundamental in Christianity. With as much wisdom might you try to unite the poles, or to bring east and west together. It is not at all a case, in which, by mutually explaining and softening down, the sentiments of the contending parties may be made to meet, or even to approximate. It is mere childish affectation of liberality, to talk as if they could. The two systems, which of them soever be the right or the wrong, stand as antipodes to each other, with the whole world between them. If it be Christianity, that the Son and the Holy Spirit are God, equal with the Father, and entitled to supreme adoration and homage;—that man is a fallen, guilty, and depraved creature, and, as such, utterly incapable of obtaining acceptance with God, on the ground of his own obedience or righteousness; —that the great design of Christ's coming into the world was, to atone for human guilt by the sacrifice of himself; and that his sufferings and death were thus vicarious and expiatory, and his resurrection from the dead the evidence of their efficacy, as well as the pledge of life to all who trust in his finished work;—that the influence of the Divine Spirit is necessary for the illumination of the understanding in the things of God, and for the renovation and progressive sanctification of the soul; —that the present life is the only period during which sinners of the human race can be brought to 'repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ,' and to consequent salvation;—that the good works of believers form no part of the ground of their justification before God, and their enjoyment of eternal life, but, they themselves being previously 'accepted in the Beloved,' their works also, springing from a heart renewed by grace, are accepted and approved, as fruits and evidences of that 'faith which worketh by love:'—if these, and other kindred doctrines, be Christianity, how, in the name of common sense, is it possible, that their opposites should be Christianity too? Is it not infantile weakness, for the abettors of either of these opposite systems to be angry with the supporters of the other, because they decline giving them the appellation of *Christians?* Why are we to convert this sacred name into a mere epithet of unmeaning compliment? The inconsistency is equal on both sides. It is just as absurd for Mr. Yates to bestow it on me, as it would be for me to bestow it on him. If my opponent be a Christian, I am a deluded idolater, miserably deceived in the object of my worship, and the foundation of my hope! Why should we disguise the matter, and delude ourselves and one another, by taking a name in common, when we have hardly a principle in common? I am quite prepared for the ordinary charge of illiberality and narrow-mindedness. But the charge, in such a case, has no foundation in Scripture, or in common sense; and I therefore

disregard it, and cheerfully yield the world's plaudits to those who, so unphilosophically, as well as so unscripturally, confound, under one common term, things so essentially different." (Reply, p. 379, &c.)

We find Mr. Yates, again, paying high compliments to Mr. Wardlaw, and speaking of his "very excellent observations," (Vindication of Unitarianism, 2d edit. p. 14,) whereas he must know very well that he and his antagonist are of different religions.

We cannot enter more particularly on the present subject, without pausing to observe, that much evil appears to us to originate from that species of liberality of which Unitarians are the advocates. It is, we apprehend, the liberality of indifference. "I am not so much attached to my way of thinking, but that you are very welcome to keep yours." Now we see not where is the charity of such a style of sentiment. Charity may wish well to one of a different opinion. But charity cannot alter the nature of things. Charity cannot reconcile opposite sentiments, so as to make two hostile systems equally credible. The cause of this kind of liberality we suspect to be, that Unitarians, in fact, have no fixed views, have no determinate set of opinions. Thus they will sometimes argue about passages of Scripture with much apparent earnestness; as if, provided the meaning of the passage were once determined, they would readily defer to its authority. But bring them a passage where the meaning *is* determined, and they decline to defer to it. Now, if they think that a passage of Scripture whose meaning is clear, is not always to be deferred to as decisive, they might say so. But then, we ask, why do they ever argue a passage at all? Why do they contest its meaning? Why do they not say at once, "If it do mean so, if it be proved to mean so, even then we will not take it, after all. We have a thousand loopholes to creep out by?" The opposite course of conduct affords occasion to suspect a species of mental reservation: to suspect, that with all this earnest arguing there is no real earnestness. The whole contest is reduced to a mere σκιαμαχια. No matter if the passage be not as we argue. We still can deny its authority.

As to Mr. Yates, it is utterly impossible to find out what are his real sentiments upon some of the leading points in the Socinian controversy: and therefore we think it is but natural to ask if he has any. At page 15 he says, "Whether the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures be a doctrine of the Christian religion, is one of those questions upon which Unitarians are divided in opinion." The subject is one, by the bye, on which there is very little of practical division among them. At another place, he gives us a little light into his sentiments.

"If it be asked, what kind and degree of evidence would be sufficient to establish the doctrine of the Trinity, thus understood, I reply, No evidence whatsoever;" (☞) "not even the clearest declarations of the Scriptures themselves. For its own intrinsic absurdity is more decisive *against* it, than any contrary evidence could be *for* it. To use the words of Priestley, it is a doctrine 'which councils and parliaments may decree, but which miracles cannot prove.'" ... "Agreeably, therefore, to the axioms laid down in the Chapter upon Mysteries, (p. 1. c. 4,) we ought to reject this doctrine, even though it were plainly stated in the Scriptures; because it is in itself impossible, and because it contradicts one of the fundamental articles of both natural and revealed religion, the Unity of God." (Vindication, p. 126.)

Which comes to this.—Bring me something that my reason approves of, and I will believe it upon the authority of the Bible. But bring me something that offends my reason, and I will do no such thing. Ergo, the Bible is of no authority with me, except where no authority is wanted.—It may appear to some a pleasing token of liberality when Mr. Yates speaks of the points of contention among ecclesiastics, as "unmeaning sounds and frivolous disputes." (P. 253.) But we see to what this liberality tends, when shortly after (p. 259,) our author speaks with great tenderness of "the extensive schism of the Mohammedans ... from among those who believed in the Divine authority of Jesus." The extensive schism of the Mohammedans!!!

But the fact is, that from what is written by one Unitarian, we never can divine what are the sentiments of the rest. Sometimes we find their authors taking up quite an unexpected ground. Mr. Hutton, of Leeds, assures us in his "sermon," respecting a leading doctrine of Christianity, that if it "were indisputably the doctrine of the gospel," he "should not think himself warranted to reject *the fact*, merely because he could not comprehend the *mode* of it." (P. 74.) This is absolutely abandoning the ground which Unitarians generally occupy. So also Mr. Joseph Hunter, in his sermon preached at Bath, says that whatever the Christian Scriptures contain, the Unitarian "holds himself bound to receive. In his view of the subject, their decision on every question is to be final. There are to be no further arguments. What is there revealed, whatever it may be, that he feels himself bound to receive." (P. 27.) This is totally at variance with Mr. Yates. According to him there are doctrines, which "not even the clearest declarations of the Scriptures themselves" would establish. Mr. George Harris, on the contrary, forgets himself, and speaks his mind freely. We find him talking, in the preface to a second edition of his sermon preached at Liverpool, April 19, 1818, of carrying "the pure light of the gospel into those counties which are yet enveloped

in the darkness, the gross darkness of reputed orthodoxy." Here he speaks like a man. So he does when he speaks of our system being soon consigned to that oblivion—"from which, I trust," he adds, "it will never more emerge, to blast and blight all the kind and holy feelings of humanity." Here we see the Unitarian. So also, when referring to late events at Geneva, he says, "It would however not be the less consistent, if those who now so loudly declaim against the intolerance of the pastors of Geneva, and who are pouring forth their lamentations over the apostate church, in bitterness of spirit, would cease to designate themselves by the name of the murderer of Servetus!" (P. 72.) If Unitarians would always speak in this manner, we should know with whom we had to deal.

But as there is nothing like consistency of opinion to be found among them, we can but conclude that they have not yet made up their minds as to what are the real opinions of their body. We may also conclude, from the tone of spurious liberality which they maintain, that when in particular cases their views are more decided, even there they have by no means just notions of their true degree of importance. To us they appear like men stumbling and floating about upon broken pieces of ice; steady now and then for a time, but borne hither and thither by the wind and currents, and never for one moment upon a secure resting-place.

Their main object, indeed, seems to be, to make out a case, and to maintain a good appearance in print. And if Mr. Yates's book was written to answer the purpose of a Unitarian stock-book, a something to put into people's hands, we do not hesitate to say that we think he has succeeded. All is cautious, plausible, and smooth. Yet the design is apparent enough. A case is to be made out. Hence attempts are sometimes made to prove a point, and forgotten as soon as made. Therefore the argument can only have been framed for the occasion. And thus the Unitarian goes on, taking up one position after another, assuming various attitudes of defence or of aggression for a time, and then abandoning them for new ones. It is evident that a system thus supported can have no better foundation than a house built upon the sand. The remark will apply to various Unitarian works which we have lately examined; and in which we have met with so many assertions which can only have been made on the supposition, that the reader would have no opportunity to ascertain the truth; so many representations of the views and meanings of authors, which could only be offered on the supposition that the reader would not have the authors to refer to; so many artful, so many daring perversions of the truth, that we can only imagine one object to have been had in view, that

of making up a case at any rate, of getting up something that might serve to be handed to the ignorant and credulous, and convince them at once that Unitarians alone hold the true faith, and that all who oppose them are ignorant, bigoted, and unjust.

It must form part of such a design, too, to get over difficulties. All must be made smooth. The way must be cleared before the learner. And when there is any difficulty in the path, the Unitarians are admirable hands at getting over it. This appears, especially, in their way of disposing of inconvenient passages of Scripture. It is astonishing how clean are the wounds which they thus make in the vitals of Christianity. Mr. Marshall, for instance, in a letter to the Rev. T. White, in consequence of his "address to the inhabitants of St. Alban's," makes a singular alteration in 2 Cor. v. 19. For "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself," (Θεος ἡν ἐν Χριστω κοσμον καταλασσων ἑαυτω,) he gives us—"God in (that is *by* or *through*) Christ reconciled the world to himself." (P. 16.) —Dr. Priestley pursues much the same plan with regard to the epistle attributed to Barnabas. The passage which chiefly troubles him he avers to be an interpolation: and says, with respect to the rest, 'that "an Unitarian will find no difficulty in accommodating them to his principles."* It is clear, then, that when Scripture stands in the way of the Unitarians, they are determined to get the better of it at any rate. The following are the words of Dr. Priestley, quoted both by Dr. Wardlaw and Dr. Magee.

"Though not satisfied with any interpretation that has been given of this extraordinary passage," (John vi. 62,) "yet, rather than believe our Saviour to have existed in any other state before the creation of the world, or to have left some state of great dignity and happiness when he came hither, I would have recourse to the old and exploded Socinian idea of Christ's actual ascent into heaven, or of his imagining that he had been carried up thither in a vision, which, like that of St. Paul, he had not been able to distinguish from a reality:—nay, I would not build an article of faith of such magnitude on the correctness of John's recollection and representation of our Lord's language:—and so strange and incredible does the hypothesis of a pre-existent state appear, that, sooner than admit it, I would suppose the whole verse to be an interpolation; or that the old apostle dictated one thing, and his amanuensis wrote another."

Thus it appears how the Unitarians treat the Bible. Their views are evidently independent of that book. They have views not taken from the Scriptures. Then they come to the Scriptures, and regulate their views of their contents by the views

* See British Review, No. XIII. Art. X. p. 236.

which they had before. This principle of judgment is clearly betrayed by Mr. Yates, in a passage noticed by Dr. Wardlaw. The latter gentleman having remarked concerning John viii. 58, that "our Lord expressly affirms that he existed before Abraham," Mr. Yates observes, "The truth of his observation will be admitted probably by all Unitarians, who believe in the *pre-existence* of Christ:" (Vindication, p. 199:) which is as much as to say, that Unitarians will believe the Bible, if it agrees with their own previous belief, but not otherwise.

It is impossible not to notice the mode of speaking adopted by the Unitarians, concerning the sacred volume: the sense of the whole body is but too well expressed in those words of Dr. Priestley:—"Sooner than admit it, I would suppose the whole verse to be an interpolation; or that the old apostle dictated one thing, and his amanuensis wrote another." Thus too, Mr. Marshall, in his letter, speaks of the assertion of our Lord's Divinity, as giving "that character of paradox and absurdity to the Scriptures, which makes it the duty of every honest and sane mind to reject them with scorn." (P. 33.) So also Mr. Yates, speaking of a kindred doctrine, says, "the testimony of the Scriptures would not prove it to be true; on the contrary, its occurrence in the Scriptures would prove them to be false." (P. 158.) But Mr. Worsley, author of "An Inquiry into the Origin of Christmas-day," goes further still.

"Mankind have resembled each other on every spot, whether savage or civilized, wherever a society of them has been formed. They have soon departed from the beautiful simplicity of natural religion, and have imagined some of themselves inspired to introduce new ideas into the worship of the Divinity, and new characteristics into his disposition, and also into his nature. With the Hebrews and the northern nations he has assumed a similar character; the Lord of Hosts, the God of War: nor was the Jupiter of Rome less famed for his warlike achievements." (P. 47.)

The title, then, of Lord of Hosts, was a "new idea introduced into the worship of the Divinity," by some person who "imagined himself inspired." We took this for Deism. But the author describes himself as "a Minister to a Dissenting Congregation," and dedicates his work "to the members of the Unitarian fund." The same gentleman speaks of the appearance of the angel to the shepherds, and of another event which attended our Lord's birth, in the following terms.

"There is no small confusion in the present manner of speaking of these people—our New Testament calls them shepherds, by some they are described as magi, or wise men, and the French almanack knows them by the terms, *les trois rois*, the three kings. The tale of the star too is a strange tale, and not borne out or explained by any thing

whatever that is found in either sacred or profane history; in short, as it is an affair that is in no sort tangible, we are obliged to leave it where we find it; though we fain would know what it means." (P. 5, note.)

One part of the Unitarian system is, not to take the whole sense of Scripture as it stands, and to believe it reconcileable with itself in every part, but to take only a portion, and make the rest give way to it. In this manner sacred writ is set up in opposition to itself. This is particularly the case with respect to that important subject, the nature of our Saviour. Here they take what relates to his humanity, and set it up against what relates to his Divinity. Dr. Wardlaw has an excellent canon upon this subject:—" that of two contending systems, that one ought to be preferred, which not only affords a natural explanation of those texts by which it seems to be itself supported; but, at the same time, furnishes a satisfactory principle of harmony, between these, and those other passages, which have the appearance of countenancing its opposite." (Discourses, p. 43.) This canon of interpretation is afterwards instructively applied to the doctrine of the twofold nature of the Saviour.

" Here are two classes of passages, both contained in the same book,—both claiming to have their testimony received, as of the same authority.—Here are two bands of witnesses. They all seem to speak in language plain and distinctly intelligible; but they appear to contradict one another.—What, then, shall we make of them?—Whether are we to receive the testimony of the one, or that of the other? —Or must we reject that of both?—Or shall we apply scourges, and racks, and screws, and all the instruments of torture, to force from the one, or from the other, a declaration, that they did not at all intend to express what their language seems, beyond all doubt, to convey?—Or, lastly, is there no principle of reconciliation and harmony between their apparently discordant testimonies? Is there no ground on which both may consistently be believed; since both appear to be supported by the very same measure of credible evidence? —Here is the question;—here, I apprehend, the one great point on which the whole controversy turns. And in answer to the question, I still affirm, as before, There *is* such a principle—there *is* such a ground —and besides it there is *no other*. It is to be found, as formerly stated, in the double view which is given by the apostle Paul, of the person and official character of Jesus, when he says respecting him, that ' being in the form of God, he thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man; and being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.' Admit the double view of the person of Christ, which is here stated, and the difficulty vanishes.

The testimony of the different witnesses, elicited without torture, and interpreted without perversion, becomes *one testimony.*" (Discourses, p. 184, &c.)

Whatever be the doctrine of any part of the Scriptures, that, we apprehend, is a doctrine of the Bible. We mean, it is a fixed, incontrovertible point, and must be included in our faith, and taken in as a portion of the system to be believed, whatever else we find in other parts of the book. Dr. Wardlaw, indeed, has given us a very just view of the state of the argument between the Unitarians and ourselves. Both parties quote Scripture in support of their opinions. But there is this difference. Their quotations may stand good, and overset no part of our opinions. But, on the contrary, if our quotations stand good, their system must come to the ground.

But, according to the Unitarian views, proofs are no proofs. That is, evidence may be set aside by argument. The Word of God, even when allowed to possess a certain degree of ill-defined authority, may be reasoned out of its plain meaning. When they have taken the book, or any part of it, to be authentic, their system leaves them at liberty, if they afterwards do not like it, to regard it as authentic no longer. The truth of every statement is to be decided, not by the evidence in favour of the authenticity of that statement, or against it, but by opinions formed upon the subject before the statement comes to them. Take, for instance, the case of the disputed text of the three witnesses. They regard it as false, and accordingly are apt to speak of it as asserting the doctrine of the Trinity, which indeed, whether false or true, it does in very plain terms. But suppose, by some unforeseen means, we were enabled to prove that the text was unquestionably authentic; we doubt not they would then begin to reason upon it, and not rest till they had made out a proof of its not containing the doctrine, or a shadow of the doctrine, of the Trinity.

Now it is clear that if such principles of reasoning were generally adopted, no knowledge of any thing at all strange or unaccountable could in any way be communicated to the human mind. For, then, it would receive indeed what was plain and intelligible, but that alone. And from the adoption of precisely such principles it is, that ignorant persons, who have seen but little of the world, continue in wilful ignorance all their lives. Tell such persons that there are parts of the world where the shadows point to the south at noon; or others, where the sun, at particular seasons, is never below the horizon during the twenty-four hours; or others, where there are black swans, and plants which blossom from the old wood of former years; and they will say it is impossible, because they know of nothing

of the kind. A negro, on the same principle, who had never travelled from between the tropics, if told that there are countries where water at times is hardened through the cold, would refuse his credence for similar reasons. Thus, wherever there is a spirit of ill-regulated incredulity, and an ignorant impatience of instruction, much knowledge is quite shut out. And fatal indeed is the case, where the knowledge thus excluded is the knowledge of the true God and our only Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Thus there will always be a difficulty in coping with Unitarians; not only because of their readiness to explain away the meaning of Scripture, but also because of their disbelief of it where there is no question about the meaning at all. No wonder, then, that their views of Christianity are so imperfect. "According to them," says Dr. Wardlaw, "the grand distinction of the gospel is, its ascertaining the certainty of a resurrection from the dead, a judgment to come, and a future state of rewards and punishments." And it is singularly observable that there is not one of these three important doctrines, which constitute the sum and substance of the Unitarian gospel, that Unitarians have not perverted. With regard to the resurrection from the dead, we shall have to observe, before we have done, a singular misrepresentation. With regard to the judgment to come, they infinitely mitigate its awfulness, by detracting from the dignity of the Judge. And with regard to the doctrine of a future state, they mask its aspect of terror towards the wicked, by the universalism which pervades their volumes.

At the same time, since they have not what is really peculiar to the gospel, we are not to wonder if we sometimes find them insisting much on what is not so. Mr. Yates has published a sermon, which he calls "The peculiar Doctrines of the Gospel." The first half of this discourse is occupied in an attempt to show what are *not* the peculiar docrines of the gospel. Then we come to what *are* so: and the three following are given;—the resurrection of the dead—that the love of God is the first and greatest commandment—and universal philanthropy. We hardly think, however, that either of these doctrines can be called peculiar to the gospel. The Pharisees held the resurrection of the dead in common with St. Paul: "I have hope toward God," said he, "which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." (Acts xxiv. 15.) Nay, a little while before he had only occasion to say that he maintained the doctrine, to make a party in his favour. (See Acts xxiii. 6—9.) As to the doctrine that the love of God is the first and greatest commandment, the scribes, (Mark xii 32, 33,) and the lawyers, (Luke x.

26, 27,) seem to have had some idea of it. And, with regard to the doctrine of universal philanthropy, Christians have had it in common with Franklin, with the French theophilanthropists, and with Terence. It is singular that, on the subject of "the first and greatest commandment," Mr. Yates gives a reference to the very passage cited by us from St. Mark. St. Luke is decidedly against him; and we find no reference to this apostle. —The true distinction of Christians is the *practice* of these duties. Happy would it be, were the distinction more strongly marked!

All this confusion, we apprehend, comes from not knowing what *is* peculiar to the gospel. From the same cause, too, many of the most celebrated defenders of the external evidences of Christianity have been persons unsound in their views on internal and essential points. They stand up for externals, because to them the externals are all. In fighting for them, they are fighting for life. Wanting the internal evidence in their hearts, the external evidence to them is every thing. They have indeed a conviction that the Christian religion is true. And so had the people who believed in the name of Jesus, "because they saw the miracles that he did."—"But Jesus," we are told, "did not commit himself unto them, because he knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man."

Then, too, in contending with Unitarians, one is often disconcerted by finding them still persevering to urge the often exploded doctrine, that what is mysterious is not the object of faith. This self-contradictory notion is indeed rejected by one of their writers, as we have seen, where he assures us that he would not reject a fact, merely because he could not understand the mode of it. Yet, beyond a question, without it, Unitarianism comes to the ground. Therefore Unitarian authors, in some shape or other, are generally very zealous in defending it. "I believe," says Mr. Marshall, "in the existence of a blade of grass, because I see it; but I believe nothing about its formation and growth, because I know nothing about it." (p. 8.) Now such a doctrine comes to this:—that many things are both credible and incredible; both true and false. For instance. Two persons see the same phenomenon take place. One is learned, and can account for it. Therefore, he is to believe it. The other is ignorant, and cannot account for it. Therefore, he is not to believe it. This is like the doctrine which was started some time ago in Ireland: a doctrine, if we recollect right, to this effect; that a man who can raise three shillings and sixpence ought to have a Bible; but a man who cannot, ought to go without one. We smiled when we heard Dr.

Thorpe, at a public meeting, with true Hibernian humour and felicity, expatiating upon this doctrine; but we little thought that another, so nearly resembling it, would be found deducible from the principles of any class of our own countrymen. If we pursue their principles, it follows, that we are not to believe many facts which occur under our observation. If we are not to believe the doctrine of the Trinity because we do not understand the mode of its subsistence, then we are not to believe the fact of the blade's growing, because we cannot tell how it grows. Suppose, for instance, a Unitarian going from Dover to France. The wind is foul. However, they beat to windward, and, somehow or other, contrive to get in. But how is this? Make way against the wind, and that by the aid of the wind? Reason forbids him to believe it. Behold him, however, at length safely landed in Calais harbour. According to his own system, it is imperative on him to deny the fact. He is bound to maintain that he is not at Calais, that he is still at Dover. Or take another instance. Put our Unitarian tourist on board a steam-packet at Billingsgate. The tide is running up. How then is the vessel to get down? How is she to make her way against the course of the water by a power acting upon the water? The thing is contrary to reason. At length, however, it is announced that they have reached Margate. He goes upon deck, and an incredible phenomenon presents itself. He is within the pier. But shall he then believe his eyes? No. He will act a more rational part. He will believe his reason. "The steward may say we are there, but I say it is impossible. This is not Margate pier, but the Custom House stairs. These are hoys about to sail from London to Margate, not hoys about to sail from Margate to London. These are the cockneys of London come down to stare at us, not the cockneys of Margate. You, Mr. Steward, are at Margate. That I allow. For you can understand the principle of the steam-vessel. But to me it is perfectly incomprehensible. I, therefore, am still off the Tower. Unless, indeed, the tide has carried us up to Battersea, which, by all the laws of motion, it ought to have done."—Thus, some years ago, when a racehorse was expected at Paris from London, the French mathematicians set to work, and proved by algebra that it was physically impossible for the animal to go the distance for which he was backed, within the given time. Shortly after he arrived, and performed the match. So much at present for the ingenious Mr. Marshall of St. Alban's.

Mr. Wardlaw's observation upon doctrines above reason, affords a good addition to a well-known idea of Locke's.

"The doctrine of which I now speak, is freely admitted to be *above*

reason. But it is of consequence to observe, that, on this very account, it seems impossible to prove it *contrary to reason*. It is a common and just remark, that there is an essential difference between any thing being above reason, and being contrary to it; and that it may be the former without being the latter. I think, we may go a step farther; and affirm, as I have just hinted, that the very circumstance of its being the former, precludes the possibility of proving it to be the latter. I question whether any thing that is above reason, can ever be shown to be contrary to it." (Discourses, p. 22.)

We are inclined to go a step further still: and to suggest, that nothing which is above reason admits of being proved, by internal evidence, to be *according* to reason. It may admit of being proved, by internal evidence, to be good, to be salutary, to be true. But, being above reason, it cannot be proved by internal evidence to be according to reason. The proof must be external. This is the only kind of proof which the case admits of.—And this proof Unitarians reject. People must be indeed far from truth, when they reject the only possible medium by which the knowledge of spiritual things can be conveyed to them. " For my own part," says Dr. Wardlaw, " so far from being staggered by finding mysteries in revelation, I am satisfied that the entire absence of them would have formed a much stronger ground for suspicion." (P. 25.)

We have another cause of complaint against the Unitarians, (which we shall now, however, only briefly note,) in their manner of viewing spiritual and invisible, in comparison with material and visible things. Their idea seems to be, that the former are regulated by the laws of the latter: that wherever a law is found to prevail with regard to the natural creation, that same law, *à majori*, must govern the supernatural creation, nay, must govern the actions of the Creator of all things. Views of this kind they betray, in their mode of getting over the argument for the doctrine of the Trinity drawn from the plurality of the Hebrew word אלהים: arguing that because kings speak of themselves in the plural number, *therefore*, by analogy, the Almighty does so:—as if the Creator's mode of speaking of himself could be regulated by his creatures. If they answer that the Almighty never, actually, *did* employ the plural mode of expression in speaking of himself, but is only represented to have done so by the sacred writers, we reply that this answer of theirs only tends to confirm our opinion, already expressed, that they do not believe their Bible. It is in much the same spirit that Captain J. Gifford, RN, author of " the Unitarian's Defence," speaking of two things, both of which he supposes to be predicated of the Deity, as " distinct of themselves," (meaning thereby, if we understand him, *irreconcileable*,) adds " nor can

one be interchanged for the other without a subversion of the established order of nature." (P. 25.) As if, supposing it pleased the Almighty to interchange one thing for another, the subversion of the established order of nature could stop him for one moment.—Thus does this author regulate the Creator by the thing created.—But this topic of discussion would lead us into a very extensive field, and we leave it to proceed to plainer matters.

We have to mention, then, that the unbelief of the Unitarian to us appears to be connected, as unbelief generally is, with extreme *credulity*. When there are stronger reasons for believing a thing than for disbelieving it, the unbeliever is more credulous than the believer: because, though he will not believe the particular fact which is offered for his acceptance, he will believe that which is more difficult of credence: namely, he will believe that stronger evidence is inferior to weaker—that the more powerful testimony is to be rejected, and the feebler to be received. To us it appears that the Unitarians, in rejecting what they call difficult of credence, are often compelled, as their only alternative, to accept something that is more difficult. Some of their writers, for instance, while they deny the actual omnipresence of Christ, seem willing to admit, as the only way of at all satisfying various passages of Scripture, his virtual omnipresence. Now to believe in the virtual presence of any being, rather than in his actual presence, to us appears a credulous preference of the more difficult alternative. We shall not imitate the plan of our opponents, and, because we cannot understand how there can be such a thing as virtual presence where there is not real presence, say it is impossible:—because, with God, nothing is impossible:—and therefore it always gives us an unpleasant feeling, when dogmatical persons pronounce any thing to be impossible, even though it appear to contradict our conceptions of the Divine attributes. But, we ask, what can be more *unlikely*, than that any being should be in operation, where he is not,—should be acting, where he is not,—should be putting forth his power, where he is not? What is the power of God? Is it an agency? an influence? a vapour? a subtile and ethereal substance? No. It is none of these. It is God. Wherever God is acting, there he is. Mr. Horne boldly, but, we think, justly, affirms of our Saviour, that "his acting in all places, in the preservation of all things which exist, NECESSARILY INFERS HIS BEING PRESENT in all those places, in all points of duration, and in every part of space where he exerts his preserving and upholding power." (P. 31.) Now we object to the word "necessarily" in one sense in which it may be taken, because we know of no necessity but the will of God.

But, with this merely verbal exception, we entirely agree with Mr. Horne. And we think that the doctrine of a virtual presence where there is not a real presence is not only a proof of extreme credulity in those who hold it, but may fairly be reckoned, (like the idea of a man's becoming divine in knowledge and in power, but not in extension, spoken of by Dr. Wardlaw in his "Reply," p. 210,) as one of the "*mysteries of Unitarianism.*" Thus then stands the case. The unbelievers are credulous.—The foes of every thing mysterious have their mysteries. Such are the contradictions of the

"Conjurati cœlum rescindere fratres!"

Still, however, unbelief is the grand characteristic of the Unitarian system. And a token of it we find, in their virtually rejecting truths which are very commonly considered to belong to what is called natural religion. We particularly allude to those, to which we have just been referring; the omnipresence and universal agency of God; (which indeed if any of us believed as we ought, we should be very different from what we are). It is to a strong but latent repugnance to these doctrines that we trace much of the Unitarian error. Hence, we imagine, arises their hostility to the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. This doctrine cannot be received as it is presented for our acceptance in the New Testament, unless we will believe that God is every where present and acting. If we come to consider, we shall find that this is the cause of the resistance which our hearts make to the doctrine. It seems to us, that Unitarians deny that the Holy Spirit is God, because they believe that there may be a manifestation of the Divine power, an influence, an operation, and yet God himself not be present. The same remark applies to the doctrine of Christ. We apprehend, that if it had merely been taught in the Bible that there exist *in heaven* three divine Persons in the Unity of the Godhead, few who believe in the external evidences of Christianity would have been solicitous to deny the doctrine. If this were all, there would never have been persons calling themselves Unitarians. But tell them that one of these divine Persons was Jesus Christ of Nazareth, that this Jesus Christ was born in such a country in such a year, that in his person God held converse with men, and the human nature was taken into the divine,—nay, tell them, especially, that the connexion thus formed, still exists and is maintained; that the whole was and is a real transaction and a real fact;—this, we apprehend, is what startles and offends them. And lamentable must be the state of a man while he partakes of all the infirmities and all the guilt of human nature unrenewed, and yet God cannot come

down from heaven to deliver him from this sad and dangerous condition, but the very idea is revolting to his mind. In that man's heart there must be an obstacle that blocks out all religious influence,—a barrier to the entrance of saving truth, which nothing but Omnipotence can subdue. It is hard to form a conception of any man more completely cut off from God.

We must observe also, on the debilitating tendency of the Unitarian scheme; of which many examples might be given; but the only token which we shall now mention, is in the scantiness of Unitarian exertion to propagate the knowledge of even what Unitarians call Christianity. They have, it seems, actually got what may be called a little mission-station at Madras, of which Mr. Harris, in his book already mentioned, gives us some particulars. It is striking to observe how Unitarianism limps and droops, when it comes to the test of actual exertion. Here we have a variety of particulars laid before us, to Unitarians, no doubt, extremely interesting. But in what does it all end? A missionary and some books are wanted.—And mark, gentle reader, the elegiac strains of Mr. Harris.

"Surely the time cannot be distant when some well qualified and benevolent individual, will be induced to go from this country, and submit to the difficulties and perils of a Missionary life, in order to propagate pure and uncorrupt Christianity among the poor Indians on the Malabar coast. Surely such an individual could even now be found, if the Unitarian body could but be roused from its apathy. But it is indeed strange, 'tis passing strange,' 'tis pitiful, that nothing should yet have been done even towards raising the small sum of 500*l.* (which would be the probable cost of the undertaking,) for the purpose of defraying the expense of printing the Prayer-book, and some Tracts, in the Tamul language. But unless this be done, it must be evident, that no great and lasting good can be accomplished at Madras, by this amiable and excellent man, in comparison with whom there are indeed but few, whose exertions are even worthy of notice. The Members of the Fellowship Fund of the United Unitarian Congregations of Loughborough and Mount Sorrel, deserve great praise for their conduct on this subject. They have set an excellent example; which, would the other Fellowship Funds but follow it, something might yet be accomplished worthy the wealth and talents of the Unitarian denomination. But till then we must be content to be the laughing-stock of every other sect, and reprobated, deservedly reprobated, for the want of that zeal and that benevolence, without which the purest principles are of little avail." (Discourses, Appendix, p. 74.)

Such is Unitarianism. The whole Christian world is now intent upon the great work of evangelizing the heathen. England, in particular, is pouring forth her wealth, and sending

forth her sons, to aid the cause. Meanwhile a congregation professing the "pure and uncorrupt" doctrines of Unitarianism makes its appearance on the Malabar coast. These poor Indians stretch forth their imploring arms to their British brethren, saying, "come over and help us."—Appeals are made to the feelings and to the pockets of the party. And what is the result? The great cause of truth, of "pure and uncorrupt" truth, stands still for want of one missionary and 500*l.*! Even stimuli fail to excite. The members of one Fellowship Fund set the example. The members of others do not follow it.—We apprehend there is no great zeal in the leader of the Madras congregation, William Roberts. He writes that he received a letter and a parcel of books on the 8th (or 9th) of April; but adds "I had no leisure to attend at the Chapel before the 3d of May." Thus nearly a month elapsed after he had received the parcel from England. And then he "read the contents of the letter to his brethren in Tamul, and showed them the books." Henry Martyn, we think, would not have done so. This William Roberts is the person who is afterwards spoken of, in the above extract, as the "amiable and excellent man, in comparison with whom there are indeed but few, whose exertions are even worthy of notice:"—a bitter sarcasm, on the part of Mr Harris, upon the members of the Unitarian connexion. The cause of all this failure and coldness is well pointed out in a small tract, connected with the present controversy, which has lately come before us. "Could they not then sacrifice a few pounds a year (the only expense they were at) in propagating their views?" (The circumstance alluded to is the stoppage of a publication that came out in numbers.) "If they could not, they at once tell us the fate of their cause, and the real spirit by which they have been actuated in separating from other societies. Success requires efforts or labour. Labour is expense. A cause that does not warm the blood of its friends, and raise the mind to a real love to God and their neighbours, cannot afford that expense, and therefore fails." (Dialogue between a Free-thinking Christian and a Minister. Preface.)

We must here refer, also, to a striking defect in Unitarian discourses; namely, that they frequently consist, almost entirely, of matter totally unsuited to the pulpit. We have before us, for instance, a sermon preached at Norwich on the day of the interment of his late Majesty, by Thomas Madge, which consists of little more than political discussion. The following extracts read more like passages from a newspaper, than parts of a discourse delivered from the pulpit.

"We have glorious reigns ending in holy alliances—misnomer be-

getting misnomer, and delusion gathering upon delusion. Holy alliance, forsooth! as if that alliance could be called holy, otherwise than in ridicule and in sport, which is nothing else than a base conspiracy against the rights and liberties of free-born men."

"I cannot call that reign a glorious reign, the greater part of which has been spent in waging war against the liberty and independence of those, who had as much right to be free and independent as ourselves. Victories we may have gained—splendid victories, by sea and by land—but to what have those victories led?" (P. 27.)

This is what we must look for from Unitarians. When we find controversy substituted for religion, we may generally expect faction for politics. A popular candidate for Westminster might borrow for the hustings from many of their discourses.

But we think the point to be especially noticed in Unitarian writers, is a deficiency in that particular in which they consider themselves most eminent—we mean a deficiency of intellect. This we consider a singular and very observable infirmity, extensively pervading the party. We shall dwell upon this subject at some length, specifying various particulars which have led to our conclusions upon the subject, and requesting the reader to remember all along, that our object is not merely to expose infirmity, for of that we all partake; but to expose the glaring combination of arrogance and weakness.

One common token is *a constant habit of laying great stress in argument upon what is admitted by the opposite party.* Unitarian writers are for ever insisting upon conceded truths. Thus Mr. Yates devotes a chapter (part ii. chap. ii.) to "The Evidence for the Unity of God from the Testimony of the Scriptures," well knowing, all the while, that the Divine Unity is a doctrine of the general Church. In the same manner we find Unitarians constantly spending their labour in proving the humanity of Christ, a doctrine which they might find asserted to their hearts' content in the Athanasian creed. Dr. Wardlaw justly animadverts on this mode of proceeding. Speaking of a book published by a Unitarian, he says—

"Respecting this little work, I have only time to say, that a great proportion of it, especially what regards the unity of God, and the humanity of Jesus Christ, contains proofs of what nobody denies..... We assert that in the unity of God there is a distinction of persons:—we are met by proofs of the unity of God. We assert that Jesus Christ was God as well as man:—we are encountered with multiplied evidences of his humanity. The true points of difference on these subjects are thus completely evaded..... It is not enough to say, that the work only professes to contain a statement of Unitarian principles. The object of it is to show that these principles are *scriptural;* and it is addressed to the friends of free *inquiry.* But it is, from the nature of the case, impossible for a Unitarian to prove his principles on these

subjects *scriptural*, except by proving that the principles of Trinitarians are *un*scriptural. It ought to be his business, instead of *proving* the *Unity* of God, to *dis*prove the *Trinity;* instead of *proving* Christ's humanity, to *dis*prove his *divinity*. If he can do this, he will have done every thing:—but till he has done this, he has done absolutely nothing, except having deceived his readers." (Reply, p. 317, note.)

Here then is one token of a weakness of the rational faculties in the Unitarian controversialist. He argues away with all his might, but perceives not that he is gaining nothing but what is granted to him. Like a child on a rocking-horse, he rides full gallop, but perceives not that he is making no advance. He gains, indeed, in one way. For, by the very act of arguing for admitted truths, he conveys an impression to the uninformed, that his adversary opposes those truths. This impression, meanwhile, is often totally false. Thus,—with regard to those two doctrines to which we have particularly referred, and for which Unitarians argue so stoutly, namely, the unity of the Godhead, and the humanity of the Saviour,—not only are they *allowed* by the general Church, but explicitly stated, insisted on, inculcated, as of immense importance to the Christian scheme. The only question, as we shall see before we have done, is, whether after all the Unitarians themselves really hold them.

A very similar weakness to that we have mentioned, is the following. The Unitarian will occasionally *attack some point which his opponent does not concede, and yet such that if he gain it he in fact gains little or nothing; and will then triumph as if this barren victory had decided the contest:* much in the same way as Napoleon asserted that he had gained the battle of Waterloo, because his troops, in the early part of the day, carried a position in advance of our lines. We have already noticed an instance of this, exposed by Dr. Wardlaw. Speaking of Heb. i. 10, Mr. Yates observes, that the only question is, "Whether this quotation was intended by the writer *as an address to Christ*." And he endeavours to disprove this by a disquisition on the word προς, the object of which is to show, that Προς τον Υιον, in the 8th verse, does not mean "unto the Son," but "concerning the Son." Now, we say, grant this. Grant that προς means "concerning" and not "unto." The concession makes no difference whatever. Still the words in the 10th verse are an address, and can be nothing but an address. We have, indeed, here, a strange obliquity of intellect. Mr. Yates sits down contented with his victory over προς, and forgets that the words which follow still stand in the Bible, to the utter confutation of his system, an address to the Son of God, declaring his proper deity in characters of light, and proclaiming it to the whole world with a voice clear as that of a trumpet.

Many, indeed, are the barren victories of Unitarianism. The question in such cases, if there be any, is whether a victory has actually been gained by them. But, granting even a partial degree of success in some instances, as far as regards the establishing of a particular point, we are sure, after all, to find, that their success is of no use to them. This is shown in several examples by Dr. Wardlaw. This gentleman, in his Discourses, produces 1 Thess. iii. 11—13, as a passage in which "Jesus is acknowledged in connexion with God the Father as ordering the events of Providence." Mr. Yates turns to Griesbach, and finds the words ὁ Κυριος (the Lord), in the beginning of verse 12, marked as doubtful. He observes, therefore, that if they be omitted, the passage will read thus: "Now God himself and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, direct our way unto you, and make you to increase and abound in love one toward another," &c. (P. 226.) But, as Dr. Wardlaw justly asks, what material difference as to the *argument* is made by this omission? (Reply, p. 264.) It still is true that, in this passage, "Jesus is acknowledged in connexion with God the Father as ordering the events of Providence." Thus even the victories of Unitarians are unprofitable. And when they have proved all that they want to prove, it turns out that they have proved nothing.

Another instance of intellectual weakness appears in a constant propensity of Unitarian writers, in controversy, to commit that error in logic which is called *petitio principii*, or "*begging the question*." This is an error, indeed, to which all reasoners are liable; it being exceedingly difficult to avoid sometimes taking that for granted which we believe to be true. But the error positively pervades the writings of Unitarians; which, for the honour of their intellectual claims, ought to be totally free from it. When we come to examine their arguments, we constantly find them resting on an assumption of that which is to be proved. We have an instance of the *petitio principii* (we do not mean to say only *one*) in Captain Gifford's "defence." In proof of the Unitarian doctrine, he quotes Rom. xi. 36. The words in the Bible are, "Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things." But the gallant officer gives the passage thus. "Of him, and through him, and to him (*the Father*) are all things." (P. 14.) Now we call this a *petitio principii*, because we are not willing to use a harsher term. The writer, then, finds it asserted of "the Lord" (verse 34) that "Of him, and through him, and to him are all things;" and assumes that by "the Lord" is meant "the Father," to the exclusion of the Son: inserting the words "the Father" not with any intention of deceiving, but merely with the intention of conveying the impression which is upon his own mind But we say, this is the

point that requires to be proved. *We* might assume, that since "the Lord" is spoken of, Jesus Christ is signified. *We* might give the passage thus: "Of him, and through him, and to him (Jesus Christ) are all things." But would this be fair? Far from it, in argument: though, in point of fact, we believe it would be correct. For we might go further, and argue that the words "the mind of the Lord," in verse 34, prove that the Saviour *is* signified. If we turn to 1 Cor. ii. 16, we shall find that there will be some difficulty in distinguishing between "the mind of the Lord," and "the mind of Christ." The "improved version" will not help the gallant officer here.

In the same manner we find Mr. Yates, as Dr. Wardlaw points out, assuming that our Lord claimed and received honour *only* as the ambassador of the Supreme God; (Vindication, p. 218;) which is begging the question: assuming that the distinction between the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, is the distinction between the true God and a being commissioned and qualified by him; (p. 228;) which is begging the question: assuming that the Unitarians give the exact translation, and only admissible meaning of a certain disputed passage; (p. 239;) which is begging the question: assuming that the word *God* signifies simply *one* person, or intelligent agent; (p. 57;) which is begging the question: assuming that the title "Son of God" does not imply our Saviour's equality with the Father; (p. 90;) which is begging the question.

We find another token of weakness on the part of Unitarian writers, in a kind of *conscious hollowness*, which is continually betraying itself. This appears,—in cases where there are two or more points, either of which being proved, the other follows of course,—in their insisting with all their might upon each: as if they sometimes felt an obscure misgiving of their inability to prove either one or the other satisfactorily. They fly from one to the other, because they can maintain themselves in neither For instance: we find them at one time using what may be called external arguments against the doctrine of the Trinity; such, for instance, as reasonings about passages of Scripture which are alleged in proof of it: but at another time flying off to internal arguments; arguments, we mean, drawn from the doctrine itself; such as that it is mysterious, that it is impossible, and the like. And we have appeared to ourselves to trace in them, when urging the external objections, a tacit concession, or at least a consciousness, that their internal ones were insufficient; and when urging their internal, their external. Thus a man who has the gout in both feet, and is forced to stand, first puts his weight upon one, then upon the other. The reason is clear. Neither is able to support him .....The Unitarians *must*,

from observations which we have made, we say it with confidence, they *must* sometimes have misgivings of the hollowness of their cause. What, for instance, must have been the state of Mr. Yates's mind, when he wrote the following passage? It relates to the answer of Thomas when he saw our Lord after his resurrection, and after having refused to believe the assurances of the other disciples. "Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God." Mr. Yates writes thus:

"Leaving every reader at full liberty to judge for himself, and retaining the right of changing my opinion, if at any future time I shall see fit, I only remark upon this passage without stating all my reasons, that these words appear to me to have been addressed by Thomas *to Christ*, and may be justly considered both as *an exclamation* expressive of his wonder and delight, and also as *a confession* that Jesus was his lord and his god. But it is needless to dispute, that, when Thomas addressed Jesus as his lord, or master, and his god, he might mean only, that Jesus was *his inspired instructor in matters of religion.* Agreeably therefore to the principles, which have been before stated, his words ought to be understood according to this simple and reasonable interpretation." (P. 176.)

For our own parts, when we read this passage, we experienced a melancholy feeling. Our less serious readers, perhaps, will smile at such a helpless effort to escape from the truth. Others will see an occasion for their prayers, and join them, we trust, with ours.

But, to proceed to other instances of mental imbecility, we have detected in the writings of Unitarians various *misrepresentations.* A character of misrepresentation, indeed, pervades both their writings and their system. This we are willing to attribute to intellectual hallucination, and therefore we give the subject a place in our present catalogue.

The first instance of misrepresentation which we shall offer is from the sermon of the Rev. Joseph Hutton, of Leeds, already quoted. This gentleman cites the following passage from St. John (xvi. 23) as a proof that believers are not now to address Christ in prayer. "In that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." On the strength of this passage he makes a solemn appeal to the conscience of the Trinitarian, (which will do well enough if the said Trinitarian does not understand Greek,) respecting the expressions found in the Litany of the Established Church, in which prayer is offered to Christ. (P. 76.) But when we come to turn to our Greek Testament, we find the words are—"ἐμε ουκ ερωτησετε ουδεν—οσα αν αἰτησητε τον Πατερα." Our translators have used the word "ask" in both cases. But the true English of the passage is this. "In

that day ye shall inquire nothing of me ..... whatsoever ye shall request (or require) of the Father," &c. Ἐρωταω here means to ask a question, αἰτεω to prefer a petition. The words of Schleusner on this passage, under ἐρωταω, are these: "*Interrogando scrutor et percontor.* John xvi. 5. 23. ἐμε ουκ ερωτησετε ουδεν, habebitis idoneam et perfectam scientiam."

Therefore to allege the passage in question as a proof that we are forbidden to prefer our requests to Christ, is a total misrepresentation. The whole meaning of the words, "In that day ye shall ask me nothing," amounts to this:—that whereas the disciples were continually putting questions to Christ, some of them disrespectful, some of them needless, some of them unbelieving, the time was at hand when they should do this no more. As to the idea that the disciples were not to *pray* to Christ, it is further excluded by the following passage from John xiv. 13, 14: a passage peculiarly calculated to illustrate that given already, but kept entirely in the back-ground by Mr. Hutton. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, THAT WILL I DO, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I WILL DO IT."—"τουτο ποιησω—ἐγω ποιησω."

Another Unitarian writer, Richard Wright, in a sermon called "The resurrection from the dead an essential doctrine of the gospel," endeavours to prove that the neglect of this doctrine, "by reputed orthodox Christians," is "an argument against the truth of their system." One of the *propositions* of this gentleman is, (for he makes his approaches in form,) that "The doctrine of the resurrection from the dead is so fundamental in the true evangelical system, that, strictly speaking, without it there is no gospel." And he objects to "the reputed orthodox system" that, in it, "a future life is neither dependant on, nor necessarily connected with, the resurrection from the dead; for it supposes man to be naturally immortal." (P. 18.) The inconsistency, then, which we have to notice, is this:—that our author dwells incessantly upon 1 Cor. xv. as proving that we have no reason to expect a future life on any other ground than a resurrection, as proving that St. Paul himself did not expect "a future life, independently on a resurrection from the dead;" and yet, that when we turn to this very chapter, we find it most explicitly and distinctly stated, that some *will* partake of this future life, "independently on a resurrection from the dead." "Behold, I show you a mystery. WE SHALL NOT ALL SLEEP, BUT WE SHALL ALL BE CHANGED." (Verse 51.) What can be more unaccountable, more contradictory than this?—To refer us to a passage in proof of a doctrine, which passage, when we come to examine it, is found to overthrow the doc-

trine completely. And to astonish us to the utmost, we find these words in a bracket at the end of the very section in which the doctrine is maintained:—"The reader is requested carefully to examine 1 Cor. xv. referred to throughout this section." (P. 12.) But this is not all. The author gives a reference also to 1 Thes. iv. 18: and, behold, when we turn to it, we find the verse immediately preceding containing the following words:—"Then *we which are alive and remain* shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and *so shall we ever be with the Lord.*" A passage which, if there were no other to the same effect in the Bible, would of itself totally overturn the doctrine of any *necessity* for our first dying, and being raised from the dead, in order that we may live for ever.

Another misrepresentation is the following. Dr. Wardlaw, in his Discourses, gives us to understand that he regards the term *mystery* "as signifying something that is either difficult to be conceived, or entirely incomprehensible." (P. 19.) But this definition does not suit Mr. Yates. Accordingly he proposes the following: "A mystery is a proposition, to the terms of which no distinct ideas are annexed." (P. 39.) This he has a right to do. If a man does not like another person's definition, he may have one of his own. But Mr. Yates does not stop here. He makes his own definition Dr. Wardlaw's. "He has substituted his own definition for mine," says the Doctor, "and has *made it mine*, by inserting it in my argument, where mine should have stood." (Reply, p. 56.) That is, he has gone on arguing, page after page, as if Dr. Wardlaw's definition and his own were identical, which they by no means are.

Another very great misrepresentation, common to many Unitarian writers, is their mode of speaking of Griesbach. In order that their readers may not be deceived, it is essentially necessary that they should understand two things—first, that Griesbach's edition of the New Testament has by no means materially shaken the authority of the received text of that volume; secondly, that Griesbach himself was not favourable to Unitarianism. We do not mean to say that Unitarians have directly *asserted* the contrary of either of these propositions. But this we say,—that no uninformed reader can make himself very extensively acquainted with their writings, without receiving a totally false impression both with respect to one and the other.

First, then, we allege, that Griesbach's edition of the New Testament has by no means materially shaken the authority of the received text of that volume. We might rather say, it has, in the main, very satisfactorily established its authority. Let

us listen to Professor White, in the preface to his "Crisεως Griesbachianæ in Novum Testamentum Synopsis." He thus concludes.

"Ex quo jam poteris (id quod imprimis in animo habui) facillimo negotio intelligere, quam sit salvus et integer Novi Fœderis Textus, qualem nunc se habet, in omnibus quæ ad veram interpretationem *Fidei* et *Officiorum* pertineant; et quam leves sint eæ in quavis alia parte mutationes quas recipere ille vel debeat vel possit." (P. iv.)

Salvus et integer—safe and sound.—What can be more satisfactory!

Secondly, we allege, that Griesbach was not favourable to Unitarianism. To his belief in the Divinity of our Lord, he himself deemed it necessary to bear the most explicit testimony.

"Interim uni tamen dogmati, eique palmario, doctrinæ scilicet de vera Jesu Christi Divinitate, nonnihil a me detractum esse videri posset nonnullis qui non solum locum illum celebratissimum, 1 Joh. v. 7, e textu ejectum, verum etiam lectionem vulgarem loci, 1 Tim. iii. 16, (ut et Act. xx. 28,) dubitationi subjectam et lectorum arbitrio permissam, invenient. Quare, ut iniquas suspiciones omnes, quantum in me est, amoliar, et hominibus malevolis calumniandi ansam præripiam, primum *publice profiteor atque Deum testor*, neutiquam me de veritate istius dogmatis dubitare. Atque sunt profecto *tam multa et luculenta argumenta et scripturæ loca*, quibus vera Deitas Christi vindicatur, ut ego quidem intelligere vix possem, quomodo, concessa scripturæ sacræ divina auctoritate, et admissis justis interpretandi regulis, dogma hoc in dubium a quoquam vocari possit." (See Reply, p. 31.)

"For my own part," he says, "I can hardly conceive how, supposing the Divine authority of sacred Scripture to be granted, and just canons of interpretation to be adopted, this doctrine can by any one be called in question." This is the gentleman of whom Mr. Yates says, "Above all, the Christian world is indebted to the learned, impartial, and indefatigable Dr. Griesbach:" adding of his edition, that it "is at present received every where by the learned as the standard text of the Christian Scriptures." (P. 27.) Mr. Yates does certainly let it out that Griesbach was a Trinitarian. But, by the way in which he parades him for three or four pages together, one would take it for granted that, at the very least, the Unitarians found in him a most valuable ally.

Some instances of misrepresentation, which we are compelled to offer, amount almost to *actual falsehood.* This principally appears in bold but groundless statements respecting passages of Scripture. The immediate cause, even here, we conceive to be rather an obliquity of mind, which blinks the truth, and

aims at carrying away the minds of others by imposing representations, than a conscious purpose of base and fearless misstatement.

Our first example will be drawn from Mr. Marshall's "Letter." This gentleman makes the following assertion. "There is only the *sound* of one text which *seems* to set forth Christ's equality with the Father." (P. 35.) Now this we assert to be positively untrue: and, in proof of our assertion, shall offer a few passages of Scripture, without meaning to allege that none of them have been disputed (however groundlessly); but reminding our readers that the question is about their "sound," and about what they "seem to set forth."

"I and my Father are one." (John x. 30.) "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." (xiv. 9.) "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." (i. 1.) "This is the true God, and eternal life." (1 John v. 20.) "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." (Heb. i. 8. A quotation from Psalm xlv. 6. כסאך אלהים עולם ועד.) "As the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom he will." (John v. 21.)

Be it observed, we are not entering upon the field of controversy in offering these passages. The question is simply about a matter of fact. Mr. Marshall asserts that "there is only the *sound* of one text, which *seems* to set forth Christ's equality with the Father." We assert that this is untrue: and in proof of our assertion we appeal to the texts above cited, as we might to hundreds besides.

But there is one subject upon which Unitarians seem to consider themselves in a manner privileged to misrepresent the truth; and that is, the disputed text of the three Witnesses. Of this text they are in the habit of speaking, either as if it were given up by all their opponents without exception, or as if all of them, who do give it up, surrendered it as notoriously interpolated. Now this is not true. There are unquestionably strong arguments against the authority of the text. Many Trinitarians have doubted it—many have surrendered it—a few have even renounced it in very unqualified terms. But even these last have by no means spoken of it as *notoriously* forged. Griesbach excludes it indeed from his text. But even he has thought it necessary to write a treatise on the subject. He does not treat the matter as one on which there are not two opinions. Some merely decline using the text in argument. Some state that they have attended to the arguments both for and against it, and think the latter preponderate. These facts by no means bear out the bold and unqualified assertions of the Unitarians; espe-

cially when we bear in mind that, after all, some very weighty arguments are alleged in favour of the text. Let us listen, now, to the language of the Unitarians.

Mr. Yates speaks of the text, as "that falsely attributed to St. John." (P. 37.) Mr. Hunter speaks of it as "a text which every body now knows never proceeded from the pen of that apostle." (P. 30.) Rather more cautious language, but language equally calculated to mislead, is employed in the introduction to the "Improved Version."—"Of these" (wilful interpolations) "the last-mentioned text, I John v. 7, is by far the most notorious, and most universally acknowledged, and reprobated." (P. xxv.) Mr. Worsley says, "Many of the most learned advocates of the doctrine of a Trinity in Unity, both in and out of the Church, have admitted the fact, after a fair and honest inquiry into the matter, *That the text of the three heavenly witnesses is a gross and a palpable forgery.*" (P. 66.)

Now, who that had not an opportunity of examining what has been written upon the subject would think, after reading these extracts, especially the two first of them, that there was any room for a dispute about the text in question? Who would think that there was any thing to be said in its favour? Who would think that there were two opinions upon the subject? Yet such is the fact.* And not merely so. But the text is

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* Doddridge, in his "Family Expositor," thus expresses himself respecting the text in question.

"I thought myself obliged to intimate such a remaining *doubt* at least, concerning its authenticity, as I have done by enclosing it in *crotchets*. I am persuaded the words contain an important truth; but whether they have been added by some, or omitted by others, contrary to the *original copy*, I will not pretend to determine." (Note, in loc.)

Macknight states the arguments on each side; and, though he declines giving a decided judgment, urges several considerations in favour of the authenticity of the text: among the rest, the following.

"This verse, properly interpreted, instead of disturbing the sense of the verses with which it is joined, rather renders it more connected and complete." (Note, in loc.)

Guyse, in his "Practical Expositor," argues decidedly for the text: observing, among other things, that "it is much more likely that some transcriber might, through the similitude of the beginning of the seventh and eighth verses, or through some obscurity in the writing of that part of his copy, carelessly slip over the seventh, than that any should be so daring as designedly to add it to the text." (Note, in loc.)

Scott observes;—"It is, however, perhaps, somewhat more likely that the Arians or Anti-Trinitarians should silently omit, in their copies, a testimony which was so decisive against them, or that it should be left out by mistake of some ancient transcriber; than that the Trinitarians should directly forge and insert it." (Note, in loc.) He acknowledges, however, some doubts of the authenticity of the passage towards the end of the note.

Macknight observes concerning Mill:—"These arguments appeared to Mill of such weight that, after balancing them against the opposite arguments, he gave it as his decided opinion, that in whatever manner this verse disappeared, it was

actually maintained by many to be authentic. Much has been written to prove its authenticity; aye, and ably written, and learnedly written, and, as some think, convincingly written. We shall not obtrude our own opinion; but the advocates of its authenticity certainly conceive that they have a good cause. Mr. Horne, for instance, in his book which stands at the head of our article, refers, and refers with confidence, to Dr. Hales's "*Faith in the Holy Trinity,*" as settling the question: of course in a very different way from that in which the Unitarians represent it as settled. Mr. Horne himself briefly enumerates some of the leading arguments in favour of the text in the following manner. And, we must say, we think there is much weight in his statement.

"You will, perhaps, be told, (for it has been repeatedy asserted, though not clearly proved,) that the latter part of this verse, as well as the former part of the following or eighth verse, is not genuine; that it is not cited by any ancient fathers of the Christian Church, and consequently, that it is no proof of the doctrine of the Trinity. But we know that it *is* found in one manuscript of the Greek Testament, though not a very ancient one, and also in several ancient versions. It is likewise quoted by many early fathers of the Christian Church: and, for the silence of those who have *omitted* to cite it, very satisfactory reasons have been given, which the limits necessarily assigned to this Discourse do not allow to be stated. It is, moreover, worthy of remark, that the fathers, who have quoted this text, were NEVER charged with interpolating it by the false teachers of their time, who opposed the doctrines embraced by the Catholic or Universal Church of Christ; and whose silence, in this respect, is a strong testimony in favour of the genuineness of the disputed clause. Further, this clause is found in the confession of faith of the Greek Church, as well as in the ancient liturgies of the Greek and Latin Churches: and, when the lasting and hitherto irreconcileable schism which has prevailed between those churches ever since the fourth century is considered, this FACT forms a strong and conclusive argument in favour of its genuineness: for such is the enmity between those two communions, that, we may rest assured, the Greek Church would *never* have adopted the clause merely on the authority of the Latin, if she had not had sufficient vouchers or testimonies for it in her own original Greek manuscripts. The grammatical structure of the original Greek also requires the *necessary* insertion of the *whole* of the seventh verse, and consequently that it should be received as genuine; otherwise the latter part of the eighth verse, (the authenticity of which was never

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undoubtedly in St. John's autograph, and in some of the copies which were transcribed from it." (Note already quoted.)

We would have it remembered that we give these extracts, not with the view of establishing the authenticity of the contested passage, but with the view of showing how total the misrepresentation, when the question is spoken of as decided against it.

questioned, as indeed it cannot be, being found in *every* known manuscript that is extant,) must likewise be rejected; and lastly, the connexion of this disputed clause requires its insertion, inasmuch as the sense is not perfect without it." (P. 8.)

Such are the arguments in favour of a text, (we do not give them as either conclusive or unassailable,) which one Unitarian author, in the most unqualified manner, asserts to have been *falsely* attributed to St. John; and which another designates as "a text which every body knows never proceeded from the pen of that apostle." Hence we may learn how far the positive assertions, contained in Unitarian writings, are to be depended on.

But it will be asked, why mention these misrepresentations as tokens merely of imbecility? Are they not tokens of something worse? We answer, because, as we have already intimated, we really view them in the light of tokens of intellectual weakness—of culpable weakness certainly. The falsehood, it appears to us, arises from the writers not attaching due weight to the words which they employ, which is always a token of a weak mind. Thus it is observable how often children utter what is untrue; and that principally from a habit, a very culpable one no doubt, of exaggeration; a desire to make you think what they want you to think; a wish to convey their ideas and impressions into your mind, at any expense of misrepresentation and hyperbole. No doubt when the writers, above quoted, made those unwarrantable statements, they felt as if they were only using a little excusable rhetoric, an allowable figure of speech. Unhappily the same culpable imbecility of mind which appears in these falsehoods, appears also throughout the Unitarian scheme, and more fatally displays its effects in a habit of undervaluing the terms of the Bible, and, in consequence, the doctrines of salvation.

We discover another token of mental weakness, in the *confusion of things different*. Thus the Unitarians frequently confound mystery and absurdity. In the same manner we find them confounding faith and conviction, or rather annihilating faith. For their notion seems to be, that nothing can be an object of faith but what is seen and thoroughly understood: whereas such things are not objects of faith, but matter of certainty. The confusion here seems to arise from a certain laziness of mind, which prevents its giving itself the trouble to acquire an idea of either what is mystery, in contradistinction to absurdity; or what is faith, in contradistinction to conviction. And this laziness is a proof of weakness.

Our next instance consists of what, for want of a better name, we must call *platitudes*, borrowing a term from across

the water. By a *platitude* we mean an extreme carelessness or inaccuracy of argument or expression, amounting to something very like absurdity. But perhaps an example or two will best explain what we mean.

Dr. Wardlaw, having cited 2 Thes. ii. 16, 17, remarks that the evidence which he draws from the passage is particularly strong from the circumstance of Jesus being put *first* in the order of address. Mr. Yates observes on this argument, and a similar one founded upon 2 Cor. xiii. 14, that, at the utmost, it "rests on very dubious ground. It is the idiom of the *English* language, when a verb has more than one nominative, to place that first which is considered the highest in dignity and eminence. In *Latin* the rule is the reverse; the most important object being mentioned *last*. Whether there be any established practice upon this subject in *Greek*, I must confess myself at present unable to say;—but I do not take Mr. Wardlaw's rule upon trust." (P. 227.) Suppose, then, our Saviour to be a created being, inferior to the Father,—suppose the "established practice" in *Greek* to be the same as in *Latin*, "it would follow, inevitably, that our Lord would invariably be placed first. But how stands the fact? He is almost always *last*, having only in two or three instances the precedence." (Reply, p. 261.) Here then, we think, Mr. Yates has lost himself. If there be any force in his argument, it proves only what he would be most anxious to disprove: namely, that our Lord's name, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, occupies the place of peculiar dignity. Not that we conceive this to be the case; we know that our Lord, though "equal to the Father as touching his Godhead, is inferior to him as touching his Manhood." And therefore, if any inferiority is implied in some places where he holds the second place, our system suffers not from it in the least. But we mention the obvious inference to expose the *platitude*—the striking incautiousness and infirmity of argumentation.

Again—a question arises concerning the phrase, "calling upon the name of the Lord:" a question which involves a point of no less importance than this—whether our Saviour be a proper object of Divine worship. Mr. Yates tells us that he has spent a whole day in examining all the passages where the word (επικαλεομαι), translated "to call upon," occurs; and adds, "In the evening I rest from my labour, with a persuasion that much may be said on each side of the question; and, instead of being able to form a very decided opinion, I am inclined to consider this as one of the difficulties left in revelation, for the purpose of inculcating humility and candour." (P. 223.) It appears, then, as Dr. Wardlaw observes, that for the sake of inculcating

the virtues of humility and candour, the readers of revelation are to be left in uncertainty, and at a loss to ascertain, whether Divine worship be due to Christ; or whether, in offering it, they are guilty of idolatry. Certainly Mr. Yates must have a strange conception of the Christian revelation, if he regards it as leaving those to whom it is addressed, *purposely*, at a loss to determine who is the proper object of religious worship. (See Reply, pp. 253, 254.) This is a decided *platitude*.

We have found more than one example of the same figure, if we may so call it, in Mr. Worsley's book. In one place, he is labouring with all his might to prove that the festivals of our church had their origin in heathen feasts and holidays. Here and there he succeeds in tracing a resemblance. At length he comes to the first of May, and endeavours to identify the feast of Ceres and Flora, kept on that day, with the festival of St. Philip and St. James. The following is part of his demonstration. "When we consider the festive processions which were but a short time since customary upon this day, and are still observed in some places, with rural dances and garlands of flowers, it is easy to see the suitableness of these things with the feast of Flora, *but it is not possible to discover any relation which they can have with St. Philip and St. James.*" (P. 14.) The question then suggests itself at once:—Why does he endeavour to connect them? A similar question may be asked when he endeavours to identify our Christmas with the feasts of Saturn and Bacchus. "The Carols," he says, "formerly sung at this season were not as they are now, where they are continued, religious songs bearing an allusion to the birth of Christ: they were songs, calculated to enliven the merriment of the festival, they were bacchanalian songs." (P. 16.) This is a most exquisite *platitude*. If the things were different, why attempt to identify them? We see no room for any comparison, except the comparison of contrast. But to come to particulars:—"The Carols formerly sung at this season were not as they are now, where they are continued." The Carols—formerly sung at this season—were not—as they are now—where they are continued! How shall we analyze the manifold and mysterious beauties of this clause? The well-known dialogue between the two Frenchmen is nothing to it. "Did it rain to-morrow?" "Yes, it was."* To find any

* So also the cry of the Irish watchman on the night that ushered in the fifth of November, comes far short:—

"To night's the day, I speak it with much sorrow,
When we were all to have been blown up with gunpowder to-morrow.
So take care of fire and candle light,
'Tis a cold frosty morning, and so good night."

thing that at all approaches to a parallel, we must look a little further on. "None but himself is his own parallel."—"We learn that the ancient Danes were great topers: and, to encourage the habit of tippling, when any one had transgressed the customs of the court, he was punished, by being obliged to drink a bumper out of a large horn, kept for that purpose in the palace." (P. 18.) These *great topers* were *punished*, by being *obliged to drink a bumper*. There is much of the "curiosa felicitas," there are many recondite graces, in this sentence. As we view it in different lights it sparkles with all the colours of the rainbow, like a diamond in the sun. But it certainly does not quite come up to the last.

Towards the end of his book Mr. Worsley argues that "the repugnance of the philosophic gentiles to a suffering Saviour opened the way for the exaltation of his nature, and for regarding the attributes he received from his Father as properly his own." (P. 61.) That is, it was found difficult to bring the gentiles to believe in a suffering man. And the only resource was, by way of making the matter easier, to exalt him into a suffering Divinity.

We thought we had met with one example of the *platitude* in the work of the gallant officer already quoted:—when he speaks of various "heterogeneous constituents" as being "compounded into one indiscriminate mass" by the "agency" of "solvents." (P. 35.) But our readers will perceive that the expression, a little considered, will bear a meaning, and has nothing contradictory. We are glad, for the honour of the service, that our nautical opponent has steered clear of the rock on which so many Unitarians split.

But perhaps the most remarkable specimen of the *platitude*, is to be found in the sermon by Mr. Joseph Hunter. Towards the end of it he thus speaks. "I have abstained, in the sketch which has been given of Unitarianism, from the use of Scriptural language, lest I might be supposed to use terms to which some ambiguity of meaning might be said to attach." (P. 29.) Now this is rather an odd speech for a Unitarian. Writers of this class are fond of urging the necessity of expressing the doctrines of Scripture in Scriptural language only. They attack us about our creeds and our articles: because they are made up of clauses and sentences not taken out of the Bible. Some Socinians have even gone so far as to assume the uncouth term of "Bible-only Christians." But here, unwittingly, is a concession of the whole point in dispute: and we have Mr. Hunter's authority, if we required it, for abstaining from the use of Scriptural language, "lest we might be supposed to use

terms to which some ambiguity of meaning might be said to attach!"

Now perhaps it is not worth while to waste many words upon these *platitudes*. They are little more, it may be, than casualties—mere errors in expression. It will be said, too, that they are excusable, and ought not to have been noticed. In the ordinary business of reviewing we should have scorned to notice them. But the "rational Christian" must not be let off so easy. When the *platitude* occurs in the writings of one whose boast is in his reason, the case becomes different.

Another flaw or two we must yet proceed to mention. We refer to the constant recurrence of *inconsistencies*, of various kinds, in the writings of Unitarians. Some of these we shall now specify.

Mr. Yates observes that when God appears to Abraham he thus speaks. "*I* am the Almighty God; walk before *me*, and be thou perfect." Whereas, to represent the address of more persons than one, the following language would have been employed; *We* are the Almighty God (or Almighty Gods); walk before *us*, and be thou perfect. (P. 58.) That is, as Dr. Wardlaw observes, "he states the language which *would be used* if a plurality of persons were intended; and yet, when such language *is* used, he refuses" (and so do all Unitarians refuse) "to admit that it has any reference to plurality at all, and endeavours to explain it as *the language of majesty*." (Reply, p. 94.)

Again. Mr. Yates maintains that the angel in the Revelation, who refused worship from the apostle, was Jesus himself. (P. 219.) But, if that be the case, "alas!" says Dr. Wardlaw, "for the principle on which Socinians are accustomed to explain other instances of worship offered to Jesus." (Reply, p. 252.) This principle is, that Jesus might be worshipped when he was visible, though not when he was invisible. Wretched as such a solution is, "this notion of Mr. Yates, about Jesus being the angel who so peremptorily refused the worship of his fellow-servant, sweeps it clean away. So that, after all, by what he labours so hard to establish, he would lose at least as much as he could gain."

Another inconsistency we find in Mr. Yates's first censuring Dr. Wardlaw for his exceptions to certain high authorities, and then "humbly presuming to differ from them himself." (See Reply, p. 171.) "How," he says, "does Mr. Wardlaw reply to their observation? First, by his manner of printing their proposed translation;"—(with two marks of admiration) —"as if the most learned and respected theologians, who ever

wrote, were to be confuted by sticking up a few marks of admiration.—Secondly, by charging them with ignorance of Greek, and "a glaring departure from the established practice of Greek syntax." The man who with unhesitating dogmatism prefers such accusations as these even against Grotius and Samuel Clarke, is of course infinitely above my notice." (P. 180.) Who would conceive, after this, that Mr. Yates would differ from these very authorities, on the very subject on which Dr. Wardlaw differs from them? Yet such is the fact. "The want of a parallel form of expression inclines me to prefer the common translation." (P. 181.) Such is his deference for "the most learned and respected theologians, who ever wrote."

These are single instances. But we shall now mention certain inconsistencies which are of a more extensive nature, and pervade the Unitarian system.

One inconsistency appears in the cry raised by Unitarians for "the Bible, and nothing but the Bible." We have already seen how far one of their writers is willing to apply this principle of theirs when it comes to practice. But this is not all. The Unitarians are dissatisfied with the received version of the Scriptures. Accordingly, they publish a version of their own. But do they proceed upon their own principle? Do they give us the Scriptures without note or comment? The Bible, and the Bible only? Far from it. The very title-page announces a New Testament with notes "critical and explanatory." Nay, the last edition comes to us, "with corrections and additions."!!! Oh rare! A New Testament "with corrections and additions" from these "Bible-only Christians." Then come eight and twenty pages of introduction, advertisement, and appendix, to be turned over before we come to the "Bible only." And when at length we arrive at the text, we find it extending through 626 pages:—from which our readers may guess how much space, at the bottom of this "Bible only," consists of notes and comments. The fact is, that the version cannot stand alone. They dare not trust it to go alone. They are obliged to send it forth with "corrections and additions," introduction, advertisement, and appendix, notes and comments, to look after it, and keep it from falling.

There is another thing in the conduct of Unitarians, totally inconsistent with their professed deference for the Bible, and the Bible alone. The final authority of the Bible is ever in their mouth. Yet when we come to the point, when we produce our texts out of Scripture, when we bring them into the light of Scripture, immediately they begin to struggle and reclaim. The wriggling of an eel when fairly hooked by the an-

gler, is the only thing to which we can compare the wriggling of a Unitarian when "hitched," as Pope says, upon a passage of Scripture. This Bible, which they talk of with so much deference as the Bible and the Bible only, when we come to the trial, we find not to be decisive with them. They have an appeal beyond it to their reason, i. e. to themselves. Every man of them has his criticism, has his interpretation, has his gloss and his evasion. They take the trouble to argue against the quotations of their opponents as if they really thought them important, while the real fact lies plain and palpable upon the surface, namely that they slight the book. We fearlessly assert the fact. Scripture is not decisive with Unitarians. Whatever particular writers of the party may profess, we deny that the Bible is to Unitarians a final authority. Press them hard with a passage when you find they are at a loss to answer it.—Follow them up close when their confusion begins to be evident.—What course do they pursue? Why, they turn round boldly upon you at once, and deny the authority of the passage to your face. It must be interpolated, or corrupt, or a mere figure, or an orientalism: (☞ because it contains a doctrine that they do not like.) Or, if it be none of these, then, "the old apostle dictated one thing, and his amanuensis wrote another." The avowed and brazen infidel stands naked and detected.

We might mention also another inconsistency of the Unitarians, in their pouring contempt upon the authority of tradition and of the early fathers, yet continually endeavouring to prove that both are on their side. This is an evidence, also, of that conscious hollowness of which we spoke before.

Another instance, and one which may be classed with the last, is found in their conduct with respect to creeds. They are constantly decrying creeds, and that upon general principles, involving, one would think, an objection to all creeds: such as that they are human devices, that their phraseology is not scriptural, that they shackle the human intellect, and the like. Yet they sometimes speak with great clemency of the composition commonly called the Apostle's Creed; nay, even allege it, as in their favour. How shall we explain this? How comes it that objections, which apply equally to all creeds, are totally forgotten when we come to this creed? Suppose we were to tell them that there exists another "Apostles' creed." We mean a very ancient composition bearing that title, as well as the one commonly so called, (it is given by Mr. Horne, p. 158,) but in many points resembling the Nicene creed, and containing an explicit statement of some of those doctrines which they reject. And suppose we were able to make out by

some unlooked-for authority, that this was the true and ancient Apostles' creed (as it is called). We doubt not they would endure the Apostles' creed no longer.—The truth is, that the composition generally bearing that title, though it contains by implication all the doctrines which Unitarians deny, was not worded with a particular reference to their errors, as some others were; and therefore they assume that it is for them.

So also we find the Unitarians denying the authority of names in general, yet insisting on it when it suits their purpose. There is no class of controversialists who are not glad to cite all the names they can in their favour. *They*, alone, stand conspicuous in doing it, who decry the practice. For instance, the Unitarians are constantly alleging the authority of Griesbach, and that in such high terms of commendation, and we might almost say of personal affection, (in consequence, we suppose, of his having excluded certain Trinitarian clauses which we can do without,) that one would have supposed him to be their warmest ally, instead of being their declared opponent. So also Mr. Belsham quotes the name of Priestley with deference, and Mr. Yates that of Mr. Belsham. Yet neither of them, we apprehend, has much respect for that of Horsley. We find Mr. Marshall treating Bishop Beveridge with no small contempt, calling him ironically a "*sensible prelate*," and imputing insincerity to Lord Bacon (pp. 9, 10;) yet quoting a remark by "a celebrated critic in the Hebrew language (Dr. Geddes)" as an answer to an argument, (p. 26,) and afterwards appealing to another "celebrated critic (Blaney)." (P. 30.)

Indeed the names that are thus cited are often those which are not calculated to make any great impression by their weight or authority. Mr. Belsham, as may be seen in the tenth article of our thirteenth number (p. 241,) refers us to "Gregory Blunt:" and Captain Gifford speaks of that "learned controversialist"—"the Rev. John Marsom;" boasting that of "such defenders" the cause of Unitarianism "has never been wanting." (P. 22.) What would the gallant officer say, if we were to imitate the practice of his friends, by first pouring contempt upon our wooden walls, and, then, pointing to a revenue-cutter or a gun-boat, and saying, old England has never wanted such defenders?

An instance, to which we have already in part alluded, of a further and fatal inconsistency, may be found in the quotation of the names of persons decidedly opposed to Unitarianism. As the authority of Griesbach is so often insisted on by Unitarians, let it be remembered what were his real sentiments with regard to the leading topic of the controversy. They have been given already. We ask, therefore, if we are to defer to Griesbach

in regard to his view of one or two passages, why are not Unitarians to defer to Griesbach in regard to his view of the whole Bible? If we are to defer to some particular passages or expressions that seem favourable to Unitarians, coming to us with the authority of respected names, why are not they, *è majori*, to defer to the whole tenor of the same persons' sentiments, when it is adverse to Unitarianism? Nay, instances may be given, where the passage quoted actually contains something totally adverse to the impression which it is intended to produce. Thus Mr. Yates quotes a passage which is intended to convey to us the high opinion which Dr. Parr entertained, when he wrote it, of Dr. Priestley. The passage, however, begins thus.—"Let Dr. Priestley indeed be confuted, where he is mistaken; let him be exposed, where he is superficial; let him be repressed, where he is dogmatical; let him be rebuked, where he is censorious." (P. 22.) At another place Mr. Yates says, "In opposition to Mr. Wardlaw's representations, let the candid Trinitarian consider the following account of the manner, in which Unitarians argue, written by one of the best men, who ever entered the lists against them." This account (from Tillotson) contains the following words.—"Upon the whole matter, they have but this one great defect, that they want a good cause, and truth on their side." (P. 163, 164.)

There appears, also, some inconsistency in the conduct of Unitarians, when we compare their positive, and peremptory, and decisive way of speaking, upon points at issue, with that candour, and that suspension of judgment, and that allowance for the opinions and the reasons of others, of which they would be thought so fond, and which they seem to regard as one of the characteristics of their party. Thus we find Mr. Yates complaining of Dr. Wardlaw, that he "has never put his mind into that state of calm and impartial deliberation, which is necessary to collect and arrange the proofs on either side, and to judge in favour of which opinion the evidence preponderates." (P. 3.) He speaks of expedients which "are utterly subversive of that temper of cool, patient, and unbiassed investigation, which may be expected in one, who makes it his 'simple and exclusive object' to ascertain truth." (P. 4.) Yet, as we have already seen, does Mr. Yates himself speak of the disputed text of the three witnesses, as "that falsely attributed to St. John;" and, immediately after, of that other disputed text "God was manifest in the flesh" as "that falsely attributed to Paul." (P. 37.) Shall we call it a spirit "of calm and impartial deliberation," a "temper of cool, patient, and unbiassed investigation," which dictated these expressions?—To these

specimens we may add all the instances of dogmatism already mentioned, when we were speaking of the contested text in St. John.

We may notice an inconsistency, also, in two modes of speaking of the great points at issue between Unitarians and the general church, totally at variance with each other. If we understand Mr. Yates, it is to these points that he alludes, when he speaks of "those unmeaning sounds and frivolous disputes, which had been magnified by ecclesiastics for their secular advantage." (P. 253.) Yet, in his introduction, does he speak of the question between him and Dr. Wardlaw, as one "which is without doubt the most important of all topics in controversial theology." (P. iv.) Mr. Harris speaks of "counties which are yet enveloped in the darkness, the gross darkness, of reputed orthodoxy." (P. xi.) Mr. Marshall uses the following expressions. "The irreverence, Sir, is in the system of your irrational church: a system whose doctrines originated in a dark age, in a polluted church, and were established by *act of parliament* at a time when Biblical knowledge and criticism were indeed an infant science." (P. 25.) We quote the following words from Mr. Yates, not with the intention of imputing them to him as now standing under his name, (for in his second edition he seems to have withdrawn them,) but as illustrating that other mode of speaking which we meet with in Unitarians, and which we have already noticed at the beginning of the present article. "I think it probable, that the chief effect produced by this controversy will be a conviction, in the mind of candid and sensible judges, that the differences of sentiment between the two contending parties, are much less than is commonly supposed." (See Wardlaw's Reply, p. 378.)

We have, also, another inconsistency. They believe their own principles of investigation to be the only ones which will lead to the discovery of truth:—the consequence of which should be, that they all should hold one opinion:—for, if they all know the truth, there could be no difference of opinion. Yet this is so far from being the case, that they acknowledge and admit of divisions among themselves. Thus Mr. Yates alludes to certain "subordinate questions, concerning which they differ among themselves," (p. 7,) and says that "they allow a variety of opinion upon minor topics." (P. 5.) Would we know what are these "subordinate questions," and these "minor topics," let us listen to the Unitarians themselves. "Whether the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures be a doctrine of the Christian religion;" (Vindication, p. 15:) whether "our Saviour existed before his human birth in a state of great glory," or never existed till he was born into the world; and whether he was

miraculously conceived, or actually the son of Joseph; (Unitarian's Appeal, p. 2:) whether his death had "some" or no "effect" in reconciling God to man: whether there be "an ever-active tempter of mankind to evil," or no such being: whether we are to "look for annihilation as the portion of the wicked," or to "regard them destined to infinite and irreversible misery;" (Hunter's Sermon already quoted, p. 28:) or whether we are to believe "that future punishment will be *corrective*, and that finally all will be saved—all will be recovered—made holy and happy;" (Unitarians not Infidels, a Sermon by John Platts, p. 5:)—these are some of the "subordinate questions," and "the minor topics," upon which Unitarians differ among themselves! We might here pause, and assert at once, that it lies plain and palpable upon the surface that those who regard themselves as of one persuasion, where there are such differences, and yet speak of their varieties of opinion as trifling, must be totally in the wrong.—Strange, that the same persons should represent the whole general church as lost in error, thus holding themselves up, as it were, for infallible; and yet should agree to differ among themselves, and make it a part of their system, to have no settled views on these all-important points.

We shall here, also, notice a practical inconsistency, very observable in many Unitarian writers, in the two-fold mode of treatment which they adopt towards their opponents; sometimes scurrilous, sometimes even pompously courteous and polite; sometimes speaking of them as respectable, sometimes as despicable; sometimes complimenting, sometimes reviling them. What we mean to say is, that these two modes of treatment are adopted by the same Unitarian writers towards the same individuals. This is quite inexplicable. Mr. Yates, for instance, speaks of Dr. Wardlaw, as a man for whom he entertains "a very high esteem and warm attachment." (P. 1.) Yet, presently after, he charges him with "a kind of *management* and *generalship*, which a Votary of Truth would scorn." (P. 4.) "Mr. Wardlaw's discourses have been honoured," he says, "as they deserved, with great attention and countenance." (P. 2.) Yet, at page 174, he talks of certain writers, "in opposition to whom *Mr. Wardlaw's* assertions, and even Dr. Middleton's, are not worth a rush:" speaks of "the feeble diminutive accents of our worthy author" being drowned by the "mere names of Origen and Eusebius:" and adds, "I shall for a few moments detain his remarks from the concealment into which they are fast tending." Thus also we find Mr. Harris dealing with his opponent Mr. Philip. "It gives the author sincere pleasure to state that Mr. Philip, with that candour and liberality which ought ever to distinguish a lover of truth, has requested him to

notice, that he has apologized for, and explained his error, in substituting," &c. (Preface, p. v.) Here one would think the whole business was made up and forgotten. But far from it. New causes of dissatisfaction arise, and mention is made in the preface to the second edition of Mr. Harris's book (p. x.) of "the gross blunder which defaced the pages of" Mr. Philip's "former publication." "Nor can any adequate apology be made for such a gross blunder, by a man who held himself forth," &c. This is strange, when an apology had already been offered and accepted: especially as it is to be gathered, that the "error" in the one case, and the "blunder" in the other, were the same. With similar inconsistency Mr. Marshall expresses "a hearty wish" for the CONVERSION of his antagonist, and, immediately after, recognizes him as his "FELLOW-LABOURER IN THE GOSPEL." All this is done in one sentence, the last of the epistle. "And now, Sir, with an expression of respect for your seriousness, your zeal, and sincerity, and a hearty wish for your conversion, I abruptly finish my letter, somewhat alarmed at its length: and remain, Sir, your very humble servant, and fellow-labourer in the gospel, W. Marshall." The first sentence of this extraordinary epistle is no less remarkable, considering that it is addressed to a person in an unconverted state. "Rev. Sir, I address you in consequence of your notice of my 'Letter to Trinitarian Christians;' and I do it with a sentiment of respect, from a conviction that I am addressing myself to a Christian gentleman." We have heard of a Presbyterian Papist. But we never heard before of an "unconverted Christian gentleman." Those of our readers who have read the "Sermons" of the clergyman in question, but, above all, those who have the happiness of his private acquaintance, will find little difficulty in deciding which two of these three terms may be most appropriately applied to him.—Mr. Marshall having, as we have seen, addressed his opponent "with a sentiment of respect" at the beginning of his letter, seems to have experienced a total change of sentiment before he comes to page the eighteenth. "There is no human mind, Sir, can make the monstrous supposition ... without a sense of the grossest fiction and falsehood. Your system of divinity, Sir, makes this supposition; and it rests with you to remove (as you can) the load of absurdity with which your barbarous, Hindooish dogma ... incumbers the New Testament."

We might mention an additional instance. We have a Unitarian pamphlet before us in the form of a letter, purporting to be an answer to a tract written by a minister of the Establishment. This pamphlet is scurrilous in the extreme, in its reflections upon the gentleman in question: yet on the outside of the

copy lent to us we find an address in handwriting of the following form. "*To the Rev. A. Z., AM. with the author's respectful compliments.*"

We might extend our illustrations of the inconsistencies of Unitarians, to their two-fold manner of speaking of existing institutions and established authorities: sometimes submissive, sometimes contumacious; sometimes respectful, sometimes rancorous. One would think their feelings and their principles were equally unsettled.

Indeed, the Unitarians have two styles of writing totally inconsistent with each other. One is that which they endeavour uniformly to maintain in their defences and apologies, intended for the public eye. Here the Unitarian, making his appeal from the bigotry of his orthodox opponent to the candour of the world in general, would be meek, candid, and temperate. He assumes the tone of one deeply injured, and deeply sensible of his wrongs. But every now and then he forgets himself: he breaks forth into a different style, and shows himself in a different character. In an instant a change takes place, and he stands forth in the grim lineaments and gaunt proportions of staring, truculent infidelity. We are at first startled at the change. We hardly know our man. But taking a little time for consideration, we soon recognize the bold, indignant, scurrilous Unitarian.

These are some of the inconsistencies of the party. And while they support us in our opinion, already expressed, that the writers professing this persuasion have in general no settled views, they offer a farther proof of that mental imbecility which we have already imputed to them; and of which, in a greater or less degree, indeed, most persons who have the faculty of observing the operations of their own minds must be conscious; but which we consider a peculiar and very prominent characteristic of the Unitarians.

Various such proofs have we enumerated:—such, for example, as their dwelling so much on what is admitted, their triumphing so much where there is no victory, their *petitio principii*, their conscious hollowness, their misrepresentation of sentiments and facts, their confusion of things different, and their platitudes and inconsistencies of various kinds:—the whole constituting, we think, an evidence of a defect of reason, and evincing an intellectual deficiency, as a very general characteristic of this class of writers.

Here then we are led to pause, and to offer a few reflections. The Unitarians, it appears to us, afford a remarkable proof of the imperfection of the human mind. In the perusal of their writings, we are continually meeting, in the midst of much that

is plausible, with some grand defect or flaw, which common sense ought to discover and common tact avoid; some gratuitous assumption, some totally false view, some radically defective representation of the sentiments of their opponents. Errors and inadvertencies of this kind, not one of us, perhaps, can be sure of avoiding. Something of the sort might very possibly be detected in every author that ever wrote. But the time for noting them especially, is when they appear in the writings of those who bear the title of "*rational* Christians." Such persons we find approaching the discussion of sacred things with a boldness and a confidence, which seem to proclaim that their understanding enters as it were erect into the presence of the Deity. The cause of this unhallowed boldness we conceive to be, the minds' dependance on its own powers. The understanding, ever on the search for work, finds it in approaching the contemplation of divine things, and rushes eagerly on this new and expansive field of occupation. But here it soon loads itself with a greater weight than it can bear, and sinks beneath the burthen that it has assumed.

While we see men trusting so much to their reason as the Unitarians, yet committing from time to time such glaring blunders, both logical and practical, an object is certainly gained in the Divine economy. There is undoubtedly no style of error, no class or order of persons, that does not answer some purpose in this grand system. The Jews, for instance, to this day are testimonies of the truth of God. We may look to them, and learn in their present circumstances, that what God has threatened he will certainly accomplish. So also, something may be learned from the Unitarians. They also answer a purpose in the scheme of Divine government. They may serve to humble the pride of man. In them we behold a standing evidence of the infirmity of human reason. The Unitarian we regard as an awful and affecting monument of the imbecility of man, when alienated, by an overweening confidence in his mental powers, from the Author of his being. And at the same time we recognize in him a state of the intellectual faculties, which, while it moves our pity, and humbles us in our view of our common nature, leaves an opening for charitable hope, and an encouragement for our prayers.

We must now notice a gentleman of the name of Gosnell, the author of "An Examination of the various Texts of Scripture said to support the Doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement, adduced by the Rev. Thomas White," &c. This gentleman lets us know that he "has the honour to be a member" of the church of "the Free-thinking Christians:" (p. 4:) and therefore he is not a Unitarian. It is curious that Mr. Marshall, in

his letter to Mr. White already cited, represents the persons calling themselves "Free-thinking Christians," as "allies with Churchmen in speaking evil" of Unitarians: saying, "You abuse the Unitarians, Mr. White, by 'mixing' them up with 'Free-thinking Christians,' &c." (p. 37:) yet that this "Free-thinking Christian" joins with Mr. Marshall in attacking the Churchman. And, on a little examination, we shall find traces of a nearer resemblance than the Unitarians may feel willing to allow. The only material point of difference which we have observed, is that which respects the judgment of the world by the Saviour. This, after a manner, Unitarians in general admit. Mr. Gosnell, on the other hand, seems in effect to question whether there ever will be any judgment. "I am fully persuaded," he says, "all the expressions used in Sacred Writ, relating to the punitive dispensations of God, are mere figures of speech, tending to show that He rules over all." (P. 20.) In our Bibles we find the following passages. "He that doeth wrong, shall receive for the wrong which he hath done." (Col. iii. 25.) "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezek. xviii. 4.) "The righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." (verse 20.) "Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book." (Ex. xxxii. 33.) "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil." (Ps. xxxiv. 16.) "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (Isaiah lvii. 21.) "If thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever." (1 Chron. xxviii. 9.) "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." (Ps. ix. 17.) "Our God is a consuming fire." (Heb. xii. 29.) "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." (Rom. xii. 19.) "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good, to the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, to the resurrection of damnation." (John v. 28, 29.) "Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. xxv. 41.) "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." (verse 46.) Then comes Mr. Gosnell, and tells us he is fully persuaded, that "all the expressions used in Sacred Writ, relating to the punitive dispensations of God, are mere figures of speech!!!"

But we proceed to other particulars. We trace a point of resemblance between Mr. Gosnell and the Unitarians, in his mode of making assertions, totally groundless, about disputed passages of Scripture. Thus, respecting 1 Tim. iii. 16, he asserts it to be "generally admitted" (p. 29) that the name of the Su-

preme Being " is not in the original." This is untrue. The point is a matter of dispute: by no means a matter of general admission. In the same spirit Mr. Gosnell alleges, that the two first chapters of Matthew, and the two first of Luke, " are acknowledged to be forgeries." (P. 31.) Now this is very far from the truth. The fact has been *asserted*, indeed. But this is as far as possible from its having been *acknowledged*. Such a statement is as great a misrepresentation, as if a man having a suit at law with another asserted the deficiency of certain deeds of material importance to the cause, and then, upon the strength of this assertion of his own, alleged that the defect had been acknowledged by the opposite party.

We have traced, also, another point of coincidence with Unitarianism. The following passage is a specimen of *petitio principii* at least, if not of *platitude*. Mr. Gosnell speaks of certain doctrines, " the mysterious nature of which appears sufficient to render them suspicious, if not untrue." (P. 39.) This gentleman may imagine that mystery proves a religious doctrine to be untrue. But we should rather say, the absence of mystery would prove it. Our notions certainly differ very widely from his. To us it would appear the most unaccountable thing that could be conceived, human nature continuing such as it is, if a revelation of divine things were to come to us, and not involve some mystery. But, a little before, we find the following amazing assertion: " The definition given of the word Mystery in Scripture, is the explication, unfolding, or making plain, something that was formerly not clearly known, or darkly expressed." (P. 16.) This idea seems to have arisen out of some misconception of Rom. xvi. 25, 26, where a mystery is spoken of, which had long been kept secret, " but now is made manifest" and " made known." That is, the mystery is made manifest and made known. But this is as far as possible from the mystery itself being a making manifest or a making known. As well might we define a plot to be the discovery of a plot; or a trick to be the finding out of a trick ; or darkness to be the departure of darkness. And when we had gone so far, we might proceed a little further, and define night to be day, or call black white, or say that sun-set was sun-rise.—A patent has lately been taken out, which we would recommend to this gentleman. It is for a contrivance called the fumivore. This ingenious device he must certainly have recourse to, before he makes a second attack upon Mr. White. His style will be somewhat clearer when he has learned to burn his own smoke.

At another place we meet with a full-formed and perfect specimen of the *platitude*. Mr. Gosnell affirms (p. 28, 29,) that the expression, " God our Saviour," (Tit. i. 3,) does not mean

Jesus Christ. And for what reason? Because in the next verse we find the expression, "Jesus Christ our Saviour." How would it confirm our author in his views, were he to turn to the second and third chapters of the same epistle. He would there find the expressions, "God our Saviour," "the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," "God our Saviour" again, and "Jesus Christ our Saviour," in the compass of a few verses. And to settle him in his views, it is only necessary to inform him, that the true English of the phrase too cautiously rendered by our translators "the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," (τυ μεγαλυ Θευ και Σωτηρος ἡμων, Ἰησυ Χριστυ,) is "our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

It will rather surprise the Hebrew scholar that this gentleman, (p. 39,) quotes Isaiah xli. 20, "The Holy One of Israel hath created it," (קדוש ישראל בראה, the argument, we suppose, resting on the word "One,") as a proof of the unity of the Deity; and the Greek scholar, that he quotes John x. 41, "all that John spake of this man is true," (παντα δε, ὁσα ειπεν Ἰωαννης περι τυτυ, ἀληθη ἠν,) and John xv. 24, "If I had not done among you the works which none other man did," (Εἰ τα ἐργα μη ἐποιησα ἐν ἀυτοις ἁ οὐδεις ἀλλος πεποιηκεν, the argument resting on the word "man," in both cases,) as a proof of that other point which no member of the general church ever denied, the manhood of our Lord. Hence, however, they will be better prepared for our author's mode of disposing of John i. 1. Instead of reading "The Word was with God," (ὁ Λογος ἠν προς τον Θεον,) he proposes that, "by a little transposition of the words," we should read, "God was with the word," (p. 28,) a mode of rendering the passage truly worthy the attention of the editors of the "Improved Version."

And now, having entered into these statements and exposures, we must be permitted to say that we have not gone out of our way to look for them:—except, indeed, that what has been said respecting the member of the church of the Freethinking Christians may be thought a digression. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Wardlaw's two very able publications, will perceive how highly we stand indebted to him. For the rest, —we have looked over a few Unitarian publications at random, a great part of them, if not all, taken on the recommendation of the shopman at the place where such books are sold; and in these, without any other search than that of reading them through, we found the specimens which we have offered, and which, to us, are only confirmatory of our previous opinions.— The search has left some serious impressions on our mind. Perhaps a peculiar style of error might be traced in every class of unbelievers. We think there is something marked in that

of Unitarians. We find them often going on very well for a time. Much that they say seems really to the purpose. We once met with a short passage of great beauty in a well-known writer of this class, which we have given in a former number. They can talk plainly, sensibly, at times even scripturally. They express themselves as if they felt strong, and quite at home in their subject; and were satisfied that they had reason, and all the reason, on their side: so that an uninformed reader, taking up one of their publications, of those at least which are put forth for the purpose of making out a case, will wonder that so much should ever have been said against them. But then all at once something comes out, as we read on, so glaringly wrong, or so unaccountably perverse; so palpably feeble, or so totally inconsistent; that we recognize at once the melancholy state of the afflicted person. Thus, when we are talking to a patient in St. Luke's, for a long time he is quite reasonable. He is exceedingly reasonable. He is particularly reasonable. Knowing the malady imputed to him, he takes express pains that all he says shall be reasonable. We begin to wonder that so reasonable a man should ever have found his way into such a place, or that any reasonable man should ever have put him there. But all at once he breaks out into something that in a moment convinces you of his unhappy case. Thus have we observed, in one of these writers, considerable ability in his attempts to fix a charge of not preaching the gospel upon the general church. All is regular and in its proper place. His plan of attack is ingenious, and his mode of conducting it skilful. He first gives his propositions, and then his expositions. But then, in the midst of all this, we detect the strange and glaring blunder of referring his readers to two passages of Scripture in support of his views; to one of them urgently, repeatedly, and triumphantly; on the very surface of each of which passages lies a total confutation of his whole argument. This prevailing defect, indeed, may be mentioned, as common to our Unitarian assailants:—that such of their assertions as, if true, would fix a charge, are not made out; and that such of their assertions as are true, fix no charge whatever.

We have not yet said much in a direct way on the subject of infidelity. But it will be seen on what footing we regard our opponents. To say the least, there is certainly a good deal of coquetry going on between them and professed unbelievers. The line, we fear, between the two parties is not very distinctly marked. And there are reasons for suspecting that there is much passing and re-passing from one side of it to the other. "I have had the misfortune," says a Unitarian minister, "to witness the departure of many from the Christian path into the

dreary wilds of gloomy scepticism and everlasting doubt." (Letter to a Young Man, by the Rev. J. Platts, p. 5.)

And, on the other hand, we learn from a sermon by the same author, what indeed is no secret, that avowed infidels attend Unitarian places of worship.—"It is said 'Avowed infidels attend our places of worship.' The fact is this: The cause of infidelity is in a state of rapid decay; its oracles are nearly dumb; its veterans are completely foiled. Abashed and confounded, it dares not appear in its own proper shape and colour. Under these forlorn circumstances, the wandering disciples of unbelief, the votaries of the mysteries of infidelity, have taken advantage of the candour and liberality of the Unitarian Church, and have sought protection from it." (Unitarians not Infidels, p. 10.)

It will be seen how this gentleman attempts to account for the fact; but the true cause, we conceive to be, that there is nothing in the doctrine of Unitarians to keep these infidels away. "They are of the world: therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them." (1 John iv. 5.) No such stigma can ever attach to a true church. Never can its doctrines be relished, or for any length of time endured, by infidels. Nor can the pure and unperverted gospel, while the world continues what it is, though the multitude will sometimes crowd to its faithful ministration, be ever, in any good sense of the word, popular. "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own. But because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." (John xv. 19.) On the part of the unbelieving there will always be a natural hostility to the truth; and the Church, as well as her Leader, may say, "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not. If another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive." (John v. 43.)

In all that we have said, we wish it to be understood that our object has not been so much to expose intellectual weakness as to humble intellectual pride. The infirmities which we have noticed are such as we are all liable to, Trinitarians as well as Unitarians. Let both parties, then, learn a lesson of humility. Let not the most faithful think that he has any greater strength within himself than the unbelieving; but let him feel, more than ever, his need of aid from the Spirit of that God and Saviour, by faith in whom he stands.

With regard to the two excellent publications of Mr. Wardlaw, we have read them with much attention: and a high opinion of their merits will induce us to be rather particular in mentioning a few objections which struck us in the perusal.

In the first place, we are not quite clear as to the good gene-

ralship of his plan of contracting his lines of defence. What we refer to, his own words will best explain.

"It has frequently struck me as a defect of considerable magnitude in some of the treatises which have been published on the subjects handled in this volume, particularly the Divinity of Christ, that the writers have lessened the effect which their works are designed to produce, by *attempting more than enough*. .... They have, with the laudable view of showing how full the Bible is of the particular doctrine they defend, exerted their ingenuity, with various success, in bringing texts to bear upon it, of which the application is dubious, or, even when satisfactorily ascertained, by no means impressive. ..... It has been my aim, in the following Discourses, to avoid this defect." (Discourses, preface, p. iii. iv.)

It ought to be said of no text, of which the application, as proving the Divinity of Christ, is "satisfactorily ascertained," that it is "by no means impressive." But, not to dwell upon this point, we confess we do not like the idea of giving up so much ground to the enemy, which is strictly Trinitarian. It may be thought convenient in controversy. It may have been supposed that there are various ways in which the mode of conducting the argument, objected to above, "is fitted to hurt the cause in which it is employed, and to afford an advantage to its adversaries." (P. iv.) But we very much doubt to what degree even this is really the case; and it is a question with us, whether we ought to give up an inch of the ground that is committed to us. The defence of a besieged place assumes rather an unfavourable aspect, when the garrison abandons all the out-works and retires to the citadel. We can offer no better proof that this is not the wisest plan, than that Mr. Yates is vastly delighted with it, and commends it highly.

"Mr. Wardlaw has shown peculiar judgment in confining himself to those arguments, which have usually been considered as clear and decisive, instead of bringing forward all the passages of Scripture, which have been conceived to bear remotely upon the subject, and by insisting upon which other advocates have weakened the cause they intended to support." (Vindication, p. 3.)

This is not the kind of tone that Mr. Yates is accustomed to employ, when his "friend" has him up in a corner, and turns him the seamy side out.

It appears to us, also, that Mr. Wardlaw, in the caution which he has learned from his acquaintance with the ways of Unitarians, has sometimes been too apprehensive of exposing himself to objections.

"I shall avail myself," he says, "of the language of two other writers, who have expressed themselves with that modest discretion, which is so becoming in creatures on all such subjects; but which is

galling to the adversaries of the doctrine, because it does not furnish them with grounds sufficiently gross and palpable, to enable them to shock and horrify the minds of their readers, by burlesque, and ridicule, and bold unqualified asseverations of the nonsense and absurdity of Trinitarianism." (Reply, p. 71.)

Now, as to all this, we shall only say that no vindicator of the truths of Christianity ought to care for it one farthing. We know the doctrine of the Trinity is a mystery after all. And, with all our moderation, and all our caution, if we state it faithfully, still it will be of such a kind that obloquy and ridicule may be attached to it. As specimens of "modest discretion," Dr. Wardlaw gives quotations on the subject from Dean Swift and Venn. There is a wide difference, we apprehend, between the statements of the two writers. Swift's, we take it, is Sabellianism; at best, one degree removed. He is flinching throughout from the appearance of contradiction; and states nothing but what any person may believe, without in any way submitting his reason to revelation. Mr. Wardlaw's motive for giving this extract from Swift seems partly to have been, to show that defenders of the Trinity are not always rash and extravagant in their statements of the doctrine. And this object the quotation may answer, if the title of a defender of the Trinity can be given to its author:—but certainly not that of affording a satisfactory statement of the doctrine itself. At any rate we venture to ask,—will caution of this kind, after all, satisfy the Unitarian? Will it stop out all occasion of ridicule? Will it leave no opening for the enemy? We believe that this would not prove the case even with Swift's view of the doctrine: much less with Venn's; which we take to be, on the whole, a faithful, though exceedingly guarded statement. As boldly and specifically facing the difficulties of the case, however, we like much better than either the following quotation given by Dr. Wardlaw from Gousset. It relates to the plural form often employed in the Old Testament, in speaking of the Deity.

"Ex his sequitur PLURALEM DE DEO LOCUTIONEM PROPRIE AC IN TOTA VI SUA SUMENDAM, ut idiomatis Ebraicæ linguæ obtemperetur; ideoque fatendum esse illam PLURALITATEM IN DEO DISERTISSIME ET VALIDISSIME ASSERI." ..... "At inquis, pluralitati isti obstat Dei natura. Ego, contra, quî scis? Plus valet locutio Dei qui scit, quam ratiocinatio tua, qui nescis. Regeris, sunt aliæ causæ pluralis locutionis. Ego repono, PROPRIA ET NATURALIS EJUS CAUSA EST RERUM INSIGNITARUM PLURALITAS: ex ea venire solet pluralis forma nominis, nec efficaciori modo illa indicari potuisset quam locutione ista et diserta et solenni. Omnis ergo humilis verbi Dei discipulus, quid ille dicat, bona fide, excipere studens acquiescat."—"The plural form of speech concerning God, is to be taken strictly and in its full force."—"Plurality in Deity is most distinctly and strongly

affirmed."—The "proper and natural cause" of this mode of speaking "is plurality in the things signified." (Reply, p. 88, 89.)

The real difficulty and the real mystery of the Trinity we apprehend to be, that it includes an apparent contradiction. And the effort really required of our faith we apprehend to be, to believe that this apparent contradiction is not real. He who has not seen the question in this light, has never, we think, acquainted himself with its real difficulties; has never once led up his mind to the contemplation of the true turning point of the controversy; has never had a single view of the jet of the case. The difference between mystery and absurdity is generally represented to be, that the one is above reason, the other contrary to reason. But we should rather state it to be, that the one seems to be contrary to reason, the other is so; or, that the one is opposed to human reason, the other to the nature of things; or, that the one is opposed to human reason, the other to the divine reason. It will appear by these various definitions, to not one of which, perhaps, some plausible objection might not be made, that we are of opinion that a thing may be contrary to human reason, and yet not contrary to the nature of things, or to the divine reason.—But few Unitarians will acclaim to this. Mr. Harris quotes a passage from Mr. Watson's "Remarks," (which expresses, in rather strong terms, the sentiments that we have just been advocating,) with some tokens of indignation.

"What rational evidence, except that they are doctrines of a revelation from God, is there of the Trinity, or of the union of two natures in one person in our Lord? It is of small consideration whether the doctrine in question be to me reasonable or not. The doctrine of the Trinity in Unity stands upon no rational evidence of the doctrine itself. I have no hesitation in saying that the doctrines of the Trinity in Unity, of the union of two natures in one personal Christ, not only transcend, but contradict human reason. It is, to my mind at least, a very strong argument, *à priori*, against any scheme, that it renders a doctrine of pure revelation less difficult to reason. All such doctrines, as to human reason, whether they are contrary to it, or transcend it, are in their nature difficult, and difficult because they are *true*—and (startling as it may appear to those who pay so much homage to the efficiency of their reason,) difficult in proportion as they are *revealed*." (P. 14.)

We must mention, also, that we think Dr. Wardlaw assigns a very insufficient motive for his hesitation respecting the doctrine of the eternal generation of the Son from the Father, and the eternal procession of the Spirit from the Father, and the Son. "The principal source of my hesitation respecting the common opinion above mentioned, was a desire to clear that

great and fundamental article of my faith" (the doctrine of the Trinity) "from plausible objection." (P. 340.)

We only half like this "desire to clear." Bring us a doctrine which is not liable to "plausible objection," and we will venture to say, without looking at it, this is not the doctrine of the Trinity. Whatever system we adopt, whether of belief or of unbelief, we must come to difficulty at last. Shall the difficulties, then, from which we shrink, in preference, be the difficulties of revelation?

We have of late, also, from having looked more into the nature of the question between the general Church and the Unitarians, learned to feel somewhat of uneasiness, whenever, in statements of the doctrine of the Trinity, any thing is said which amounts to an intimation, or admission, that the word "person," as used in stating it, is materially objectionable. We say materially objectionable, because, to uninstructed minds, the word certainly may appear to convey ideas that are not intended. Where the word occurs it is usual, with writers on the Trinity, to intimate that it is employed for want of a better. But, for our own parts, we like the word very well. Accordingly, we did not quite approve of Dr. Wardlaw's mode of expressing himself, where he intimates that, "in the Unity of the Godhead there are three distinct subsistences, which, wanting a more appropriate term, we denominate *persons*." (Discourses, p. 29, 30.) The doctrine of the Trinity is confessedly a mystery. It is therefore, to say the least of it, a doctrine not understood. How then can it be *confidently* said that *any* term usually employed in stating the doctrine is *in*appropriate? The mode of the fact, we are constantly obliged to repeat in defending the doctrine, is not revealed, but only the fact itself. Such, then, being the case, how can we venture to intimate that, after all, the word "person" is objectionable. When this is done, is it intended to be signified that the fact of there being three Persons in the Unity of the Godhead, is NOT the fact revealed? Far from it, we trust.

We were not quite pleased, either, with certain departures from our received version of the Scriptures, which we met with in the earlier of Dr. Wardlaw's publications. At page 397 he gives us 1 John iii. 16, in the following form: "Hereby perceive we the love (of Christ) because he laid down his life for us." Our common translation stands thus: "Hereby perceive we the love *of God*, because he laid down his life for us:" the two words in italics not being in the original. Here, perhaps, our translators were under no obligation to insert any word whatever. But if a word was to be inserted, then we are satis-

fied, from examining the context, that the one supplied by them was the best, and that it conveys the fittest illustration of the idea which was in the mind of the evangelist. The love spoken of in the next verse is "the love of God;" and, not to appeal to the disputed passage, Acts xx. 28, we need only turn to Rom. v. 8, to see Who it is that commendeth his love to us by the cross of Calvary.—At page 400, "without a sin-offering," is substituted for "without sin," in Heb. ix. 28. Some commentators, we are aware, prefer this reading;—but we southern episcopalians have a great horror of any *needless* departure from the received version. The word ἁμαρτιας, a little before, must surely be translated "sins;" and so Mr. Wardlaw has got it. If the article is wanting in the one case, it is equally so in the other: as it is, also, in verse 26, where we see very little reason to doubt that our translators have done right in rendering ἁμαρτιας, sin.—Eph. ii. 10, in our received version stands thus: "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them." Dr. Wardlaw has it—"Good works, to which God hath before ordained us—" &c. (P. 320.) The οἱς in the same case with ἐργοις, by no means, we think, calls for this alteration, though Doddridge and Macknight are very decidedly for it. Not to mention that ἡμας must be understood, which is a very forced construction. There is a sublimity in the received sense of the passage, which makes us unwilling to see it disturbed, especially as we believe it to be the true one.—The alteration of Eph. iii. 18, ("comprehend" to "apprehend," p. 358,) we conceive to be totally needless.—We wish it to be understood, however, that we are not objecting to these, or to similar alterations made by Dr. Wardlaw, as evidently erroneous in themselves, because there is much to be said for them, and he has often the strength of the commentators on his side: but while the received version continues the received version, we question how far it is worth while to unsettle the confidence very justly reposed in it by the public, by *frequent* deviations. Should the discussions which have lately arisen upon this subject lead to some temperate measure of revision, conducted with caution, and upon judicious principles, we can assure Dr. Wardlaw that we shall be among the first to hail the proceeding.

We have noticed, also, in Dr. Wardlaw's first volume, some few instances of a mode of speaking that looks like indecision; and that, upon points upon which we could wish to have seen him very decisive. His way of expressing himself originates, probably, in conscientious caution, mixed up, it may be, with

a little of that fear of giving a handle, of which we have already expressed our dislike.—We shall offer an instance or two, which will exemplify what we mean.

In the notes to the Discourses, Dr. Wardlaw discusses the import of those passages, in which it has been supposed that St. Paul questions his own inspiration. He terminates an able disquisition with these words: "Upon the whole, I am not satisfied, that there are any passages of his writings in which this apostle can be fairly considered as disclaiming inspiration." Here we suspect an erratum. The words surely should stand thus: "Upon the whole, I am satisfied, that there are no passages of his writings," &c. (P. 433.)—We shall mention two or three more errata.

Page 304. For "The Son is to be considered as sent by the Father, and the Spirit as sent by the Father and the Son:" read "The Son is sent by the Father, and the Spirit by the Father and the Son."

Page 382. In the following passage: "The depravity and guilt of mankind;—the Divinity, voluntary substitution, and atonement of Jesus Christ;—justification by free grace, through faith, and not by works of righteousness which we have done;—and the necessity and freeness of the Holy Spirit's influences, for the conversion and final salvation of sinners:—these appear to be doctrines which constitute the very essence of Christianity:"—for "appear to be," read "are."

Page 345. In the following passage: "Justification by free grace, through the righteousness of Jesus Christ, I apprehend to be the very first principle of the gospel:"—for "I apprehend to be," read "is."

Pages 310, 311. In the following passage: "the three persons in this one Godhead are represented as performing, each his appropriate part of that glorious work:"—for "are represented as performing," read "perform."

(N. B. If this passage be not corrected, it will be asked, "Does the author mean to say that this is a representation of what is not real?")

Page 220. In the following passage: "I have before endeavoured to answer, on this subject, the question, What saith the scripture?—and, at the same time, to show the reasonableness of the plan which the blessed God is therein represented as having adopted:"—for "is therein represented as having adopted," read "is therein asserted to have adopted," or, "has adopted."

But we cannot suffer this passage to pass with a correction of the erratum. There is another point to be noticed. The author speaks of endeavouring to show the reasonableness of

God's plan. Now we recoil from the idea of taking it in hand to show the "reasonableness" of God's plans. Where the poet talks of "justifying the ways of God to man," we own that, to our judgment, there is something awfully presumptuous in the expression. Where any thing is said of showing the reasonableness of God's plans, it might be taken to signify, if we were willing to adopt a harsh construction, "If I could not show them to be reasonable, I would not accede to them:"—which in fact would bring us at once to Socinianism. But we will not suppose this in the present instance. We must here take the opportunity of observing, that we have an especial dislike to attempts at "justifying," or, if we may coin a term, at *rationalizing* the doctrine of the atonement (not that we have observed any such attempts on the part of Mr. Wardlaw): because it appears to us that they generally end in a curtailing or attenuating of the doctrine itself. To accommodate a mystery to the capacity of man's understanding, and the corrupt fastidiousness of his taste, we must both reduce it from its actual bulk, and adulterate it with something of a more ordinary and earthly quality.

In the first of the Discourses, Dr. Wardlaw, speaking of the Bible, says, "If it could be shown to contain what was clearly contradictory, the discovery would be a proof, sufficiently convincing, of its not being from God." (P. 25.)

Now the idea of any thing "*clearly* contradictory" in a book of Divine origin, appears to us in itself to involve a contradiction. The origin of the book being divine, it *could* not be "shown," as the author seems to suppose, to contain any thing clearly contradictory, even if human reason were capable of deciding upon the point: because the fact of its Divine origin would be ground enough for doubting the truth of the charge. If in such a book we even discovered what we took to be a contradiction in terms, still the passage containing it could not be said to be "*clearly* contradictory," because the fact of the Divine origin of the book would compel us to question the fact of any actual contradiction: nay, rather would compel us to deny it, and convince us that no actual contradiction existed. This view of ours, indeed, is only an extension of a rule commonly adopted and applied at classical schools. A boy, in reading a passage in some ancient author, comes to a sentence, of which, after all that he can do, he is unable to find out the meaning. And accordingly he concludes it to be nonsense, or not to have a meaning. But when he applies to the master, the master says, "This is a passage in a writer of a superior mind, a man who never wrote nonsense. You may take it for granted, then, that it has a meaning, and a good meaning.

Go to your seat, therefore, and find the meaning out." This is the doctrine which is often preached at school, and it is good doctrine. It is doctrine which compels the learner to extract instruction from many a passage which he might otherwise abandon in despair. By an extension of the same principle, we must, in reading the Scriptures, lay out of the question the possibility of contradiction. We must take it for granted that the Bible is right, and that there is no contradiction in it. If we come to any thing that to us appears to be contradiction, the inference ought to be, not that the apparent is a real contradiction, and that there is any possibility of the book's "not being from God:" but that, in some way or other, the difficulty lies in our own minds.

There are passages, also, where Dr. Wardlaw makes an appeal to the Scriptures, which we know not whether to consider exculpatory or confirmatory. Thus where he says, (p. 354,) that "Every thing that is different from 'the works of the flesh' .... we are in the Scriptures taught to consider as resulting from the holy agency of the Spirit of God:" does he appeal to the Scriptures in order to show that if there be any thing extraordinary in this doctrine, they are to blame, and not he? And, again, where he says, "Were I to pursue this subject at full length, I should be led to an illustration of all the principles which form the Christian character, in the whole of their extensive and diversified operation;—these, according to the Scriptures, being all the result of Divine influence:" (p. 343:) does he here refer to the Scriptures to exculpate his conduct in maintaining the opinion that these principles are the result of Divine influence? Or does he mean only, in both cases, to allege the authority of the Bible as supporting him in sentiments which he cordially believes and maintains? We have felt inclined to ask similar questions in one or two other places. We ought, however, certainly to be cautious in objecting to such expressions. We are not to forget that the phrase, "according to the Scriptures," is used by St. Paul in two successive verses, (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4,) with peculiar emphasis; and that the phrase and the emphasis are both transferred into the Nicene creed. Perhaps also it ought to be borne in mind that Dr. Wardlaw, in this contest, must have felt a constant appeal to the Scriptures to be necessary. And surely, if ever a believer has need to cling to his Bible, it is in contending with Unitarians. At the same time we are more and more convinced that wherever the Scriptures speak positively, there, a positive mode of speaking is that which best becomes us: and, if so, then, that in all such cases, every thing that comes short of this positiveness, however candid, or cautious, or unbiassed it may look, is short of what is right, is

defective, is wrong. And we have also a strong objection to that syllogistic faith, which builds itself up upon single texts of Scripture. The Christian should feel that the whole Bible is his creed. Whether obscure or clear, mysterious or simple, his faith should comprise all. He should be able to lay his hand upon the book, and say, I believe in this. And he should see the peculiarities of Christianity not merely gasping for existence in single texts, but living, breathing, burning throughout; not merely standing alone and unconnected, like islands in a mighty ocean, but occupying and pervading the whole substance of the book from cover to cover. Then alone, provided he knows his Bible, can there be any good ground of hope that "with the heart he believeth" to salvation. And nothing short of this approaches either to the "full assurance of faith," or the "full assurance of understanding;" the πληροφορια πιστεως or the πληροφορια της συνεσεως.

We have now concluded all we have to offer in the way of objection to Mr. Wardlaw's books; and, with it, some observations which arose out of our remarks. The two works contain many useful criticisms, and illustrations of Scripture. On 1 John iii. 3, ("Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure;") he makes the following just observation: "'*In him*,' (that is *in Christ*.) The expression is commonly interpreted as if it referred to the believer's having this hope *in himself*, that is, residing in his mind and heart. The phrase in the original, however, is ἐπ' αὐτῳ, which expresses not the exercise of hope in the heart of him who possesses it, but the ground on which his hope rests." (Discourses, p. 402.) This illustration is important to the English reader, and might escape the Scholar. On the whole, we regard Dr. Wardlaw's two works as a truly valuable accession to the theology of our language. There is a marked difference between his style and Mr. Yates's. As general characteristics we may mention, that the Trinitarian is warm and animated, the Unitarian cold and deliberate. The one has often a generous carelessness in his expressions that pleases us. The other measures his words, and maintains a specious air of studied simplicity. The one is eager because in earnest. He is struggling for his Bible and his hope of eternity. In fact, like the Unitarian contending for the externals of Christianity, he is fighting for life. With him the business is *de vitâ et sanguine*. The other is as much at his ease as if the whole business were a mere argument; and never loses himself but when he comes to personalities, or to inconvenient texts of Scripture. The one pleads like a party interested; the other like an advocate. And it is observable, as in the case of Paul and Tertullus, how, every now and then, the measured oratory

and guarded argumentation of the rhetorician droop and wither before the natural eloquence and strong sense of his vigorous antagonist.

We congratulate the city which possesses a Wardlaw and a Chalmers. And though we have felt it our duty to offer, with the deference that is due to their talents, some strictures upon both,—upon the one here, and upon the other in a preceding number,—we gladly hail these northern luminaries as brethren and fellow-helpers in the cause of truth. While we admire the keenness, the judgment, and the perseverance, with which the one pursues error, through all its windings, into its darkest and most profound retreats, and drags it out into daylight and detection, and the other pursues the grand object of Christian cizilization,—we readily discover, in the piety, the ardour, and the devotedness of each, to what Master they belong.

Mr. Horne's book is of a different character from either of Mr. Wardlaw's, and is calculated to answer a different purpose. For the exposure of Unitarian inconsistency, Mr. Wardlaw's are the better adapted: but not, in our opinion, for a full statement of the true doctrine and its evidences. He has, in general, though not always, followed the plan of giving a few select texts, with a portion of argument attached to them. In some parts of his first volume, indeed, he presents us with masses of scriptural evidence. His object, however, in the main, has principally been a controversial work, and a defence of the truth. This object is answered. But for a full statement of the doctrine of the Trinity and of its evidences, we think, next to the Bible, those books are best which, with few pretensions and little argumentation, mainly consist, not of a small selection merely, but of a bulk of citations, judiciously chosen, and appropriately brought together. Therefore to those who wish to see some considerable portion of the evidences of the doctrine of the Trinity at one view, we would recommend such books as Mr. Horne's. Those authors, we think, are most likely to help the learner, who are not above writing a book containing much of Scripture and little of their own; though it might be useless to put such a book into the hands of a Unitarian, or even of a professed believer, were he of a contentious, contesting turn. The author of such a work should state his evidence in the rough, without standing to chaffer about particular criticisms—should give the truth in one broad stream of light, without spliting it into minute, and diverging, and counteracting rays. Some idea of what we mean may be gathered from Mr. Wardlaw's fifth sermon. But, to explain ourselves more fully, we would refer to the portion of Mr. Horne's work lying between p. 12

and p. 57 ; where, as the passage, in a great measure, consists of texts of Scripture well selected and arranged, we have in fact forty-five pages almost as full of truth as they can hold. Except when an author is writing for his direct opponents, we have no notion of his blunting the edge and breaking the force of his evidence, by pausing every now and then to argue away objections which he feels to be totally irrelevant. In contending against unbelievers, indeed, we must fight our way on, we must clear as we go. But it is exceedingly observable, that we ought by no means to think of checking ourselves by needless delays, or hampering ourselves by needless contention, when writing either for believers, or for those who are only ignorant, and not decidedly of the adverse party. We shall venture to say even of Mr. Wardlaw's books, that those portions of them which are the least controversial are the most calculated for general usefulness; nay, that they prove the most: and also that those contain the greatest portion of important truth, where there are the least pains taken to detect error. And if he could find time to publish a volume or two of sermons, not written for the purpose, but such as he generally preaches to his people, and without controversy, we are much mistaken if they would not be very acceptable to the sound part of the public, and raise his high character in the religious world even higher than it has ever yet stood.

As we have already said, too, we are not for the plan of contracting our defences. In teaching the doctrines of truth, let us take a large ground. We have a right. It is all our own. Let us not heed the cavils of opponents. They are so many totally groundless claims to what is not theirs. To one whose mind is not adverse to the truth, every passage of Scripture which does in fact *reveal* a doctrine of Scripture, should be employed to reveal it. And, to a believer, every passage which, however obscurely, *contains* the doctrine, may be of service, and is calculated to be of service, and was intended to be of service, in confirming his faith in it. When, indeed, a mass of scriptural evidence is thus brought to bear upon a contested point, the unbeliever has his resource in saying it may be got over. But let it be considered what he is asserting, when he says this. If, by getting over, he means that it may be proved false, we of course deny this. But if he only means that it may be explained away, we answer, that even this is only to be done by a sustained effort of unbelief;—by a sustained resistance to the plain sense of the Bible, displayed in a constant succession of criticisms, some of them very lame and miserable. And the very necessity for this mode of proceeding proves that the cause which has

recourse to it is a bad one. For that cannot be scriptural truth, which is only to be established by a sustained war against the language of Scripture.

To say the truth, we are unwilling that established evidences should be given up, even when much has been urged, and something has been conceded, to their disadvantage: as in the case of the text in the latter part of the first epistle of St. John. A zealous and hearty advocate of the truth will give up nothing till he is obliged. And if any have been the more ready to surrender particular passages, because too distinct and decided for their fastidious orthodoxy, we are sorry on their account. As to the various modes of stating the doctrine itself, we own we have sometimes liked the least cautious the best. There may, indeed, be a statement which runs too much into hazardous particularities. But we are always sorry to observe that species of caution which leaves a statement short of the truth. We felt, therefore, much gratification in a statement which we met with in a little tract, already mentioned, by Mr. White; and which, with a passage quoted by him from Horsley, we shall here give.

"Believing most fully the absolute unity of the Divine nature, I believe also that this unity is perfectly consistent with a personal distinction, and that there are three Divine Persons, (not distinct Beings, nor divided parts of the Godhead, but) three intelligent Agents, who have condescended to perform distinct offices, and to enter into different relations to mankind. These Divine Persons I worship under the titles of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." (P. 34.)

Bishop Horsley's words are—

"I maintain that the three Persons are one Being; one by mutual relation, indissoluble connection, and gradual subordination; so strictly one, that any individual thing, in the whole world of matter and of spirit, presents but a faint shadow of their unity. I maintain that each person by himself is God; because each possesses fully every attribute of the Divine nature. But I maintain that these three Persons are all included in the very idea of a God; and that for that reason, as well as for the identity of the attributes in each, it were impious and absurd to say there are three Gods. For to say there are three Gods, were to say, there are three Fathers, three Sons, and three Holy Ghosts. I maintain the equality of the three Persons, in all the attributes of the Divine nature. I maintain their equality in rank and authority, with respect to all created things, whatever relations or differences may subsist between themselves. Differences there must be, lest we confound the Persons; which was the error of Sabellius. But the differences can only consist in the personal properties, lest we divide the substance, and make a plurality of independent Gods." (P. 35, note.)

We think both these are statements of men who are at home in the subject, and know their ground. And if any objection

is made to the plurality of persons in the Divine Unity which is here so explicitly dwelt upon, our best answer will be in the words of Gousset which we gave before; and part of which we shall now repeat in English. "You will say, This plurality is inconsistent with the nature of God. I ask, in return, How do you know that? The declaration of God, *who knows*, is worth more than your reasoning, *who do not know*." (See Reply, p. 88.)

The necessity for maintaining the distinction of the Persons is well shown in a passage quoted by Mr. Horne from the Bishop, his namesake. This amiable prelate, it is well known, bore the title of Hutchinsonian. But we see nothing in the following extract which goes beyond sound Trinitarianism.

"Say no more, then, that the doctrine of the Trinity is a matter of curiosity and amusement only. Our religion is founded upon it For what is Christianity but a manifestation of the three divine Persons, as engaged in the great work of man's redemption, begun, continued, and to be ended by them, in their several relations of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, three Persons, one God? If there be no Son of God, where is our redemption? If there be no Holy Spirit, where is our sanctification? Without both, where is our salvation?" (P. 79.)

What we say of the Trinity, we say indeed of all the doctrines of our redemption:—that we ought not to shrink from stating them in all their strangeness and unaccommodating simplicity. Not one prominent, not one even apparently incongruous feature, should be pared down.—No, nor in the slightest degree touched or smoothed off. Every thing should be presented to the view exactly as it is; and left to stand, open and unsheltered, in all the rough, unhewn simplicity of native truth. Any mode of satement that comes short of this, in fact, is cowardice. With all possible tenderness for the infirmities of believers, and therefore with all possible caution against making unnecessary difficulties, we must not care for the hostility or ridicule of infidels one jot. All true doctrine, fully and fairly stated, admits, from its very nature, of being placed, by "men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth," in a strange and ridiculous point of view. And a statement not admitting of this, is not a true, or if it be a true, is not a full statement. We have but one path, narrow indeed, but straight forward. And that path we must follow, in spite of every disturbing force, whether it would turn us to the right hand or to the left.

For the reasons we have given, we approve also of the following plain and distinct statement of Christian doctrine by a gentleman already quoted.

"The system is exalting and consolatary to *man*. The three Divine Persons who had concurred in his creation, concurred in his redemption also. The Father gave the Son to redeem him; the Son freely and willingly engaged in the gracious work; the Holy Spirit undertook the renovation of his nature, and the restoration of the Divine image to his soul. By the incarnation of the Son of God, man is brought into the most intimate union with the Deity; by his ascension into heaven, the human is exalted far above the angelic nature, since in it Christ has taken possession of his throne of glory." (White's Address, p. 33.)

We are as anxious for distinct views of Christian doctrine in general, as for distinct views of the Persons of the Trinity. And we apprehend that an hostility both to one and the other lies at the bottom of Socinianism. Indeed the great error of modern theology seems to be, a dread of full and distinct statements of Christian doctrines, arising from an apprehension that if fully stated they will appear inconsistent with each other. Thus we must be cautious of too distinctly stating the doctrine of justification by faith alone, lest it should appear to preclude the necessity of sanctification: and in the same way, we must be cautious of too distinctly stating the doctrine of the Trinity, lest it should appear to preclude the doctrine of the Divine Unity. It is dreadful, when doctrines beautifully harmonizing, are thus set up in opposition to one another.

The fact is, that the ridicule, the offence, the dislike, called forth, often arise from a mistaken notion that what is only meant as a statement is intended for an explanation. We cannot agree with those who look upon the Athanasian creed as intended for an explanation of the doctrine of the Trinity. Here we do not materially differ from Mr. Horne, though in his analysis, towards the end of his volume, he seems to regard one part of the creed as illustrative of the other. He means illustrative of statements. We mean explanatory of doctrine. A creed, properly speaking, is a statement of doctrine; not an explanation. If we look to it for an explanation we may be totally disappointed; since the matter which it states may be inexplicable.—It is the office of an explanation to remove difficulties. It is the office of a statement to give them as they are. As it may be said of Christian obedience that it does not consist in obeying where there is no difficulty, but in obeying where there is a difficulty: so it may be said of Christian faith; that it does not consist in believing where there is no difficulty, but in believing where there is a difficulty. Therefore "the carnal mind" is hostile both to Christian obedience and to Christian faith. It endeavours to dispose of obedience by explaining away the commandments of God; and it endeavours to

dispose of faith, by explaining his mysteries. For an attempt to explain them, is generally an attempt to explain them away: —to get rid of a difficulty which it is intended that we should take as we find it. Therefore in the creeds which set forth the doctrines of the Bible and the church, we are not to look for an explanation of those doctrines. They are to be accepted, upon scriptural authority, on being stated, and before they are explained. This is the trial of our faith. If afterwards we find that they admit of explanation, well. But for this, we maintain, we are not to stipulate, prior to acceptance: because, if we are, there is an end of faith.

There are many things in the gospel, which are mysteries, and which are intended to be mysteries. Now any statement of these mysteries, which came to us professing to be an explanation, would come to us with falsehood written upon its front. We need not give ourselves the trouble of examining it. The time may be better employed which we should employ in attending to it. It cannot be true, for it professes to make that plain which is not plain. State the doctrine, if you please. But state it so, that not one real difficulty shall be slurred over or mitigated. God is pleased by these difficulties to try your faith in him. Attempt to remove them, and what does it prove? It proves only this:—that you flinch from this trial of your faith. —In the Athanasian creed, we have a full, fearless, and minute statement of certain high and important mysteries; with every difficulty at full length, and undisguised:—but no explanation. —Unless indeed by an explanation we understand a more particular statement and illustration. But we mean, nothing that takes from the difficulty: nothing that represents the sacred doctrine otherwise than it is:—high and deep beyond our limited comprehensions.

Of the necessity of clear and decided views of the distinction of Persons in the Trinity, we are becoming more convinced every day of our lives. It is the office of faith, we imagine, first to have as clear and decided views of the Trinity as if the Unity had never been heard of; secondly, to have as clear and decided a view of the Unity, as if the Trinity had never been heard of; and then, thirdly, to believe faithfully that neither of these views is inconsistent with the other, but, on the contrary, that both are true. *Our* creed is, that there is a Trinity so decidedly marked, that if we knew of it alone, we must have believed in three Persons without any unity of substance; that there is a unity so decidedly marked, that if we knew of it alone, we must have believed in one substance without any division of Persons; and that this Trinity and this Unity centre in the Godhead. This is the doctrine of the Athanasian creed. This

is the doctrine of our church. This is the doctrine of the Bible. From the caution of some we might almost apprehend that they had no distinct view either of the Trinity or of the Unity,—but only an obscure idea of something between both. Thus when we are told that our distance to a place to which we are going is only three or four miles, unless we are in the habit of thinking very closely, we shall not present to ourselves the two ideas of three miles and four miles, but only one idea between the two—say of three miles and a half. And, for ordinary matters, this is the plan which will best answer our purpose. But we must beware of so loose a mode of thinking when we come to the contemplation of heavenly things, and to the language of the Holy Ghost.

That we may not be misunderstood in any thing we have now offered, we will here state that we regard the doctrine of the strict unity of the Godhead as an essential, as a vital, as an indispensable doctrine of the Christian religion. We consider this unity as a spiritual, actual, indissoluble, essential, unity. By spiritual, we mean unity of Spirit in that which is Spirit. By actual, we mean a real and not a figurative unity. By indissoluble, we mean not merely a unity that can never be dissolved, but a unity that has always been what it is. By essential, we mean a unity of essence. The three Divine Persons are eternally, necessarily, intensely One:—so that nothing created can give even an idea of their unity:—so that the union of the two sides of the same human body, making one frame, comes totally short of it:—so that the union of any two things in nature which are called the same,—the union of soul and body, nay the union of natural identity, falls short of conveying even a shadow of an idea of the inconceivable unity of the Godhead. Yet at the same time do we maintain that the catholic faith consists, not merely in believing that God is one, but in believing in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and that these three are one.

With regard to those who call themselves Unitarians, as we have already intimated, we question whether they are entitled to the name. As Tertullian says: "Duos et tres (deos) jam jactitant a nobis prædicari; se vero unius Dei cultores præsumunt: quasi non et UNITAS, IRRATIONALITER COLLECTA, HÆRESIM FACIAT; et Trinitas, rationaliter expensa, veritatem constituat." (See Elements of Christian Theology, vol. ii. p. 95.) We cannot bring ourselves to believe that Unitarians have any thing approaching, or even tending, or even pointing to a sound belief in the doctrine of the Divine Unity. Their notion appears to be, that this doctrine and that of the Trinity cannot stand together. Therefore it seems to us, that, on their principles,

if once they were fairly brought to confess the Trinity, they would feel themselves constrained to deny the Unity. Hyppolytus, an early father, as cited by Mr. Horne, confirms us in this view of ours.

"We can no otherwise" he observes, "consider God as one, but as believing truly in the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The Word of the Father, knowing the administration (or economy of the Three Persons) and that it was the will of the Father to be thus honoured, and not otherwise, gave his disciples orders, after his resurrection, to this purpose; *Go, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;* signifying, that whosoever should leave out any one of the three, SHOULD COME SO FAR SHORT OF KNOWING GOD PERFECTLY, for by this Trinity the Father is glorified." (See p. 133.)

In this we certainly agree. There is no real Unitarianism, except in the real faith, as it was once delivered to the saints: that sound, scriptural, spiritual Unitarianism, which worships the Trinity in Unity and the Unity in Trinity.—We question, therefore, the claim of Unitarians to the title which they bear; and maintain that, after all, with all their self-ascription of profound and peculiarly appropriate views upon the subject, they have come totally short of the glory of God—have never had even a view of that strict and proper Unity, of which they talk so much—but that they believe only in a nonentity—a phantasm—an airy nothing—the creation of their own minds. We maintain that even at the very best they believe only a portion of that truth, which, in order to be believed aright, must be believed entire. They ought to have some name that would show this: something which would show that they do not believe in the Divine Unity, but in something short of Unity. "Partialists," or "Fractionalists," was the name that struck us. But it might be thought that we wished to raise a smile upon a very serious subject; and therefore we leave them for the present in possession of the title of Unitarians, which, if we come to right, belongs only, appropriately, to the members of the general church, who are the only real believers in the strict and proper Unity of the Deity:—the ONLY REAL BELIEVERS, we are not afraid to say again; for "whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, HATH NOT GOD. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, HE HATH BOTH THE FATHER AND THE SON." (2 John 9.)

If we preach our God and Saviour Jesus Christ to the Unitarian, he will charge us, like the Athenians in the Acts of the Apostles, with setting forth a "strange God." Talk of the Supreme Being, and he will not object. But talk of the Supreme Being as coming into the world, and he will deny

him. Therefore, if we must not strictly charge him with atheism, we may charge him with something very much like it. The Greek for Atheist is ἄθεος, the Greek for Socinian is ἄθεος ἐν τω κοσμω. The one is "without God." The other is "without God in the world."

We have dwelt, however, in some of the preceding remarks, upon the necessity of observing the distinction of persons in the Godhead, because we think the evils of Sabellianism are as great as those of Unitarianism. Indeed the two systems are not very remote from each other; and there are people, if we mistake not, who call themselves "Sabellian Unitarians." The systems are also allied in their origin. In both cases we have *error*, arising from a desire to get rid of *mystery*. In both cases, the speculator endeavours to bring that within the grasp of reason which is beyond its grasp, and dies in his reasonings.

We would here urge, also, the immense importance to the Christian scheme, of clear and decided views of the humanity of the Redeemer, as well as of the Unity of the Godhead. It is essentially necessary, that, according to the words of the Athanasian creed, "we believe rightly the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ." It is as necessary to have a full sense of the humanity of the Word of God, as of the Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. We must not only assert that the Son of Man was God, but that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." And here also the Unitarians fall short of the true faith. They have no truer a belief of the humanity of Christ, than they have of the Unity of the Godhead. They merely believe in the humanity of a man. The true faith is, that we believe in the humanity of God the Redeemer, of him besides whom there is no Saviour. Dr. Chalmers has well expressed the nature of this faith in one of his sermons.

"If nature and her elements be dreadful, how dreadful that mysterious and unseen Being, who sits behind the elements he has formed, and gives birth and movement to all things! It is the mystery in which he is shrouded,—it is that dark and unknown region of spirits, where he reigns in glory, and stands revealed to the immediate view of his worshippers,—it is the inexplicable manner of his being so far removed from that province of sense, within which the understanding of man can expatiate,—it is its total unlikeness to all that nature can furnish to the eye of the body, or to the conception of the mind which animates it,—it is all this which throws the Being who formed us at a distance so inaccessible, which throws an impenetrable mantle over his way, and gives us the idea of some dark and untrodden interval betwixt the glory of God, and all that is visible and created."

"Now Jesus Christ has lifted up this mysterious veil, or rather he has entered within it. He is now at the right hand of God; and though the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of

his person, he appeared to us in the palpable character of a man; and those high attributes of truth, and justice, and mercy, which could not be felt or understood, as they existed in the abstract and invisible Deity, are brought down to our conceptions in a manner the most familiar and impressive, by having been made, through Jesus Christ, to flow in utterance from human lips, and to beam in expressive physiognomy from a human countenance."

"So long as I had nothing before me but the unseen Spirit of God, my mind wandered in uncertainty, my busy fancy was free to expatiate, and its images filled my heart with disquietude and terror. But in the life, and person, and history of Jesus Christ, the attributes of the Deity are brought down to the observation of the senses; and I can no longer mistake them, when in the Son, who is the express image of his Father, I see them carried home to my understanding by the evidence and expression of human organs,—when I see the kindness of the Father, in the tears which fell from his Son at the tomb of Lazarus,—when I see his justice blended with his mercy, in the exclamation, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,' by Jesus Christ; uttered with a tone more tender than the sympathy of human bosom ever prompted, while he bewailed the sentence of its desolation,—and in the look of energy and significance which he threw upon Peter, I feel the judgment of God himself flashing conviction upon my conscience, and calling me to repent while his wrath is suspended, and he still waiteth to be gracious."

"And it was not a temporary character which he assumed.....We have a Priest on high, who is touched with a fellow-feeling of our infirmities. My soul, unable to support itself in its aërial flight among the spirits of the invisible, now reposes on Christ, who stands revealed to my conceptions, in the figure, the countenance, the heart, the sympathies of a man. He has entered within that veil which hung over the glories of the Eternal,—and the mysterious, inaccessible throne of God is divested of all its terrors, when I think that a friend who bears the form of the species, and knows its infirmities, is there to plead for me." (Sermons, 1812, p. 186.)

In a word, whether our attention be directed to the Father, the Saviour, or the Comforter; whether to the Man Jesus Christ, to the Shepherd and Redeemer of Israel, the High Priest of our profession, the King of Saints, the Prophet, the Lawgiver, the Mediator between God and man, or the equal of Jehovah; we should have a full, distinct, and believing view of divine truth in all these aspects. As the divine life comes to be more vigorous within us, all these views will be more distinct. As it droops and flags, they will be more partial, ill-defined, and obscure. One view will by no means interfere with the other. Suppose a man standing at noon in a chamber with many windows towards the south. He goes to one of them, and there he sees the sun shining right opposite to him in full splendour. But can he only see it at that window? Far from it. He goes to another, and

there he sees the same object right opposite to him still. And so it will be if he goes to all. Yet there are not many suns, but one sun.

On the contrary, when a person shuts up all his ideas of the Godhead in one sweeping and exclusive idea of Unity, and thus gets rid of all those particularities of Christian doctrine which can only be real if the doctrine of the Trinity be real, the man who says his prayers before a crucifix is nearer to the kingdom of heaven than he. Refusing to look beyond his own unscriptural conceptions, and taking that for Christianity which is only metaphysical speculation of a very ordinary kind, he makes a return from the Christian to the Jewish dispensation, from a Deity more clearly, to a Deity more obscurely revealed. He is brought back, in fact, to the religion of the saints who lived before the Christian dispensation, which might do very well for them, but is not the religion intended for us. We would explain ourselves. We speak not of the religion of those who lived before the birth of Christ, as in its *nature* different from the religion of the present day. Religion in its nature has always been the same; namely, salvation by grace through faith. Bu there is a difference of *modification* in Christian faith and the faith of believers under the Mosaic dispensation. They lived before our Lord's crucifixion, death, and resurrection. We live after them. They looked forward to promises, of which we look back upon the performance. When our Lord bowed his head upon the cross, and said, "It is finished," the thing was done. To them there was an indistinct, to us there is a comparatively distinct revelation. On us the Sun of Righteousness is risen. To them he was yet below the spiritual horizon. A return, therefore, from our faith to theirs is a return from open day to twilight.

One difficulty indeed may be started, when we recommend so many distinct views of the scheme of salvation, as belonging to the Christian faith: namely, "How are they to be all reconciled, as uniting in one system of Divine truth?" But this difficulty we may safely leave to that Being who has eternal wisdom to go to work with; and who, occupying and controling the whole range of natural and spiritual existence, has ample space to adjust and to bring together whatever appears incongruous or opposed to our limited capacities. It is our business to believe; it is God's to reconcile. The hesitation of ignorance may admit, in some cases, of excuse. The hesitation of unbelief is a destroying sin. "It is certain," says Milner, "that these essentials cannot be neglected or despised, without a turpitude of heart, which the Scripture connects with the final ruin of the soul." (Church History, vol. ii. chap. xvii.) If, in parti-

cular, in referring to any of these distinctions in our minds, whether of persons, of functions, or of doctrines, we will not see them in their real importance, then will our ideas of all those essentials of Christianity fade away, which are only real if these distinctions are real. The mediation and intercession of the Saviour, the atonement, the purchase, the redemption, the reconciliation, all will come to nothing. First our views of these things will become obscure and undefined. Then, as we attempt to fix them, they will become meagre and curtailed. Then we shall begin to say that they are mere *figures*. Then, in the elusive form which we have thus given them, they will soon become mere *nothings*, and vanish from our grasp. Then we shall doubt them altogether. Then we shall deny them.—And then,—we shall not be far from total apostasy.

One great safeguard, under the Divine protection, will be a full persuasion of the plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. We venture to say, that in the existing nature of things, a book intended to convey to us a revelation must come to us as plenarily inspired, or it must come to us in vain. We say that as long as there is not a full acceptation of a book containing a revelation,—as long as there is not an implicit admission of the Divine authority of every part of it,—while things continue as they are, it never can convey that revelation. For we shall only accept just what we happen to like; and, as to what we do not like, this, we shall say, is the part which is not authentic. Therefore we shall just be brought to believe, with the book, what we might be brought to believe without it. Not one point will be gained with us. Not one article of faith will be planted in our minds, but what might equally be planted there, without all this apparatus of sending a book to make it known. The short measure of our intellect, the uncertain measure of our fancy, or the false measure of our inclination, will be the measure of our faith. To the extent of this measure we may believe, but no further. To the extent of a capacity so limited or modified, we may be filled, but no further. All that is communicated beyond this must run out as fast as it is poured in. We shall admit of being filled up to a certain point, but beyond this we can receive nothing.

On the contrary, there will be every advantage in a belief in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. Not merely shall we have an advantage over the sceptic, in believing many passages as they stand which he denies or perverts, but even those which he agrees to receive with us, will come on our minds with a tenfold greater force than on his. In his heart a thousand fences are set up against the authority even of a passage of admitted genuineness, which against the force and weight of

plenary inspiration could never stand an instant. When we believe in this plenary inspiration, every expression has its import, every word its value. There is a readiness to accept the sense, which marvellously facilitates the finding of the sense.

Under the same circumstances, also, there will be a readiness to take things in their literal or their obvious meaning. A passage may be taken in three ways:—either as signifying exactly what it expresses, or more than it expresses, or less than it expresses. Now we venture to offer the following canon for the interpretation of Holy Writ:—namely, that every passage of Scripture must be taken in the first or second of these ways, none in the third: that is, that every passage either signifies exactly what it expresses, or more than it expresses;—never less than it expresses. When the canon first occurred to us, as a rule to assist our private studies, we apprehended that it required some modification. But after consideration and use, we are inclined to leave it to be qualified by the judgment of our readers, aware that it admits of being misrepresented and misunderstood, but persuaded that those who will give it a fair trial in a candid spirit will find it serviceable. Some passages will of course be considered as exceptions to the rule. But even here we would recommend a little discrimination before it is rejected.

And while almost every passage has one or the other of these two senses, that is, means either precisely what it expresses, or else, more than it expresses, we are of opinion that a far greater number are of the former description than some persons would suppose. On this subject, we shall quote a passage from Horsley's letters to Dr. Priestley:—for, in these discussions, we are not wandering from the Unitarian controversy.

"You think the phrase in question 'is similar to other Jewish phrases,' which you think will be allowed to be merely expressive of humanity. I fear, Sir, it hath been the custom of late to lay too much stress upon Jewish idioms, in the exposition of the didactic parts of the New Testament. The gospel is a general revelation.* If it is delivered in a style, which is not perspicuous to the illiterate of any nation except the Jewish, it is as much locked up from general apprehension, as if the sacred books had been written in the vernacular gibberish of the Jews of that age. The Holy Spirit, which directed the apostles and the evangelists to the use of the tongue, which in their day was the most generally understood—the Greek, would for the same reason, it may be presumed, suggest to them a style which might be generally perspicuous. It is therefore a principle with me, that the true sense of any phrase in the New Testament is, for the most part,

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"* "The religion of Christ was an universal religion, and the doctrines of the gospel were calculated for the western as well as the eastern hemisphere." See Mr. Shepherd's preface to his Free Examination, &c."

what may be called a standing sense: that which will be the first to occur to common people of every country, and in every age: and I am apt to think that the difference between this standing sense and the Jewish sense will, in all cases, be far less than is imagined, or none at all; because, though different languages differ widely in their refined and elevated idioms, common speech is in all languages pretty much the same." (Horsley's fourth letter to Dr. Priestley, sec. 3.)

It will be observed how hostile this passage is, (as well as the canon of ours, proposed above,) to that mode of disposing of difficult passages of Scripture which consists in pronouncing them merely figurative. We have no objection to calling many passages figurative. But "*merely* figurative"—that is the phrase of which we disapprove. It sounds as if the thing signified by the figure, were something less, or meaner, or less real, than the figure itself. Here our views and Mr. Wardlaw's totally coincide.

"When we speak of the *sacrificial language*, (if I may so express myself) of the New Testament, in reference to the death of Christ, it is usual to resolve it all into *figure* and *allusion*. This, however, is at once to deprive the language of *its* meaning, and the rites alluded to of *theirs*. It is, besides, to charge the writers with singular folly. No idea could well be simpler, or more easily expressed, than that of a prophet's dying to confirm his testimony, or rather to prove his sincerity in delivering it, (for his submitting to sufferings and death could prove no more than this,) or even to afford in his own rising from the grave, the evidence and the pledge of a future resurrection. Why such language as that which has been quoted, should be so constantly used to express such ideas as these, if these were indeed the ideas intended to be conveyed, is a question which can hardly be answered, on any principle consistent with the inspiration, or even with the common sense of the writers. If the death of Christ was not an atonement for sin,—the law and the prophets, Jesus himself, his forerunner, and his apostles, all spoke a language which is to me utterly unintelligible; and which could not have more effectually deceived, had it been framed for the express purpose of deception." (Discourses, p. 204.)

This way of speaking, surely, is far better than theirs, who say, for instance, "Our Lord died *merely* to magnify the law and to make it honourable—*merely* to convince us of God's wrath against sin:" though these ends were no doubt answered and included. The fact we believe to be this: that the Bible contains spiritual truth conveyed in the language best calculated to convey it. We must not attempt then to mend this conveyance by substituting other language. Every such substitution will only put us one step farther from the truth. For instance: whenever a writer says that a passage of Scripture is merely figurative, it is usual for him to give, in lieu of it, some other explanation of the meaning intended to be conveyed. Now

what we contend for is this:—that the explanation thus given is not so near the truth as the figure which it supersedes; but that, on the contrary, it is one degree farther off. The figure, very possibly, comes short of the thing signified. But the explanation comes short of the figure. It is dreadful when men thus take the gospel of God into their own hands, and modify and mitigate it according to their fancies. And the great misfortune is, that this way of getting over passages by saying they are *merely* figurative, most unhappily occupies itself, as if by preference, upon those very passages which contain doctrines essential to our salvation; doctrines, through the simple acceptation of which, our souls are to be delivered from perishing everlastingly. It strikes therefore at the root of all saving faith, and introduces obscure, mistrustful, unsatisfying views, upon those very points with respect to which our belief ought to be most clear, most fearless, most assured, most full, most solid, most positive.

We have a few more miscellaneous remarks to offer, and shall then conclude. Apprehensions have been expressed of a great increase of Unitarianism. They are not felt by us. Dr. Wardlaw's apprehensions for his own country seem equally slight. Respecting a very *imposing* catalogue of delegates, who were present at a meeting held at Edinburgh in May, 1815, he makes the following observations.

"This is, no doubt, a somewhat formidable list; and when a person reads of *delegates*, and *congregations*, and *very encouraging accounts*, he is apt to be not a little startled..... One of the towns mentioned as having *a delegate* present, was left, I have been informed, empty of its Unitarianism, when the said delegate took his departure to attend the meeting. Invited for this purpose to Edinburgh, he complied with the invitation, and appeared there as the representative of—*himself!*—and gave withal, it may be presumed, a 'very encouraging account' of the progress of Unitarianism in the place where he had *got* and *given* his commission of delegation. In another of these towns, there has been discovered a solitary old woman professing Unitarian principles, who is not acquainted with any 'of that way' in the place, besides herself. In more places than one, although they have made several attempts to gain a footing, their success has been so very small, that inquirers after them have hardly been able to discover their existence; from which, (as it is not, in general, their nature, to 'blush unseen,') we may, I presume, infer, that in such places they are not at least in sufficient numbers to keep one another in countenance. In several of these stations I have heard of three, in one of five or six, in another of from eight to twelve, in another of seventeen, in another of twenty; the largest number of which I have heard in any place is between twenty and thirty, and even this only in one instance; and some of the persons included in the number, hardly avowed Unitarians, but only

'*tanquam suspecti.*' The inquiries which have produced such results, have been made at the *most considerable* of the places enumerated, which it is, perhaps, more than justice to take as a standard for the rest. Double, if you please, the amount in every one of them; and still, surely, there must be some little quackery, in puffing them off as 'very encouraging accounts.'" (Reply, p. 389.)

The real grounds for apprehending an extension of Unitarian principles will be found in the following passage.

"One of the great leading tendencies of the Unitarian system is the *exaltation of man.* It flatters the conscious dignity of his nature, by treating as 'an old-wives'-fable' the doctrine of original depravity. It flatters his pride of intellect, by making Reason the arbitress of the dictates of Revelation. It flatters his pride of self-righteousness, by assuring him, that his own virtue is to procure his acceptance with God. By denying the deity and atonement of Christ, it releases the mind from the overwhelming impression of the infinite malignity of sin. By exhibiting 'a God all mercy,' softening down the 'terrors of the Lord,' and proclaiming an assurance, that none shall finally perish, but that all shall ultimately arrive at the enjoyment of everlasting happiness, it alleviates the sinner's apprehension of danger, makes him feel more at his ease with God, as a Being whose countenance, instead of the frown of an offended Judge, wears towards all his creatures the smiles of paternal love, and who will not be severe to mark or to punish the frailties of his erring children. By denying the existence and influences of the Holy Spirit, it offers incense to the self-sufficiency of man, and to the omnipotence of human resolutions and human efforts, in working out a self-procured salvation." (Reply, p. 391.)

Dr. Wardlaw then asks: "If these things be so;—if Unitarianism be thus consonant with so many of the principles of corrupt nature, how comes it to pass that it does not meet with a more general reception? That its converts are comparatively few;—that, with not many exceptions, its preachers proclaim their doctrines to empty pews and echoing walls;—are matters of unquestionable notoriety." The Doctor gives a satisfactory answer to this inquiry, showing two of the principal reasons to be, the palpable falsehood of the pretension of Unitarianism to be the doctrine of the Bible, and the circumstance that there are wants in the condition of mankind, which Unitarianism does not meet. In the midst of the general attention which is now beginning to be paid to religious subjects,—there is one circumstance, indeed, which we think will always prevent the Unitarians obtaining any thing like a share of those who are leaving the ranks of the *Nothingarians*—the heathen population of countries called Christian:—namely, that those who are anxious to embrace Christianity, will prefer something that possesses a few of the peculiar marks and tokens of Christianity. A prudent housewife, when she has at length determined upon purchasing

some article of domestic economy, generally makes up her mind not to grudge a little extra expense, but to have the article good of its kind. Thus will it be, we think, with those persons in the present day who take up a profession of religion. They will wish to have a good article. And therefore they will not become Unitarians.

"But it is, above all, to the providence and the grace of God that we must look, for the prevention of the progress of error. The Unitarians are very boastful of their 'day of small things' in Scotland. Long may it continue such!—long, I trust, it shall continue such. It is not of *their* doctrine that God hath said, 'It shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I send it.' It is not to *their* 'planting,' or to *their* 'watering,' that he has promised to 'give an increase.' They have sown their 'handful,' not of 'corn,' but of tares; and they are looking for a plentiful crop. But 'the Lord of the Harvest,' we trust, will disappoint their expectations. Their seed wants the showers of Divine blessing; and never, either on the mountains, or in the valleys of Caledonia, shall it 'shake with prosperous fruit.' It shall be 'as the grass on the house-tops, which withereth before it groweth up; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves, his bosom.'" (Reply, p. 396.)

Meanwhile let the believers profit by all the instruction which the case of the Unitarian is calculated to afford. Above all, let him not be high-minded, but fear. "Because of unbelief they are broken off, and thou standest by faith."—"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Into not one error have they fallen, into which every man living, through the natural blindness and obstinacy of his heart, is not liable to fall. He who is preserved from falling, after their example, owes it not to any wisdom of his own, but to the grace of God:—who is as able to restore them, as he is to keep his followers safe.—Let the Christian beware, especially, of an irreverent, contesting, criticising, intrusive spirit, when he is entering on the contemplation of sacred things. This will be continually drawing aside his attention from what is plain to what is obscure in religion—that is, from what is more important to what is less so.—For that which is most plain, most intelligible, we had almost said most superficial in religion, is that which it most intimately concerns us to know. An arrogant spirit of criticism, also, will blunt the effect of the plain truths of religion, and of plain passages of Scripture, even when we give them our attention. For, taking them up argumentatively and contentiously, instead of simply and teachably, we shall subject them, to speak chemically, to a rude analysis, in the course of which the fine etherial spirit which they contain, and which it ought to be our business to extract

and secure, will escape and be lost.—There is a farther danger in theological criticism, at the same time, as Burnet has observed, of acquiring habits of speaking, (and of thinking, too, we may add,) with irreverent familiarity of the Supreme Being. There is a danger, also, of placing too great a dependance on our own knowledge and discernment; and too little on Divine power and wisdom. "Ye do err," said our Lord, "not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." Now the critic often knows the Scriptures, but not the power of God. Nothing, as Paley says, is more dangerous than common literary trifling about the Scriptures. But at the same time it must not be forgotten, that nothing is more profitable, nothing more favourable to our spiritual growth, than a very minute and close study of the sacred text, provided it be accompanied with humility, with prayer, and, above all, with faith in God.

We are so strongly impressed with the danger of a disputative spirit in matters of religion, that we wish to offer one or two additional remarks upon the subject. We believe that Socinians have it, but not Socinians alone. We speak of that spirit which takes up every subject, connected with religion, contentiously. We see it in their publications, which are chiefly controversial:—and indeed, in controversy, it will be said, how can contention be avoided? But we must remind our readers that we see it, also, in their discourses. We have lately read several. And we may safely say, strip them of their controversial matter, take away what is levelled at the general church, strike out political discussion, and political allusions, and in some cases nothing will remain; in others next to nothing, or worse than nothing. The system of their pulpit-oratory is altogether a system of attack and defence. Deprive them of this, and the whole theology of Unitarianism would not afford matter for fifty-two sermons to fill up the year. Fatal is it for teachers, when such alone is the food which they delight to lay before their people. Fatal is it for a congregation, when such alone is the food by which they are to be attracted and held together.

In the midst of the clamour and contention of contending sects, some within the general church, and some without, we have happily one rule of discernment. The tree shall be known by its fruits. By this test Unitarianism must fall.

"Where, we again ask, is any thing resembling the '*wonderful changes*' which it is so confidently alleged to have effected 'in the beginning of the gospel?' Are its weapons now, as of old, 'mighty through God, to the pulling down of strong-holds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obe-

dience of Christ?' It has as yet, indeed, only been tried at home—in Christian countries. Let it, then, be tried abroad. Carry it far hence unto the heathen." (Dr. Wardlaw, it seems, when he wrote this, had not heard of the 'very encouraging accounts' from the coast of Malabar.) "Let active zeal send forth its missionaries to the regions of darkness and of the shadow of death. I will not ask for instantaneous and extensive revolutions in the views and characters of men;" (we feel inclined to whisper—ask for one missionary and five hundred pounds;)—"for altars overturned, temples deserted, and bonfires of magical books. These, I should be told, distinguished the days of miraculous evidence. But I *will* ask, first of all, for the manifestation of apostolic benevolence," (five hundred pounds,) "and apostolic zeal," (one missionary,) "amongst those who arrogate to themselves the exclusive possession of apostolic principles,—of the gospel in its original purity and simplicity. Paul's 'spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city (Athens) wholly given to idolatry.' Let us see some stirrings of this deep concern for the glory of a dishonoured Deity, and of this melting compassion for the souls of deluded and perishing men. Can those principles be the same with Paul's, which allow the professors of them to sit still in listless apathy, while they view a world given to idolatry?—making no attempts themselves to turn men from idols to the living God, and deriding, as visionary enthusiasm, the missionary efforts of others? It is useless to ask for the *effects* of such attempts, while the attempts themselves have not been made." (Reply, p. 403.)

Real devotion will alone settle our views, and bring us to the knowledge of the truth. "If any man will do the will of God, *he* shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." A submission of the will, then, to the will of God is the thing that is wanted. The way in which we are required to walk may appear difficult. But the reason is, because we have not obediently entered upon it. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." That is, they who actually set out on the journey, though simple persons, shall find that difficulties clear away as they go on. Were we all really intent in our hearts upon seeking the will of God, and being conformed to it, and did we all really "take delight in approaching to him," we should soon find that, as to matters of higher importance, we had begun to be of one mind; and, as to matters of inferior importance, they could not make us fall out, even though we differed upon them. So also, on the other hand, the want of any real desire to draw nigh to God through the Saviour, to find his will and to do it, is the cause of heresies and schisms. We will not come unto the light that we may have light. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, nei-

ther cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God."

Another conclusion in which we have been confirmed in our attention to the Socinian controversy, is this :—that there is no medium between a full acceptation of the truths of the gospel, on the one hand, and downright infidelity, by which we mean downright Atheism, on the other. Wherever we are between these two extreme points, whether Arians, Pelagians, Socinians, Deists, or Freethinkers, to one or the other we are most certainly tending. There may be spots in this wide and desert interval where we may continue awhile ; but there is no place of fixed abode, no place where we can settle. Either we shall go on from faith to faith, daily growing and advancing in the knowledge and the love of God, or else we shall go on from declivity to declivity, constantly abandoning one point of Scripture after another in our hearts, and gradually tending to the land of darkness and of the shadow of death. We find society, accordingly, in the present day, gradually drawing off in two opposite directions, and forming into two grand and adverse groups, to one of which each of us, who has not yet made his decision, is unquestionably approaching. The distinction is constantly becoming not only more and more perceptible, but more and more real—less a distinction in terms and in party-names, more a distinction in essentials—less a mere distinction between high church and low church, orthodox and evangelical, conformist and non-conformist—more a distinction between religious and irreligious, between the godly and the enemies of godliness, between the wheat and the tares, between those who know God and those who know him not, between those who labour for the extension of the gospel and those who oppose it, between those who trust in a Saviour and those who trust in themselves, between those who believe what God says in the Bible and those who believe it not, between those who prize the essential truths of Christianity and those who revile them, between those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and those who would crucify him afresh if he were to appear among them and they were able. Such is the grand division which is now beginning to show itself in society. Any attempt to remain neutral is an attempt which rapidly consigns us to the worse alliance, indeed proves that in reality we already belong to it.

Under these circumstances, we insist on the necessity of a separation, on the part of the Christian, from the world of the ungodly and the unbelieving. " Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean

thing." Stand apart from an apostate world. "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

In the apostolic and primitive times the church of Christ was one. But, with the strictest internal union, a decided distinction was kept up between the general church and heretics. In fact there never can be any real union of heart among believers, except in the same degree as there is a real separation from infidels. The member of the primitive church stood apart from the unbeliever with holy fear, while the unbeliever said "acknowledge us," and eagerly pressed to be received. And so it must be again. So it one day will be. It cannot be that the Redeemer revisit his church upon earth, till she again be ONE. To stand apart in this manner may be deemed pharisaical, or even unkind. And those who follow a different course may be called candid by a world which feels itself in no small degree accommodated by their liberality. But, "What communion hath light with darkness? Or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?"

On those various classes of Christians who are comprehended under the name of Orthodox Dissenters, we would especially impress these considerations. We mean those who are not in communion with the establishment, yet so far hold the truth upon essential points, that they may be considered as constituting, with the faithful members of the Church of England, the general Church of Christ. Why, we ask then, should they in any instance form an unnatural alliance, or maintain an unnatural union with men, who deny the supremacy of that Being, to whom they look for salvation? That which should unite the orthodox dissenter with the faithful member of the establishment, is a community of religious principles, a community of faith, a community of hope. That which does, we fear, too often unite him with the unbeliever, is a community of political interests. Would it be found, then, if it came to the pull, that the latter tie is the stronger? We are unwilling to think it possible.—May no secular injustice, no ecclesiastical bigotry, no "spiritual wickedness in high places," no ill-judged abuse from the pulpits of the establishment, retard that re-union, which is so devoutly to be wished and which must some day or other take place, of all the members of Christ's numerous and divided family.

ART. VI.—*Kenilworth. A Romance.* By the Author of "Waverley, Ivanhoe, &c." Three vols. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. 1821.

WE do not intend a serious criticism upon this Romance; having neither room nor inclination for more than a few remarks. The truth is, that when we find literature in any of its departments taking the form of a mere trading adventure, we look upon it as scarcely within our jurisdiction. It becomes rather a subject of calculation than criticism. The author and publisher, in such a case, have the same motive, the same interest, and the same success. If the object of a writer is simply to coin his brain into money; or, in other words, to turn out a saleable performance, he has a right to say to his critic, you must try me with reference to my professed object; my work is good or bad according as it is framed to achieve its purpose: quarrel with my purpose if you please, but I can not be said to have executed my work amiss, if I have made it adequate to the end I proposed to myself in preparing it. Now we cannot but think that this is something like the case of the Author of the Romance of "Kenilworth." But still we must not allow him all the benefit of the argument. There is always so much of genius in whatever he does, and the eminent intellectual station he holds gives him so much power over our national literature and the public taste, that we cannot consider him as franchised from our cognizance by the voluntary degradation of his talents. Some men may escape us like the cuttle fish by muddying the medium through which they move; but the Author of "Kenilworth" floats like the dolphin, with his back above the element in which he takes his pastime.

"Kenilworth" is a tedious performance. The staple of the story, which is very meagre, is drawn out into thready details of sempiternal prolixity. The event on which it is founded is thus related in Miss Aikin's very interesting Memoirs of the court of Elizabeth:

"Just when the whispered scandal of the court had apprized him how obvious to all beholders the partiality of his sovereign had become;—first, when her rejection of the proposals of so many foreign princes had confirmed the suspicion that her heart had given itself at home;—just, in short, when every thing conspired to sanction hopes, which, under any other circumstances, would have appeared no less visionary than presumptuous,—at the very juncture most favourable to his ambition, but most perilous to his reputation, lord Robert Dudley lost his wife, and by a fate equally sudden and mysterious.

"This unfortunate lady had been sent by her husband, under the conduct of Sir Richard Varney, one of his retainers;—but for what reason, or under what pretext does not appear;—to Cumnor House,

in Berkshire, a solitary mansion inhabited by Anthony Foster, also a dependent of Dudley's, and bound to him by particular obligations. Here she soon after met with her death; and Varney and Forster, who appear to have been alone in the house with her, gave out that it happened by an accidental fall down stairs; but this account, from various causes, gained so little credit in the neighbourhood, that reports of the most sinister import were quickly propagated. These discourses soon reached the ears of Thomas Lever, a prebendary of Coventry, and a very conscientious person, who immediately addressed to the secretaries of state an earnest letter, still extant, beseeching them to cause strict inquiry to be made into the case, as it was commonly believed that the lady had been murdered; but he mentioned no particular grounds of this belief; and it cannot now be ascertained whether any steps were taken in consequence of his application. If there were, they certainly produced no satisfactory explanation of the circumstance; for not only the popular voice, which was ever hostile to Dudley, continued to accuse him as the contriver of her fate, but Cecil himself, in a memorandum, drawn up some years after, of reasons against the queen's making him her husband, mentions among other objections, 'that he is infamed by the death of his wife.'

"Whether the thorough investigation of this matter was evaded by the artifices of Dudley, or whether his enemies, finding it impracticable to bring the crime home to him, found it more adviseable voluntarily to drop the enquiry; certain it is, that the queen was never brought in any manner to take cognizance of the affair; and that the credit of Dudley continued as high with her as ever. But in the opinion of the country, the favourite passed ever after for a dark designer, capable of perpetrating any secret villany in furtherance of his designs, and skilful enough to conceal his atrocity under a cloak of artifice and hypocrisy impervious to the partial eye of his royal mistress, though penetrated by all the world besides. This idea of his character caused him afterwards to be accused of practising against the lives of several other persons who were observed to perish opportunely for his purposes. Each of these charges will be particularly examined in its proper place; but it ought here to be observed, that not one of them appears to be supported by so many circumstances of probability as the first; and even in support of this no direct evidence has ever been adduced."

Historians are pretty well agreed that the Earl of Leicester was unworthy of his high fortunes. But a favourite is proverbially without a friend, and it is well known that that exalted nobleman had many enemies; it may, therefore, be reasonably doubted, whether his true character has been honestly handed down to us. That he abounded in those dazzling qualities which are so apt to engage the admiration of women, the notorious parts of his history sufficiently attest; and that he excelled in the arts of dissimulation and persuasion can as little be doubted, when it is remembered that he maintained an ascendant interest in the mind of Elizabeth during a period of 30 years, amidst a variety

of faults and failures, personal and political, with enemies in abundance filling the court of his mistress, watching his actions and words, and favoured with opportunities of construing them to his disadvantage.

The Author of the work before us has a genius that will not yield to the stubborn verities of history, nor, indeed, would it consist with the professed purpose of his productions so to do; but we cannot feel that it is quite allowable to take the recorded characters of history for the actors in his imaginary scenes. To bring before us strong and lively portraits of the prevailing manners of any epoch in our annals, by giving a particular date to a story, and accommodating a fictitious narrative to the political events of that period, without any tampering with real events or characters, seems not only a justifiable, but a profitable use of history; it may contribute to a juster and clearer apprehension of the progress of manners and knowledge as they have passed through their several stages, and thus add materially to the interest and attraction of our domestic chronicles; but where the veritable personages, whose actions and principles, moral and political, hold a distinguished place in our records, and who are before the tribunal of posterity for the operative share they have had in transactions, the consequences of which we may be yet experiencing, are made to figure in a fictitious narrative as heroes and heroines, it does appear to us that the authentic truths as well as the retributive justice of history are treated with too little regard. The drama, it is true, has always exercised this right over the property of history; but poetry and history run in a course so different, that there is no danger of their streams intermingling; they are as far apart as fact and effect, feeling and information, actual and possible existence: poetry has a world of her own, over which she rules with a magic sceptre, giving what form or size she pleases to all the beings which are subject to her dominion; but a story in the form of prosaic narrative, and ostensibly an account of things as they happened, sometimes rigidly, sometimes imperfectly true, making little appeal to the imagination, and approaching the heart by the closest semblance of reality, if it assumes for its agents actual historical persons, and adopts attested and notorious facts for the basis of its fiction, encroaches, as it appears to us, somewhat too rudely upon the severe, we had almost said the consecrated and exclusive province, of our National Annals.

Of Leicester, history has given us a pretty correct and consistent portrait. The novel before us, in the warped and fabricated account which it has presented of that artful and ambitious man, has compounded a character of great incongruities, and properties very irreconcileable. He is at once a finished dissem-

bler, and a genuine lover, a dastardly courtier, and a redoubted son of chivalry, penetrating and circumspect to a proverb, and the dupe of a most transparent knave; for such Richard Varney, we think, must be taken to be, in spite of the efforts of the author to paint him otherwise. Supposing Leicester to have been anxious to wear out the life of his unhappy lady by ill-treatment, or to get rid of her by some more compendious method, as the case is represented in history, the miscreants to whose keeping he committed her, were properly selected; but the manner of his disposing of her, while he pursued his game of ambition at court, was perfectly at variance with the devoted affection which the novel represents him as entertaining towards her.

Queen Elizabeth's character is exhibited in the broad lines in which history has presented her to posterity. The author of the romance, has taken her much as he found her. She is the Queen Elizabeth upon record; never the mere woman where it was necessary to be the Queen, but the woman thoroughly and emphatically, whenever she could afford or venture to be such. The characteristics both of the woman and the Queen are exhibited, with the exaggerations in which writers of romances claim the privilege of indulging; and we cannot help thinking that the palpable extravagance of some of the compliments addressed to her, look very much like that sort of jesting with the weak part of another, which in the lounger's vocabulary is called "quizzing." After all, however, it must be admitted, that the character of this great Queen, which this book presents, is necessarily very unfinished. We see nothing of her in the great transactions of her reign; and perhaps it was hardly fair towards her memory to represent her only under circumstances to display her foibles.

In those particulars of this gloomy story which history informs us least about, the author is most to be commended, probably because more his own master, and more at liberty to indulge his powerful imagination. The melancholy of Sir Hugh Robsart, the father of Amy, whom, with the aid of Varney, the Earl of Leicester had enticed from her home, and from her first engagements, is depicted with an exquisite pencil. The Earl had married his daughter: though with this fact the father does not appear to have been made acquainted; and both himself, and the young man to whom she had been betrothed, almost to the conclusion of the story, remain under the impression that Varney had been the author of the calamity and the disgrace.

Sir Hugh Robsart is the Sir Roger de Coverley of that day, with a keener addiction to the chase, and a harsher sort of rusticity, blended with the pride of family and martial descent. The description of the gloom into which he falls on account of his daughter's elopement, is in the best style of this master. His

gradual estrangement from all his favourite pursuits, his apathy, forgetfulness, and moody vacancy of spirits, are indicated by the most natural and affecting train of incidents.

The character of Amy herself is the great defect of the performance. It is in no keeping. The general dignity to which it seems to lay claim, has no support from the circumstances of her story, as obsurely traced by the author. It seems that she had been betrothed to Tressilian, a young person of engaging qualities; virtuous, dignified, and brave; but it appears that this amiable person had hurt his interest with her by acting the part of her preceptor, so that she found it impossible to feel for him any higher sentiment than esteem, though her father loved him as his own child. From such a father, and such a lover, the young lady, without much scruple, eloped with a young lord, of whom she could know nothing, but that he was sprung from a stock but little famed for virtuous principles, and was himself a young aspirant after court favour, moving in scenes that left to the secluded maiden little hope of constancy in love, or fidelity in marriage.

All that is graceful, or commanding, or fascinating in woman, is designed to be exemplified in this ill-starred heroine, but we cannot think the author has succeeded in his purpose. The first time the Earl and the fair Amy, his Countess, are brought together before the reader, is in the gloomy mansion at Cumnor, where she resided concealed from the world, under custody of the miscreant, Anthony Foster; and it is thus that the Countess is made to comfort herself.

"There was some little displeasure and confusion on the Countess's brow, owing to her struggle with Varney's pertinacity; but it was exchanged for an expression of the purest joy and affection, as she threw herself into the arms of the noble stranger who entered, and clasping him to her bosom, exclaimed, 'At length—at length thou art come!'

"Varney discreetly withdrew as his lord entered, and Janet was about to do the same, when her mistress signed to her to remain. She took her place at the farther end of the apartment, and remained standing, as if ready for attendance.

"Meanwhile, the Earl, for he was of no inferior rank, returned his lady's caress with the most affectionate ardour, but affected to resist when she strove to take his cloak from him.

"'Nay,' she said, 'but I will unmantle you—I must see if you have kept your word to me, and come as the great Earl men call thee, and not as heretofore like a private cavalier.'

"'Thou art like the rest of the world, Amy,' said the Earl, suffering her to prevail in the playful contest; 'the jewels, and feathers, and silk, are more to them than the man whom they adorn—many a poor blade looks gay in a velvet scabbard.'

"'But so cannot men say of thee, thou noble Earl,' said his lady,

as the cloak dropped on the floor, and shewed him dressed as princes when they ride abroad; " thou art the good and well-tried steel, whose inly worth deserves, yet disdains, its outward ornaments. Do not think Amy can love thee better in this glorious garb, than she did when she gave her heart to him who wore the russet brown cloak in the woods of Devon.'

" ' And thou too,' said the Earl, as gracefully and majestically he led his beautiful Countess toward the chair of state which was prepared for them both,—' thou too, my love, hast donned a dress which becomes thy rank, though it cannot improve thy beauty. What think'st thou of our court taste?'

The lady cast a sidelong glance npon the great mirror as they passed it by, and then said, ' I know not how it is, but I think not of my own person, while I look at the reflection of thine. Sit thou there,' she said, as they approached the chair of state, ' like a thing for men to worship and to wonder at.'

" ' Ay, love,' said the Earl, ' if thou wilt share my state with me.'

" ' Not so,' said the Countess; ' I will sit on this footstool at thy feet, that I may spell over thy splendour, and learn, for the first time, how princes are attired.'

And with a childish wonder, which her youth and rustic education rendered not only excusable but becoming, mixed as it was with a delicate shew of the most tender conjugal affection, she examined and admired from head to foot the noble form and princely attire of him, who formed the proudest ornament of the court of England's Maiden Queen, renowned as it was for splendid courtiers, as well as for wise counsellors. Regarding affectionately his lovely bride, and gratified by her unrepressed admiration, the dark eye and noble features of the Earl expressed passions more gentle than the commanding and aspiring look, which usually sate upon his broad forehead, and in the piercing brilliancy of his dark eye, and he smiled at the simplicity which dictated the questions she put to him concerning the various ornaments with which he was decorated.

" ' The embroidered strap, as thou callest it, around my knee,' he said, ' is the English Garter, an ornament which kings are proud to wear. See, here is the star which belongs to it, and here the Diamond George, the jewel of the Order. You have heard how King Edward and the Countess of Salisbury'——

" ' O, I know all that tale,' said the Countess, slightly blushing, ' and how a lady's garter became the proudest badge of English chivalry.'

" ' Even so,' said the Earl; ' and this most honourable Order I had the good hap to receive at the same time with three most noble associates, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Northampton, and the Earl of Rutland. I was the lowest of the four in rank—but what then? —he that climbs a ladder must begin at the first round.'

" ' But this other fair collar, so richly wrought, with some jewel like a sheep hung by the middle attached to it, what,' said the young Countess, ' does that emblem signify?'

" ' This collar,' said the Earl, ' with its double fusilles interchanged with these knobs, which are supposed to present flint-stones, sparkling

with fire, and sustaining the jewel you inquire about, is the badge of the noble Order of the Golden Fleece, once appertaining to the House of Burgundy. It hath high privileges, my Amy, belonging to it, this most noble Order; for even the King of Spain himself, who hath now succeeded to the honours and demesnes of Burgundy, may not sit in judgment upon a knight of the Golden Fleece, unless by assistance and consent of the Great Chapter of the Order.'

"'And is this an Order belonging to the cruel King of Spain?' said the Countess. 'Alas! my noble lord, that you will defile your noble English breast by bearing such an emblem! Bethink you of the most unhappy Queen Mary's days, when this same Philip held sway with her in England, and of the piles which were built for our noblest, and our wisest, and our most truly sanctified prelates and divines—And will you, whom men call the standard-bearer of the true Protestant faith, be contented to wear the emblem and mark of such a Romish tyrant as he of Spain?'

"'O, content you, my love,' answered the Earl; 'we who spread our sails to gales of court-favour, cannot always display the ensigns we love the best, or at all times refuse sailing under colours which we like not. Believe me, I am not the less good Protestant, that for policy I must accept the honour offered me by Spain, in admitting me to this his highest order of knighthood. Besides, it belongs properly to Flanders; and Egmont, Orange, and others, have pride in seeing it displayed on an English bosom.'

"'Nay, my lord, you know your own path best,' replied the Countess.—'And this other collar, to what country does this fair jewel belong?'

"'To a very poor one, my love,' replied the Earl; 'this is the Order of Saint Andrew, revived by the last James of Scotland. It was bestowed on me when it was thought the young widow of France and Scotland would gladly have wedded an English baron; but a free coronet of England is worth a crown matrimonial held at the humour of a woman, and owning only the poor rocks and bogs of the north.'

"The Countess paused, as if what he last said had excited some painful but interesting train of thought; and, as she still remained silent, the Earl proceeded.

"'And now, loveliest, your wish is gratified, and you have seen your vassal in such of his trim array as accords with riding vestments; for robes of state and coronets are only for princely halls.'

"'Well, then,' said the Countess, 'my gratified wish has, as usual, given rise to a new one.'

"'And what is it thou canst ask that I can deny?' said the fond husband.

"'I wished to see my Earl visit this obscure and secret bower,' said the Countess, 'in all his princely array, and now, methinks, I long to sit in one of his princely halls, and see him enter dressed in sober russet, as when he won poor Amy Robsart's heart.'

"'That is a wish easily granted,' said the Earl—'the sober russet shall be donned to-morrow if you will.'

"'But shall I,' said the lady, 'go with you to one of your castles, to see how the richness of your dwelling will correspond with your peasant habit?'

" ' Why, Amy,' said the Earl, looking around, ' are not these apartments decorated with sufficient splendour? I gave the most unbounded order, and, methinks, it has been indifferently well obeyed—but if thou canst tell me aught which remains to be done, I will instantly give direction.'

" ' Nay, my lord, now you mock me,' replied the Countess; ' the gaiety of this rich lodging exceeds my imagination as much as it does my desert. But shall not your wife, my love—at least one day soon—be surrounded with the honour, which arises neither from the toils of the mechanic who decks her apartment, nor from the silks and jewels with which your generosity adorns her, but which is attached to her place among the matronage, as the avowed wife of England's noblest Earl? '

" ' One day?' said her husband,—' Yes, Amy, my love, one day this shall surely happen; and, believe me, thou canst not wish for that day more fondly than I. With what rapture could I retire from labours of state, and cares and toils of ambition, to spend my life in dignity and honour on my own broad domains, with thee, my lovely Amy, for my friend and companion! But, Amy, this cannot yet be; and these dear but stolen interviews, are all I can give to the loveliest and the best beloved of her sex.' " (Vol. i. p. 146—154.)

We cannot say that the above conversation is just that which is calculated to raise our respect for this young female to the height which is required to enable her to carry all our sympathies along with her. At another time we have the following portrait of the heroine.

" Varney entered her dressing apartment, where she sat arrayed in her native loveliness, adorned with all that Janet's art, and a rich and tasteful undress, could bestow. But the most beautiful part of her attire was her beautiful and luxuriant light-brown locks, which floated in such rich abundance around a neck that resembled a swan's, and over a bosom heaving with anxious expectation, which communicated a hurried tinge of red to her whole countenance." (Vol. ii. 240, 241.)

These minute descriptions of dress and deportment are very frequent in most of this author's romances, and we think they are among his least pardonable excesses, because they appear to be too much connected with the art of expanding his matter to the complement of a certain number of pages, in fulfilment of the bookseller's expectations.

It is not very easy to represent a young lady under the influence of violent anger without some expense to the charms of her person. This author has ventured upon the undertaking to combine the graces and the furies in a subserviency to the expression of exalted beauty in the following description.

" When they entered the apartment, Varney stood by the door grinding his teeth, with an expression in which rage, and shame, and

fear, had each their share. The Countess stood in the midst of her apartment like a juvenile Pythoness, under the influence of the prophetic fury. The veins in her beautiful forehead started into swoln blue lines through the hurried impulse of her articulation—her cheek and neck glowed like scarlet—her eyes were like those of an imprisoned eagle, flashing red lightning on the foes whom it cannot reach with its talons. Were it possible for one of the graces to have been animated by a Fury, the countenance could not have united such beauty with so much hatred, scorn, defiance, and resentment. The gesture and attitude corresponded with the voice and looks, and altogether presented a spectacle which was at once beautiful and fearful; so much of the sublime had the energy of passion united with the Countess Amy's natural loveliness. Janet, as soon as the door was open, ran to her mistress; and more slowly, yet with more haste than he was wont, Anthony Foster went to Richard Varney.

" ' In the Truth's name, what ails your ladyship?' said the former.

" ' What, in the name of Satan, have you done to her?' said Foster to his friend.

" ' Who, I?—nothing,' answered Varney, but with sunken head and sullen voice; ' nothing but communicated to her her lord's commands, which if the lady list not to obey, she knows better how to answer it than I may pretend to do.'

" ' Now, by Heaven, Janet!' said the Countess, ' the false traitor lies in his throat! He must needs lie, for he speaks to the dishonour of my noble lord—he must needs lie doubly, for he speaks to gain ends of his own, equally execrable and unattainable.'

" ' You have misapprehended me, lady,' said Varney, with a sulky species of submission and apology; ' let this matter rest till your passion be abated, and I will explain all.'

" ' Thou shalt never have an opportunity to do so,' said the Countess.—' Look at him, Janet. He is fairly dressed, hath the outside of a gentleman, and hither he came to persuade me it was my lord's pleasure—nay, more, my wedded lord's commands, that I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before the Queen and nobles, and in presence of my own wedded lord, that I should acknowledge him —*him* there—that very cloak-brushing, shoe-cleaning fellow—*him* there, my lord's lacquey, for my liege lord and husband; furnishing against myself, great God! whenever I was to claim my right and my rank, such weapons as would hew my just claim from the root, and destroy my character to be regarded as an honourable matron of the English nobility!'

" ' You hear her, Foster, and you, young maiden, hear this lady,' answered Varney, taking advantage of the pause which the Countess had made in her charge, more for lack of breath than for lack of matter.—' You hear that her heat only objects to me the course which our good lord, for the purpose to keep certain matters secret, suggests in the very letter which she holds in her hands.'

" Foster here attempted to interfere with a face of authority, which he thought became the charge entrusted to him, ' Nay, lady, I must needs say you are hasty in this—Such deceit is not utterly to be con-

demned when practised for a righteous end; and thus even the patriarch Abraham feigned Sarah to be his sister when they went down to Egypt.'

"'Ay, sir,' answered the Countess; 'but God rebuked that deceit even in the father of his chosen people, by the mouth of the heathen Pharaoh. Out upon you, that will read Scripture only to copy those things which are held out to us as warnings, not as examples!'

"'But Sarah disputed not the will of her husband, an it be your pleasure,' said Foster, in reply; 'but did as Abraham commanded, calling herself his sister, that it might be well with her husband for her sake, and that his soul might live because of her beauty.'

"'Now, so Heaven pardon me my useless anger,' answered the Countess, 'thou art as daring a hypocrite as yonder fellow is an impudent deceiver. Never will I believe that the noble Dudley gave countenance to so dastardly, so dishonourable a plan. Thus I tread on his infamy, if his indeed it be, and thus destroy its remembrance for ever!'

"So saying, she tore in pieces Leicester's letter, and stamped, in the extremity of impatience, as if she would have annihilated the minute fragments into which she had rent it.

"'Bear witness,' said Varney, collecting himself, 'she has torn my lord's letter, in order to burthen me with the scheme of his devising; and although it promises nought but danger and trouble to me, she would lay it to my charge, as if I had any purpose of mine own in it.'

"'Thou liest, thou treacherous slave!' said Countess Amy, in spite of Janet's attempts to keep her silent, in the sad foresight that her vehemence might only furnish arms against herself. 'Thou liest,' she continued—'Let me go, Janet—Were it the last word I have to speak, he lies—he had his own foul ends to seek; and broader he would have displayed them, had my passion permitted me to preserve the silence which at first encouraged him to unfold his vile projects.'

"'Madam,' said Varney, overwhelmed in spite of his effrontery, 'I entreat you to believe yourself mistaken.'

"'As soon will I believe light darkness. Have I drank of oblivion? Do I not remember former passages, which, known to Leicester, had given thee the preferment of a gallows, instead of the honour of his intimacy.—I would I were a man but for five minutes! It were space enough to make a craven like thee confess his villainy. But go—begone—Tell thy master, that when I take the foul course to which such scandalous deceits as thou hast recommended on his behalf must necessarily lead me, I will give him a rival something worthy of the name. He shall not be supplanted by an ignominious lacquey, whose best fortune is to catch his master's last suit of clothes ere it is threadbare, and who is only fit to seduce a suburb-wench by the bravery of new roses in his master's old pantofles. Go, begone, sir—I scorn thee so much, that I am ashamed to have been angry with thee.'"—(Vol. ii. p. 244—250.)

There is, however, a considerable sprinkling of passages to be found in these volumes, in which the genius of the author asserts its high pretensions, and we lament that the little room we have to spare will not allow us to do him more justice by our extracts. We will, however, present to our readers one of these passages, in which the skill of this great artist, in exciting and sustaining the fever of breathless solicitude, and supreme emotion, is eminently displayed. It is in the interview which takes place during the fête at Kenilworth between the Earl and Countess, after a series of distressing misadventures and disappointments.

"Leicester, as it seemed to him, had reason to be angry with his lady for transgressing his commands, and thus placing him in the perilous situation in which he had that morning stood. But what displeasure could keep its ground before these testimonies of affection from a being so lovely, that even the negligence of dress, and the withering effects of fear and grief, which would have impaired the beauty of others, rendered her's but the more interesting. He received and repaid her caresses with fondness, mingled with melancholy, the last of which she seemed scarcely to observe, until the first transport of her own joy was over; when, looking anxiously in his face, she asked if he was ill.

"'Not in my body, Amy,' was his answer.

"'Then I will be well too.—O Dudley! I have been ill!—very ill, since we last met!—for I call not this morning's horrible vision a meeting. I have been in sickness, in grief, and in danger—But thou art come, and all is joy, and health, and safety.'

"'Alas! Amy,' said Leicester, 'thou hast undone me!'

"'I, my lord,' said Amy, her cheek at once losing its transient flush of joy—'how could I injure that which I love better than myself.'

"'I would not upbraid you, Amy,' replied the Earl; 'but are you not here contrary to my express commands—and does not your presence here endanger both yourself and me?'

"'Does it, does it indeed!' she exclaimed eagerly; 'then why am I here a moment longer? O if you knew by what fears I was urged to quit Cumnor Place!—but I will say nothing of myself—only that if it might be otherwise, I would not willingly return *thither;*—yet if it concern your safety ——'

"'We will think, Amy, of some other retreat,' said Leicester; and you shall go to one of my Northern castles, under the personage, —it will be but needful, I trust, for a very few days—of Varney's wife.'

"'How, my Lord of Leicester!' said the lady, disengaging herself from his embraces; 'is it to your wife you give the dishonourable counsel to acknowledge herself the bride of another—and of all men, the bride of that Varney?'

"'Madam, I speak it in earnest—Varney is my true and faithful servant, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right

hand than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn him as you do.'

" ' I could assign one, my lord,' replied the Countess; ' and I see he shakes even under that assured look of his. But he that is necessary as your right hand to your safety, is free from any accusation of mine. May he be true to you; and that he may be true, trust him not too much or too far. But it is enough to say, that I will not go with him unless by violence, nor would I acknowledge him as my husband, were all——'

" ' It is a temporary deception, madam,' said Leicester, irritated by her opposition, ' necessary for both our safeties, endangered by you through female caprice, or the premature desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title, only under condition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If my proposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. There is no other remedy—you must do what your own impatient folly hath rendered necessary—I command you.'

" ' I cannot put your commands, my lord,' said Amy, ' in balance with those of honour and conscience. I will *not*, in this instance, obey you. You may achieve your own dishonour, to which these crooked policies naturally tend, but I will do nought that can blemish mine. How could you again, my lord, acknowledge me as a pure and chaste matron, worthy to share your fortunes, when, holding that high character, I had strolled the country the acknowledged wife of such a profligate fellow as your servant Varney!'

" ' My lord,' said Varney interposing, ' my lady is too much prejudiced against me, unhappily, to listen to what I can offer; yet it may please her better than what she proposes. She has good interest with Master Edmund Tressilian, and could doubtless prevail on him to consent to be her companion to Lidcote-hall, and there she might remain in safety until time permitted the developement of this mystery.'

" Leicester was silent, but stood looking eagerly on Amy, with eyes which seemed suddenly to glow as much with suspicion as displeasure.

" The Countess only said, ' Would to God I were in my father's house!—When I left it, I little thought I was leaving peace of mind and honour behind me.'

" Varney proceeded with a tone of deliberation, ' Doubtless this will make it necessary to take strangers into my lord's counsels; but surely the Countess will be warrant for the honour of Master Tressilian, and such of her father's family——'

" ' Peace, Varney,' said Leicester; ' by Heaven I will strike my dagger into thee, if again thou namest Tressilian as a partner of my counsels!'

" ' And wherefore not?' said the Countess; ' unless they be counsels fitter for such as Varney, than for a man of stainless honour and integrity.—My lord, my lord, bend no angry brows on me—it is the truth, and it is I who speak it. I once did Tressilian wrong for your sake—I will not do him the further injustice of being silent when his honour is brought in question. I can forbear,' she said, looking at Varney, ' to pull the mask off hypocrisy, but I will not permit virtue to be slandered in my hearing.'

" There was a dead pause. Leicester stood displeased, yet undetermined, and too conscious of the weakness of his cause; while Varney, with a deep and hypocritical affectation of sorrow, mingled with humility, bent his eyes on the ground.

" It was then that the Countess Amy displayed, in the midst of distress and difficulty, the natural energy of character, which would have rendered her, had fate allowed, a distinguished ornament of the rank which she held. She walked up to Leicester with a composed step, a dignified air, and looks in which strong affection assayed in vain to shake the firmness of conscious truth and rectitude of principle. ' You have spoke your mind, my lord,' she said, ' in these difficulties with which, unhappily, I have found myself unable to comply. This gentleman—this person I would say—has hinted at another scheme, to which I object not but as it displeases you. Will your lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman, but your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extremity?'

" Leicester was silent, but bent his head towards the Countess, as an intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

" ' There hath been but one cause for all these evils, my lord,' she proceeded, ' and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity with which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate yourself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful trammels. Be like a true English gentleman, knight, and earl, who holds that truth is the foundation of honour, and that honour is dear to him as the breath of his nostrils. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the footstool of Elizabeth's throne—Say, that in a moment of infatuation, moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even the remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart.—You will then have done justice to me, my lord, and to your own honour; and should law or power require you to part from me, I will oppose no objection—since I may then with honour hide a grieved and broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew me.'

" There was so much of dignity, so much of tenderness in the Countess's remonstrance, that it moved all that was noble and generous in the soul of her husband. The scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and the duplicity and tergiversation of which he had been guilty, stung him at once with remorse and shame.

" ' I am not worthy of you, Amy,' he said, ' that could weigh aught which ambition has to give against such a heart as thine. I have a bitter penance to perform, in disentangling, before sneering foes, and astounded friends, all the meshes of my own deceitful policy.—And the Queen—but let her take my head, as she has threatened.'

" ' Your head, my lord!' said the Countess; ' because you used the freedom and liberty of an English subject in chusing a wife? For shame; it is this distrust of the Queen's justice, this apprehension of danger, which cannot but be imaginary, that, like scare-crows, have induced you to forsake the straight-forward path, which, as it is the best, is also the safest.'

" ' Ah, Amy, thou little knowest!' said Dudley; but, instantly checking himself, he added, ' Yet she shall not find in me a safe or easy

victim of arbitrary vengeance—I have friends—I have allies—I will not, like Norfolk, be dragged to the block, as a victim to sacrifice. Fear not, Amy; thou shalt see Dudley bear himself worthy of his name. I must instantly communicate with some of those friends on whom I can best rely; for, as things stand, I may be made prisoner in my own Castle.'

" ' O, my good lord,' said Amy, ' make no faction in a peaceful state! There is no friend can help us so well as our own candid truth and honour. Bring but these to our assistance, and you are safe amidst a whole army of the envious and malignant. Leave these behind you, and all other defence will be fruitless—Truth, my noble lord, is well painted unarmed.'

" ' But Wisdom, Amy,' answered Leicester, ' is arrayed in panoply of proof. Argue not with me on the means I shall use to render my confession—since it must be called so—as safe as may be; it will be fraught with enough of danger, do what we will.—Varney, we must hence.—Farewell, Amy, whom I am to vindicate as mine own, at an expence and risk of which thou alone could'st be worthy. You shall soon hear farther from me.' " (Vol. iii. 186—195.)

We find it quite impossible to extend our remarks upon this fresh emanation from the brain of this inexhaustible story-teller. The intervals between his productions are indeed scarcely long enough to allow us to finish the perusal of one before another challenges its place. An inventive faculty so redundant, so teeming and swarming with products and births, was never yet displayed to the world; it is in itself a great curiosity, and may well engage the attention of craniologists, in ascertaining the conformation by which Nature provided room for this prodigious intellectual laboratory. It is not to be dissembled, however, that something is sacrificed to this precipitancy of authorship. Much that this writer has produced is crude and ill-concocted. The volumes before us are evidently done in a spirit of book-making, not quite consistent with the dignity of genius, or the respect due to that countless multitude by whom he is read and rewarded.

Art. VII.—BELZONI'S DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT AND NUBIA, &c.

1. *Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia; and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the Ancient Berenice; and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.* By G. Belzoni. 4to. London, 1820.

2. *Plates, illustrative of the Researches and Operations of G. Belzoni, in Egypt and Nubia.* Atlas folio. London, 1820.

3. *Remarks on the Pyramid of Cephrenes, lately opened by Mr. Belzoni.* By George Stanley Faber, B. D., Rector of Long Newton. 8vo. London, 1819.

The great antiquity of Egypt, the various revolutions which it has undergone, the wonders of its great river, its pyramids, and other amazing monuments of magnificence, have long been the admiration of the world, and the object of curious and inquisitive research. Notwithstanding much has been done by Norden, Pococke, Shaw, Denon, Hamilton, Legh, Burchardt, and others, whose general accounts of Egypt have left scarcely any thing to be desired concerning its manners and customs; yet it was reserved for the zealous and persevering efforts of Mr. Belzoni to achieve what his predecessors could not accomplish, and to bring to light many valuable and hidden stores of Egyptian antiquity. The celebrity and success of his exertions long preceded his return into Europe, though some petty attempts were made, in certain French journals, to deprive him (in part at least) of his well-earned reputation: and the perusal of his volume will not disappoint the expectations of curiosity.

Mr. Belzoni is a native of Padua, descended from a family originally from Rome. Compelled by the troubles of Italy, in 1800, to quit the place of his birth, he passed his younger days in the former abode of his ancestors, where he was preparing to become a monk: but the sudden entrance of the French army into Rome checked the course of his education, and made him a wanderer ever since. Having spent nine years in England, he proceeded to the south of Europe; and, at Malta, meeting with an agent of the Pasha (or, as Mr. Belzoni invariably terms him, the Bashaw) of Egypt, he embarked for Alexandria, on a project of constructing hydraulic machines, for which his previously-acquired knowledge peculiarly qualified him, in order to irrigate the fields by an easier and more economical system than that which is at present in use in that country. In

June, 1815, Mr. and Mrs. Belzoni arrived at Alexandria; and after some little delay, caused by the prevalence of the plague, he was at length introduced to the Pasha, Mahomet Ali, who received him very civilly. An arrangement was concluded, and Mr. Belzoni undertook to erect a machine, which should raise as much water with one ox, as the machines of the country do with four. A mutiny among the Bashaw's troops having been quelled, our enterprizing author resumed his hydraulic labours in the garden of the Pasha, at Soubra, on the Nile, three miles from Cairo. The failure of his project is thus described, interspersed with some characteristic anecdotes of his employer:

"We went to reside there, in a small house within the walls of the governor's palace, which was closed at night by large gates, something like the Occales in Alexandria. I had many provoking difficulties to encounter, before I became acquainted with the people of the place, as they supposed, that the introduction of such machines into the country would throw many of them out of work; consequently I was not welcome among them; and the very persons who were to furnish me with what was necessary in wood, iron, carpentry, &c. would be the first to suffer by it, if the machine succeeded. It may, therefore, easily be imagined that I had to contend with many obstacles, besides the prejudice against all strangers, or innovations in the customs of the natives. As a proof of this may be cited the hydraulic machine already in Soubra, sent as a present from England to the Bashaw of Egypt, which is said to have cost ten thousand pounds. It was neatly put up, though the engineer, who was in charge of it, met with many difficulties before he effected it. At last it was set to work; but as it was imagined, that an English machine would inundate the whole country in an hour, the quantity of water raised was not adequate to their expectation, and it has been left useless ever since. For my own part, I have no doubt, that the machine might have been made to draw up more water, if the person who constructed it could have seen the place and situation in which it was to act. The failure in this instance had given me an early surmise of what might be my own fate; and I was not mistaken.

"During my stay at Soubra, I became acquainted with many Turks, and in particular with the governor of the palace, as we had our house within his walls. The garden of the Bashaw was under his care, and a guard was kept at the gates. The seraglio is so situated, that the front looks over the hill: at the back of it is the garden, which is under the care of Greeks, who in a few years have brought it to great perfection. There are beautiful alcoves, made in form of cupolas, entirely covered with plants; and the water machines, which are constantly at work, keep up a perpetual verdure. There is a fountain in the European style, and a great quantity of fruit, particularly grapes and peaches; but they never grow to any size like ours, for many get rotten and fall before they are ripe; in consequence, the Turks eat them green.

" The Bashaw is in continual motion, being sometimes at his citadel, and sometimes at his seraglio in the Esbakie; but Soubra is his principal residence. His chief amusement is in the evening a little before sunset, when he quits his seraglio, and seats himself on the bank of the Nile, to fire at an earthen pot, with his guards. If any of them hit it, he makes him a present, occasionally of forty or fifty rubies. He is himself an excellent marksman; for I saw him fire at and hit a pot only fifteen inches high, set on the ground on the opposite side of the Nile, though the river at Soubra is considerably wider than the Thames at Westminster Bridge. As soon as it is dark, he retires into the garden, and reposes either in an alcove, or by the margin of a fountain, on an European chair, with all his attendants round him. Here his numerous buffoons keep him in continual high spirits and good humour. By moonlight the scene was beautiful. I was admitted into the garden whenever I wished, by which means I had an opportunity of observing the domestic life of a man, who from nothing rose to be viceroy of Egypt, and conqueror of the most powerful tribes of Arabia.

" From the number of lights I frequently saw through the windows of the seraglio, I supposed the ladies were at such times amusing themselves in some way or other. Dancing women are often brought to divert them, and sometimes the famous Catalani of Egypt was introduced. One of the buffoons of the Bashaw took it into his head one day, for a frolic, to shave his beard; which is no trifle among the Turks; for some of them, I really believe, would sooner have their head cut off than their beard: he borrowed some Franks' clothes of the Bashaw's apothecary, who was from Europe, and, after dressing himself in our costume, presented himself to the Bashaw as a European, who could not speak a single word either of Turkish or Arabic, which is often the case. Being in the dark, the Bashaw took him for what he represented himself to be, and sent immediately for the interpreter, who put some questions to him in Italian, which he did not answer: he was then questioned in French, but no reply; and next in the German and Spanish languages, and still he was silent: at last, when he saw that they were all deceived, the Bashaw not excepted, he burst out in plain Turkish, the only language he was acquainted with, and his well known voice told them who he was; for such was the change of his person, particularly by the cutting off his beard, that otherwise they could scarcely have recognised him. The Bashaw was delighted with the fellow; and, to keep up the frolic, gave him an order on the treasury for an enormous sum of money, and sent him to the Kaciabay, to present himself as a Frank, to receive it. The Kaciabay started at the immensity of the sum, as it was nearly all that the treasury could furnish: but upon questioning this new European, it was soon perceived who he was. In this attire he went home to his women, who actually thrust him out of the door; and such was the disgrace of cutting off his beard, that even his fellow buffoons would not eat with him till it was grown again.

" The Bashaw seems to be well aware of the benefits that may be derived from his encouraging the arts of Europe in his country, and

had already reaped some of the fruits of it. The fabrication of gunpowder, the refining of sugar, the making of fine indigo, and the silk manufacture, are introduced, much to his advantage: he is constantly inquiring after something new, and is delighted with any thing strange to his imagination. Having heard of electricity, he sent to England for two electric machines, one with a plate, the other with a cylinder. The former was broken by the way; the latter was dismounted. The physician of the Bashaw, an Armenian, did not know, though it was so easy a matter, how to set it up. Happening to be at the garden one evening, when they were attempting it, and could not succeed, I was requested to put the several pieces together; and, having done so, I made one of the soldiers mount on the insulating stool, charged the machine, and gave the Turk a good shock; who, expecting no such thing, uttered a loud cry, and jumped off, as much terrified as if he had seen the devil. The Bashaw laughed at the man's jumping off, supposing his fright to be a trick, and not the effect of the machine; and when told, that it was actually occasioned by the machine, he affirmed positively that it could not be, for the soldier was at such a distance, that it was impossible the small chain he held in his hand could have such power. I then desired the interpreter to inform his Highness, that if he would mount the stool himself, he would be convinced of the fact. He hesitated for a while whether to believe me or not; however he mounted the stool. I charged well, put the chain into his hand, and gave him a pretty smart shock. He jumped off, like the soldier, on feeling the effect of the electricity; but immediately threw himself on the sofa in a fit of laughter, not being able to conceive how the machine could have such power on the human body." (P. 12—16.)

The hydraulic "machine was set to work; and although constructed with bad wood and bad iron, and erected by Arabian carpenters and bricklayers, it was a question whether it did not draw six or seven times as much water as the common machines. The Bashaw, after long consideration, gave his decision; and declared, that it drew up only four times as much. It is to be observed, that the water produced by this machine was measured by comparison with the water procured by six of their own; and that, at the time of measuring, the Arabs urged their animals at such a rate, that they could not have continued their exertion above an hour; and for the moment they produced nearly double the quantity of water, that was usually obtained. Notwithstanding all this, the calculation of the Bashaw was to my satisfaction, as it decided on the accomplishment of my undertaking. Still Mahommed Ali perceived plainly the prejudice among the Arabs, and some of the Turks, who were concerned in the cultivation of the land; for instead of four hundred people, and four hundred oxen, they would have only to command one hundred of each, which would make a considerable difference in their profits: but, as it happened, an accident occurred, that put an end to all their fears.

The Bashaw took it into his head to have the oxen taken out of the wheel, in order to see, by way of frolic, what effect the machine

would have by putting fifteen men into it. James, the Irish lad in my service, entered along with them; but no sooner had the wheel turned once round, than they all jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, of course, overbalanced by the weight of the water, turned back with such velocity, that the catch was unable to stop it. The lad was thrown out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs. I contrived to stop the wheel before it did farther injury, which might have been fatal to him. The Turks have a belief, that, when such accidents happen in the commencement of any new invention, it is a bad omen. In consequence of this, exclusive of the prejudice against the machine itself, the Bashaw had been persuaded to abandon the affair. It had been stated to him, also, that it cost as much as four of the usual machines in making, while nothing was said of the advantages as to the oxen, that would be saved in the working of it. The business ended in this manner; and all that was due to me from the Bashaw was consigned to oblivion, as well as the stipulation I had made with him." (P. 22—24.)

Thus disappointed in the object of his speculation, Mr. Belzoni listened to the suggestions of Mr. Salt, the British consul at Cairo, and of the late enterprizing traveller, Mr. Burchardt; and departed for Thebes, for the purpose of conveying to Alexandria the colossal head of young Memnon, which is now deposited in the British Museum. In his way thither he stopped to examine the celebrated temple of Tentyra. Dendera,—the ancient Tentyra,—lies on the western bank of the Nile, near the extremity of a fertile plain, bounded by an extensive forest of palms and dates, which furnishes the greater part of Egypt with charcoal. The ruins of ancient Tentyra, which lie a little to the west of the modern town, are of considerable extent. The remains of three temples still exist: the largest of these, which was visited by Mr. Belzoni, is in a fine state of preservation, and surrounded by high mounds of rubbish belonging to the old city. This beautiful remain of Egyptian architecture is thus described:

"The enormous masses of stone employed in the edifice are so well disposed, that the eye discovers the most just proportion every where. The majestic appearance of its construction, the variety of its ornaments, and, above all, the singularity of its preservation, had such an effect on me, that I seated myself on the ground, and for a considerable time was lost in admiration. It is the first Egyptian temple the traveller sees on ascending the Nile, and it is certainly the most magnificent. It has an advantage over most others, from the good state of preservation it is in; and I should have no scruple in saying, that it is of a much later date than any other. The superiority of the workmanship gives us sufficient reason to suppose it to be of the time of the first Ptolemy; and it is not improbable, that he, who laid the foundation of the Alexandrian library, instituted the philosophical society of the Museum, and studied to render himself beloved by his

people, might erect such an edifice, to convince the Egyptians of his superiority of mind over the ancient kings of Egypt, even in religious devotion.

" This is the cabinet of the Egyptian arts, the product of study for many centuries, and it was here that Denon thought himself in the sanctuary of the arts and sciences. The front is adorned with a beautiful cornice, and a frieze covered with figures and hieroglyphics, over the centre of which the winged globe is predominant, and the two sides are embellished with compartments of sacrifices and offerings. The columns that form the portico are twenty-four in number, divided into four rows, including those in the front. On entering the gate the scene changes, and requires more minute observation. The quadrangular form of the capitals first strikes the eye. At each side of the square there is a colossal head of the goddess Isis with cows' ears. There is not one of these heads but is much mutilated, particularly those on the columns in the front of the temple facing the outside: but notwithstanding this disadvantage, and the flatness of their form, there is a simplicity in their countenance that approaches to a smile. The shafts of the columns are covered with hieroglyphics and figures, which are in basso relievo, as are all the figures in the front and lateral walls. The front of the door-way, which is in a straight line with the entrance and the sanctuary, is richly adorned with figures of smaller size than the rest of the portico. The ceiling contains the zodiac, inclosed by two long female figures, which extend from one side to the other of it. The walls are divided into several square compartments, each containing figures representing deities, and priests in the act of offering or immolating victims. On all the walls, columns, ceiling, or architraves, there is nowhere a space of two feet, that is not covered with some figures of human beings, animals, plants, emblems of agriculture, or of religious ceremony. Wherever the eyes turn, wherever the attention is fixed, every thing inspires respect and veneration, heightened by the solitary situation of this temple, which adds to the attraction of these splendid recesses. The inner apartments are much the same as the portico, all covered with figures in basso relievo, to which the light enters through small holes in the walls: the sanctuary itself is quite dark. In the corner of it I found the door, which leads to the roof by a staircase, the walls of which are also covered with figures in basso relievo. On the top of the temple the Arabs had built a village, I suppose to be the more elevated, and exposed to the air; but it is all in ruins, as no one now lives there. From the top I descended into some apartments on the east side of the temple. There I saw the famous zodiac on the ceiling. The circular form of this zodiac led me to suppose, in some measure, that this temple was built at a later period than the rest, as nothing like it is seen any where else. In the front of the edifice there is a propylæon, not inferior to the works in the temple; and, though partly fallen, it still shows its ancient grandeur. On the left, going from the portico, there is a small temple surrounded by columns. In the inside is a figure of Isis sitting with Orus in her lap, and other female figures, each with a child in her arms, are observable. The capitals of the columns are

adorned with the figure of Typhon. The gallery or portico, that surrounds the temple, is filled up with rubbish to a great height, and walls of unburnt bricks have been raised from one column to another. Farther on, in a right line with the propylæon, are the remains of an hypæthral temple, which form a square of twelve columns, connected with each other by a wall, except at the door-way, which fronts the propylæon. The eastern wall of the great temple is richly adorned with figures in intaglio relevato: they are perfectly finished: the female figures are about four feet high, disposed in different compartments. Behind the temple is a small Egyptian building, quite detached from the large edifice; and from its construction I would venture to say, that it was the habitation of the priests. At some distance from the great temple are the foundations of another, not so large as the first. The propylæon is still standing in good preservation." (P. 33—36.)

It was here that the Hindoo sepoys, who went into Egypt by the Red Sea, to join the army of Lord Hutchinson in 1801, imagined they had found their own temples, and expressed their indignation against the Egyptians for neglecting their deities; thus furnishing a strong proof of that connexion, which the researches of Sir William Jones, and of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, have shown anciently to have subsisted between Egypt and India.

There is one feature in this splendid ruin, which this indefatigable traveller has omitted to notice, viz. the circumstance of the walls sloping inward. This did not escape the observation of the accurate Denon, who extols this edifice as being executed in the purest style of Egyptian architecture. The aspect of the whole is remarkably simple: for, though it be entirely covered with hieroglyphics, these at a little distance do not break the unity of the general effect. Reluctantly quitting the ruins of Tentyra, Mr. Belzoni proceeded up the Nile to Thebes, where he arrived on the 22d of July, and landed at Luxor on the opposite bank. He immediately directed his attention to the colossal bust which he had to remove. "I found it," says he, "near the remains of its body and chair, with its face upwards, and apparently smiling upon me, at the thought of being taken to England." The expectations which he had formed of it, were exceeded by its beauty, though not by its size. Mr. Belzoni has detailed, in an artless, but interesting manner, the various difficulties which he had to encounter from the Cacheff of Erments, the governor of the Fellahs in the province of Gournou. By perseverance, however, and dexterous management, he ultimately overcame all obstacles, and obtained Arabs to remove the bust, for the trifling remuneration of thirty paras each, or fourpence-halfpenny, English money, per day. A car having been constructed, the first operation was to place the bust upon

it,—an undertaking of no small labour, when its weight (not less, perhaps, than twelve tons), and the simplicity of the methods employed, are considered. By means of four levers, the bust was raised, so as to leave a vacancy beneath it, in order to introduce the car. After it was slowly lodged on this, the car was raised in front, so as to admit one of the rollers under it: the same operation was repeated at the back, and the colossus was ready to be pulled up. It was then well secured on the car, and the ropes were so placed, that the power might be divided. Persons were stationed with levers, on each side of the car, to assist occasionally, in case the bust should turn on either side. In this manner it was preserved from falling. Men were distributed in front equally at the four ropes, while others were ready to change the ropes alternately. They commenced their labours on the 27th, and by propelling the bust towards the river, at the rate of from fifty to four hundred yards a day, it was safely placed in a situation ready to be embarked on the 12th of August.

This laborious undertaking having been accomplished, Mr. Belzoni on the following day proceeded to explore a cave, containing a sarcophagus, which the French Consul, M. Drouetti, had discovered and attempted to take away, and had presented to him if he could remove it. His account of this research is full of interest, and as it exhibits a clear display of the fraudulent character of the natives, we shall extract it for the information of our readers.

"I was conducted into one of those holes, that are scattered about the mountains of Gournou, so celebrated for the quantities of mummies they contain. The Janizary remained without, and I entered, with two Arabs and the interpreter.

"Previous to our entering the cave, we took off the greater part of our clothes, and, each having a candle, advanced through a cavity in the rock, which extended a considerable length in the mountain, sometimes pretty high, sometimes very narrow, and without any regularity. In some passages we were obliged to creep on the ground, like crocodiles. I perceived, that we were at a great distance from the entrance, and the way was so intricate, that I depended entirely on the two Arabs, to conduct us out again. At length we arrived at a large space, into which many other holes or cavities opened; and after some consideration and examination by the two Arabs, we entered one of these, which was very narrow, and continued downward for a long way, through a craggy passage, till we came where two other apertures led to the interior in a horizontal direction. One of the Arabs then said, 'This is the place.' I could not conceive how so large a sarcophagus, as it had been described to me, could have been taken through the aperture, which the Arab now pointed out. I had no doubt, but these recesses were burial-places, as we continually walked over skulls and other bones: but the sarcophagus could never have entered this recess; for it was so narrow, that on my attempt to penetrate it, I could not

pass. One of the Arabs, however, succeeded, as did my interpreter; and it was agreed, that I and the other Arab should wait till they returned. They proceeded evidently to a great distance, for the light disappeared, and only a murmuring sound from their voices could be distinguished as they went on. After a few moments, I heard a loud noise, and the interpreter distinctly crying, '*O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! je suis perdu!*' After which, a profound silence ensued. I asked my Arab, whether he had ever been in that place? He replied, 'Never.' I could not conceive what could have happened, and thought the best plan was to return, to procure help from the other Arabs. Accordingly, I told my man to show me the way out again; but, staring at me like an idiot, he said he did not know the road. I called repeatedly to the interpreter, but received no answer; I watched a long time, but no one returned; and my situation was no very pleasant one. I naturally returned through the passages, by which we had come; and, after some time, I succeeded in reaching the place, where, as I mentioned, were many other cavities. It was a complete labyrinth, as all these places bore a great resemblance to the one which we first entered. At last seeing one, which appeared to be the right, we proceeded through it a long way; but by this time our candles had diminished considerably; and I feared, that, if we did not get out soon, we should have to remain in the dark: meantime it would have been dangerous to put one out, to save the other, lest that which was left should, by some accident, be extinguished. At this time we were considerably advanced towards the outside, as we thought; but to our sorrow we found the end of that cavity, without any outlet. Convinced that we were mistaken in our conjecture, we quickly returned towards the place of the various entries, which we strove to regain. But we were then as perplexed as ever, and were both exhausted from the ascents and descents, which we had been obliged to go over. The Arab seated himself, but every moment of delay was dangerous. The only expedient was, to put a mark at the place out of which we had just come, and then examine the cavities in succession, by putting also a mark at their entrance, so as to know where we had been. Unfortunately, our candles would not last through the whole: however, we began our operations.

"On the second attempt, when passing before a small aperture, I thought I heard the sound of something like the roaring of the sea at a distance. In consequence I entered this cavity; and as we advanced the noise increased, till I could distinctly hear a number of voices all at one time. At last, thank God, we walked out; and, to my no small surprise, the first person I saw was my interpreter. How he came to be there I could not conjecture. He told me, that, in proceeding with the Arab along the passage below, they came to a pit, which they did not see; that the Arab fell into it, and in falling put out both candles. It was then that he cried out, 'Mon Dieu! je suis perdu!' as he thought he also should have fallen into the pit; but, on raising his head, he saw at a great distance a glimpse of daylight, towards which he advanced, and thus arrived at a small aperture. He then scraped away some loose sand and stones, to widen the place where he came

out, and went to give the alarm to the Arabs, who were at the other entrance. Being all concerned for the man who fell to the bottom of the pit, it was their noise that I heard in the cave. The place by which my interpreter got out was instantly widened; and in the confusion the Arabs did not regard letting me see that they were acquainted with that entrance, and that it had lately been shut up. I was not long in detecting their scheme. The Arabs had intended to show me the sarcophagus, without letting me see the way by which it might be taken out, and then to stipulate a price for the secret. It was with this view they took me such a way round about.

"I found that the sarcophagus was not in reality a hundred yards from the large entrance. The man was soon taken out of the well, but so much hurt in one of his hips, that he went lame ever after." (P. 51—54.)

While Mr. Belzoni waited for a boat from Cairo, to carry away the bust, he determined to continue his voyage up the Nile. On the 18th of August he set off for Esne, which place he reached on the following day; on the 20th he arrived at Edfou (the ancient Apollinopolis Parva); and two days after at Ombos. At the two last mentioned places he met with some beautiful remains of Egyptian art. The temple at Edfou may be compared with that of Tentyra, in point of preservation, and is superior to it in magnitude. The ruins at Ombos, though less extensive, convey a clear idea of their former splendour. The columns of the portico form one of the richest groups of architecture which our author has seen; the hieroglyphics being well executed, and some of them still retaining their colours; on the side next the water are the remains of a smaller temple, the diminished stones of which prove that the Egyptians paid great attention to the proportion of masses, as one of the principal points in the effect for which they were intended.

Ascending from Ombos to Assouan, the ancient Syene, the islands of Elephantine and Philæ, Mr. Belzoni arrived on the 29th at the village of El Kalabshe, where he observed some fine ruins of a temple, similar to those at Tentyra, Philæ, and Edfou; all of which he refers to the time of the Ptolemies: for though there is a great similitude in all the Egyptian edifices, yet there is a certain elegance in the forms of the most recent, which distinguishes them from the older massy and enormous works; whence he is led to think that they were executed by the Egyptians under the direction of the Greeks. From this place he advanced to Ibrim, which was the furthest town visited by Mr. Legh and the Rev. Mr. Smelt. At the distance of three days' journey lie the temples of Ybsambul; the principal of which he afterwards opened. As, however, he could undertake nothing without the permission of Osseyn Cacheff, who was further up the Nile at the village of Iskus, Mr. Belzoni proceeded thither

in order to obtain that chieftain's consent. His inquiries concerning the objects of the traveller's pursuit were very minute: and the required permission was granted, on the latter promising that, if the temple should be full of gold, the Cacheff should have one half; but if it should be full of stones, they should be the exclusive property of Mr. Belzoni. He accordingly returned to Ybsambul, and commenced the operation of removing the accumulated sand; but want of time compelled him to relinquish this undertaking, and he descended the Nile to Thebes; where, after considerable difficulty, he succeeded in embarking the bust of Memnon for Cairo, on the 17th of November. His account of this laborious undertaking is worth extracting.

"It was no easy undertaking to put a piece of granite, of such bulk and weight, on board a boat, that, if it received the weight on one side, would immediately upset; and, what is more, this was to be done without the smallest help of any mechanical contrivance, even a single tackle, and only with four poles and ropes, as the water was about eighteen feet below the bank where the head was to descend. The causeway I had made gradually sloped to the edge of the water close to the boat, and with the four poles I formed a bridge from the bank into the centre of the boat, so that when the weight bore on the bridge, it pressed only on the centre of the boat. The bridge rested partly on the causeway, partly on the side of the boat, and partly on the centre of it. On the opposite side of the boat I put some mats well filled with straw. I necessarily stationed a few Arabs in the boat, and some at each side, with a lever of palm-wood, as I had nothing else. At the middle of the bridge I put a sack filled with sand, that, if the colossus should run too fast into the boat, it might be stopped. In the ground behind the colossus I had a piece of a palm-tree firmly planted, round which a rope was twisted, and then fastened to its ear, to let it descend gradually. I set a lever at work on each side, and at the same time that the men in the boat were pulling, others were slackening the ropes, and others shifting the rollers as the colossus advanced.

"Thus it descended gradually from the main-land to the causeway, when it sunk a good deal, as the causeway was made of fresh earth. This, however, I did not regret, as it was better it should be so, than that it should run too fast towards the water; for I had to consider, that, if this piece of antiquity should fall into the Nile, my return to Europe would not be very welcome, particularly to the antiquaries; though I have reason to believe, that some among the great body of its scientific men would rather have seen it sunk in the Nile, than where it is now deposited. However, it went smoothly on board. The Arabs, who were unanimously of opinion that it would go to the bottom of the river, or crush the boat, were all attention, as if anxious to know the result, as well as to learn how the operation was to be performed; and when the owner of the boat, who considered it as consigned to perdition, witnessed my success, and saw the huge piece of stone, as

he called it, safely on board, he came and squeezed me heartily by the hand. 'Thank heaven!' I exclaimed, and I had reason to be thankful; for I will leave it to the judgment of any engineer, whether it would not be easier to embark a mass ten times larger on board a competent vessel, where all sorts of mechanical powers can be procured, instead of being destitute, as I was, of every thing necessary." (P. 131—133.)

The voyage down the Nile was completed in twenty-four days from Thebes; and after five months and a half continual activity and exertion, he arrived at Cairo, on the 15th of December. Early in January 1817, the bust of Memnon was removed to Alexandria, in order to its ultimate conveyance to England. Having thus finished his operations, and whatever was necessary respecting the bust, he proposed to Mr. Salt, the British Consul, to make another excursion into Upper Egypt and Nubia, to open the temple at Ybsambul. This offer being accepted, Mr. Belzoni embarked once more on the Nile, on the 20th of February 1817, accompanied by Mr. Beechey, the son of the distinguished artist. The narrative of this second journey is extremely interesting; we shall therefore be more minute in our analysis of it.

At Meimond the travellers stopped to attend an Arabian dance, of which we have a pleasing delineation in the thirteenth plate. They were courteously introduced in front of the spectators.

"The performers consisted of about thirty men, all in a row, clapping their hands in concert, so as to form a kind of accompaniment to their song, which consisted of three or four words; and with one foot before the other keeping a sort of perpetual motion, but without changing their positions. Before the men were two women with daggers in their hands, also in continual action, running toward the men and then returning from them with an extraordinary motion, brandishing their daggers, and waving their garments. In this they persevered for such a length of time, that I wondered how they could support the exertion. This is a sort of Bedoween dance, and is the most decent of all that I ever saw in Egypt;—but no sooner was it ended, than in order I suppose to please us, they immediately began another, in the fashion of the country, which fully compensated for the extraordinary modesty of the first: but we returned to our boat more disgusted than pleased with it."

"For three days," he continues, "we had a strong southerly wind, so that we advanced but a few miles, and did not arrive at Minieh till the 5th of March. It was necessary for us to land there, to see Hamet Bey, who has the command over all the boats on the river. He styles himself admiral of the Nile, and thinks himself as great as any British admiral on the sea. One day at a christian party in Cairo, the discourse happened to fall upon Sir Sidney Smith; 'Ah!' said Hamet

Bey, 'Sir Sidney is a very clever man, and holds the same rank as myself.' From this great commander we had to obtain a protection for our Reis, to secure him from having his boat pressed while we employed it. We found him sitting on a wooden bench, attended by two or three of his sailors. He complied with our request, and gave a hint for a bottle of rum. We sent him two, and he made a feast in high glee with them." (P. 143, 144.)

From Minieh they proceeded to Eraramoun, the ancient Hermopolis; where, being informed that some agents of the French consul were making a forced march to Thebes, to buy up all the antiquities which the Arabs had collected during the preceding season, Belzoni determined to proceed by land to Thebes. His journey occupied five days and a half, during which he slept only eleven hours. In his progress he met with a body of Bedoween Arabs, on their way to Cairo to enter into the service of the Bashaw, who could find no other expedient for suppressing these freebooters, than offering to give them good pay, horses, and arms, and to send them to Mecca. This proposal, it appears, had its due effect: for all the young men embraced it, leaving the women and old men in the deserts. Their horses were very strong, though not in full flesh, and their riders were clothed with a kind of woollen mantle that covered the head and part of the body. They retain the rude and simple habits of their ancestors. Their tents consist of four sticks set in the ground, about a yard in height, to which one of their shawls is fastened as a cover, with another behind, so as to form a kind of shelter. They generally pitch their camps near a fertile spot, but always at the foot of the desert; so that, in case of a surprise, they may speedily regain their native country. The women were all uncovered, and the children entirely naked. They are very frugal in their diet, and never drink any strong liquors. 'They are Arabs,' says Mr. Belzoni, 'but no more like the Arabs of Egypt than a freeman is like a slave. The Egyptian Arabs are accustomed to obey, but will not do any thing unless compelled by force. They are humbled, because they are continually under the rod; and indolent, because they have no interest in any thing. But the wild Arabs, on the contrary, are constantly in motion, and labour to procure provision for their beasts and themselves; and being in perpetual war with each other, their thoughts are incessantly employed in improving their arts of defence, or in obtaining plunder.'

At Thebes he resumed his excavations, and also at Carnac, where he uncovered a colossal figure in front of the great temple. While his people were at work in other directions, our enterprising traveller seized the opportunity thus presented to him, of examining at leisure the superb ruins of this edifice. His de-

scription of the impressions they produced in his mind is both natural and pleasing.

"In a distant view of them nothing can be seen but the towering propylæa, high portals, and obelisks, which project above the various groups of lofty palm-trees, and even at a distance announce magnificence. On approaching the avenue of sphinxes, which leads to the great temple, the visiter is inspired with devotion and piety: their enormous size strikes him with wonder and respect to the Gods, to whom they were dedicated. They represent lions with heads of rams, the symbols of strength and innocence, the power and purity of the Gods. Advancing farther in the avenue, there stand before it towering propylæa, which lead to inner courts, where immense colossi are seated at each side of the gate, as if guarding the entrance to the holy ground. Still farther on was the magnificent temple dedicated to the great God of the creation. It was the first time that I entered it alone, without being interrupted by the noise of the Arabs, who never leave the traveller an instant. The sun was rising, and the long shades from the various groups of columns extended over these ruins, intermixed with the rays of light striking on these masses in various directions, formed such delightful views all around as baffle description." (P. 152.)

Mr. Belzoni has given a general idea of these extensive ruins, in one of his engravings, and in another a small sketch of part of the interior of the great temple, as well as of the colossal bust which was uncovered. These must be inspected, in order to form an adequate conception of the grand scale upon which they were executed.

"I was lost," he continues, "in contemplation of so many objects; and being alone in such a place, my mind was impressed with ideas of such solemnity, that for some time I was unconscious whether I were on terrestrial ground, or in some other planet.

"I had seen the temple of Tentyra, and I still acknowledge, that nothing can exceed that edifice in point of preservation, and in the beauty of its workmanship and sculpture; but here I was lost in a mass of colossal objects, every one of which was more than sufficient, of itself alone, to attract my whole attention. How can I describe my sensations at that moment! I seemed alone in the midst of all that a most sacred in the world; a forest of enormous columns, adorned all round with beautiful figures, and various ornaments, from the top to the bottom; the graceful shape of the lotus, which forms their capitals, and is so well proportioned to the columns, that it gives to the view the most pleasing effect; the gates, the walls, the pedestals, and the architraves, also adorned in every part with symbolical figures in basso relievo and intaglio, representing battles, processions, triumphs, feasts, offerings, and sacrifices, all relating no doubt to the ancient history of the country; the sanctuary, wholly formed of fine red granite, with the various obelisks standing before it, proclaiming to the distant passenger, 'Here is the seat of holiness;' the high portals, seen at a distance from the openings to this vast labyrinth of edifices; the va-

rious groups of ruins of the other temples within sight; these altogether had such an effect upon my soul, as to separate me in imagination from the rest of mortals, exalt me on high over all, and cause me to forget entirely the trifles and follies of life. I was happy for a whole day, which escaped like a flash of lightning; but the obscurity of the night caused me to stumble over one large block of stone, and to break my nose against another, which, dissolving the enchantment, brought me to my senses again. It was quite late when I returned to Luxor, to the hut of an Arab, who ceded to me part of his chamber, and a mat, which afforded me an excellent bed." (P. 152, 153.)

His further researches being prevented by the arrival of the French agents, he returned to Thebes; and, mooring his bark at Luxor, recommenced his operations with what assistance he could obtain. Two objects now jointly claimed his attention, viz. the exploring of the sepulchres of the ancient Egyptians at Gournou, and the prosecution of the excavations at Carnac.

Gournou is a tract of rocks about two miles in length, at the foot of the Libyan mountains, on the west of Thebes, and was the burial-place of the great city of a hundred gates. Every part of these rocks is cut out by art, in the form of large and small chambers, each of which has its separate entrance; and though they are very close to each other, they seldom have any interior communication from one to another. The inhabitants of this region are described as being superior to any other Arabs in cunning and deceit, and the most independent of any in Egypt. They boast that they were the last whom the French were able to subdue, and that, when subdued, they compelled their conquerors to pay them whatever they demanded for their labour. They have refused submission both to the Mamelukes and to the Bashaw: consequently they have undergone the severest punishments, and have been hunted down like wild beasts. Their hiding places in the rocks are almost impregnable.

Into the mansions of the dead of former ages our traveller penetrated; and though the difficulty of visiting these recesses made it impossible to give an adequate description of them and their inhabitants, yet he has succeeded in conveying to his readers some idea of the danger to which he exposed himself in exploring them.

"A traveller is generally satisfied when he has seen the large hall, the gallery, the staircase, and as far as he can conveniently go: besides, he is taken up with the strange works he observes cut in various places, and painted on each side of the walls; so that when he comes to a narrow and difficult passage, or to have to descend to the bottom of a well or cavity, he declines taking such trouble, naturally supposing that he cannot see in these abysses any thing so magnificent as what he sees above, and consequently deeming it useless to proceed any far-

ther. Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters into the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage, where the bodies are, is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than a vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choaked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian: but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri; of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth, that envelop the mummy. The people of Gournou, who make a trade of antiquities of this sort, are very jealous of strangers,

and keep them as secret as possible, deceiving travellers by pretending that they have arrived at the end of the pits, when they are scarcely at the entrance. I could never prevail on them to conduct me into these places till this my second voyage, when I succeeded in obtaining admission into any cave where mummies were to be seen.

" My permanent residence in Thebes was the cause of my success. The Arabs saw that I paid particular attention to the situation of the entrance into the tombs, and that they could not avoid being seen by me when they were at work digging in search of a new tomb, though they are very cautious when any stranger is in Gournou not to let it be known where they go to open the earth ; and as travellers generally remain in that place a few days only, they used to leave off digging during that time. If any traveller be curious enough to ask to examine the interior of a tomb, they are ready to show him one immediately, and conduct him to some of the old tombs, where he sees nothing but the grottoes in which mummies formerly had been deposited, or where there are but few, and these already plundered ; so that he can form but a poor idea of the real tombs, where the remains were originally placed.

" The people of Gournou live in the entrance of such caves as have already been opened, and, by making partitions with earthen walls, they form habitations for themselves, as well as for their cows, camels, buffaloes, sheep, goats, dogs, &c. I do not know whether it is because they are so few in number, that the government takes so little notice of what they do ; but it is certain, that they are the most unruly people in Egypt. At various times many of them have been destroyed, so that they are reduced from three thousand, the number they formerly reckoned, to three hundred, which form the population of the present day. They have no mosque, nor do they care for one ; for though they have at their disposal a great quantity of all sorts of bricks, which abound in every part of Gournou, from the surrounding tombs, they have never built a single house. They are forced to cultivate a small tract of land, extending from the rocks to the Nile, about a mile in breadth, and two and a half in length ; and even this is in part neglected ; for if left to their own will, they would never take a spade in their hands, except when they go to dig for mummies ; which they find to be a more profitable employment than agriculture. This is the fault of travellers, who are so pleased the moment they are presented with any piece of antiquity, that, without thinking of the injury resulting from the example to their successors, they give a great deal more than the people really expect. Hence it has arisen, that they now set such an enormous price on antiquities, and in particular on papyri. Some of them have accumulated a considerable sum of money, and are become so indifferent, that they remain idle, unless whatever price they demand be given them ; and it is to be observed, that it is a fixed point in their minds, that the Franks would not be so liberal, unless the articles were worth ten times as much as they pay for them.

" The Fellahs of Gournou who dig for antiquities are sometimes divided into parties, and have their chiefs over each ; so that what is

found by any of the party is sold, and the money divided among them all. They are apparently very true to each other, and particularly in cheating strangers; but when they can find a good opportunity, they do not scruple to cheat each other also." (P. 156—159.)

This knavish disposition Mr. Belzoni illustrates, by relating the manner in which he became the purchaser of two brazen vessels, of singular beauty, which he supposes to have been employed for sacred purposes: their composition is stated to be extremely fine, and their sound not unlike that of the Corinthian brass.

These troglodytes are described as being very happy in their way. It is indeed somewhat singular, to talk of happiness among people who dwell in caves like brutes, or rather, who live in sepulchres 'among the corpses and rags of an ancient nation,' of which they know nothing. Custom, however, as Mr. Belzoni remarks, reconciles all this.

In the course of our author's researches among the sepulchres of Gournou, he made some observations, which prove that Herodotus was misinformed by the Egyptians relative to their mode of embalming. The historian, as our readers doubtless know, has described three modes of embalming. One of these was very costly, the second was of less price, and inferior in point of execution; and the other was still more mean. Such bodies, he adds, as were embalmed in the most expensive manner, on being returned to the relatives of the deceased, were inclosed in a wooden case, made to resemble the human figure, and were placed *erect* against the walls of their repositories for the dead. In this, however, he was evidently misled by the Egyptian priests: for Mr. Belzoni states that in all the pits opened by him, he never saw a single mummy standing. On the contrary, he found them lying regularly in *horizontal* rows, and some were sunk into a cement, which must have been nearly fluid when the cases were placed on it. The mummies of the lower classes were in the proportion of ten to one of those of the better class: they were not buried in cases, but dried (it should seem) in the sun, after undergoing the ordinary process of embalming.

Among these tombs our traveller saw some which contained the mummies of bulls, cows, sheep, monkeys, foxes, crocodiles, birds, and other animals, intermixed with human bodies. Idols were often found; and one tomb was filled with nothing but cats, carefully folded in red and white linen, the head covered by a mask representing the cat, and made of the same kind of linen. It is rather singular that these animals are not found in the tombs of the higher classes; while few, if any papyri are found among those of the lower order. Mr. Belzoni is disposed to think that

the three divisions of high, middling, and poorer classes, which were made by Herodotus, will admit of still further distinctions, varying according to the respective opulence of the individuals. The mummies which he concludes were appropriated to the priests, are folded in a manner totally different from the others, and executed with great care, to shew the reverence in which they were held. The tombs of the better classes of people are, of course, superior to the others; some of them are more extensive than the rest, having various apartments adorned with figures representing different actions of life. Funeral processions generally predominate. Agricultural processes, religious ceremonies, together with feasting and other ordinary occurrences, are every where to be seen. In these tombs the smaller idols are occasionally found, together with vases, and ornaments of various descriptions, particularly some of leaf gold, beaten nearly as thin as ours, but of a finer colour. The opportunity thus presented to Mr. Belzoni of exploring these hitherto comparatively unknown repositories of the dead, enabled him to make the following curious observations on the manufactures and elegant arts of the Egyptians.

"The Egyptians were certainly well acquainted with linen manufactures to a perfection equal to our own; for, in many of their figures, we observe their garments quite transparent; and among the folding of the mummies, I observed some cloth quite as fine as our common muslin, very strong, and of an even texture. They had the art of tanning leather, with which they made shoes as well as we do, some of which I found of various shapes. They had also the art of staining the leather with various colours, as we do Morocco, and actually knew the mode of embossing on it, for I found leather with figures impressed on it, quite elevated. I think it must have been done with a hot iron while the leather was damp. They also fabricated a sort of coarse glass, with which they made beads and other ornaments.

"Beside enamelling, the art of gilding was in great perfection among them, as I found several ornaments of the kind. They knew how to cast copper as well as to form it into sheets, and had a metallic composition not unlike our lead, rather softer, but of greater tenacity. It is much like the lead which we see on paper in the tea-chests from China, but much thicker. I found some pieces of it covered on both sides with a thin coat of another metal, which might be taken for silver, but I cannot believe it to be so. It certainly is a proof of the scarcity of this metal in Egypt, where, in my opinion, it was less common than gold; for it is seldom found, whereas the latter is quite common on the ornaments.

"Carved works were very common, and in great perfection, particularly in the proportion of the figures; and it is to be observed, that though the Egyptians were unacquainted with anatomy, yet in these, as well as in their statues of marble, they preserved that sweet simplicity peculiar to themselves, which is always pleasing to the beholder.

"In one of the tombs of the kings I found two wooden figures, nearly seven feet high, of very fine workmanship. They are in a standing posture, with one arm extended, as if holding a torch. They had many other carved works, hieroglyphics, ornaments, &c.

"The art of varnishing, and baking the varnish on clay, was in such perfection among them, that I doubt whether it could be imitated at present. Articles of the best sorts of this manufacture, however, were rather scarce, as there are but few to be found; while, on the contrary, there are great quantities of the inferior sorts. Indeed, the few good ones I met with were all in the great tomb of Samethis, and these are of the most beautiful colour.

"The art of painting was but simple among the Egyptians, as they had no knowledge of shadowing to elevate their figures; but great credit is due to them for their taste in disposing their colours. There is great harmony even in the red and green, which do not always agree with us, and which they knew how to mingle so well, that it produced a very splendid effect, particularly by candle-light. As I observed before, I am of opinion, that these colours were from the vegetable kingdom, and think I can produce a pretty strong proof of the fact. The present natives of Egypt, who manufacture indigo, make it up in cakes of the size of a sea biscuit, in a very rough manner. Not knowing how to extract the colour from the plant without mixing it with sand, the cake glitters all over, the light being reflected from every particle. Of this imperfection the ancient Egyptians could not get the better; for whenever there is blue in any of their paintings, which is evidently indigo, the same sparkling sand is to be seen, as in the modern cakes. Their drawings and sculpture are but simple, and systematically done; notwithstanding which, they knew how to impart a certain vivacity to their posture, which animates their figures. They knew little or nothing of perspective, and all that was done was in profile. The wall or whatever other place was to be ornamented was previously prepared, by grinding it very smooth. The first lines were done in red by a scholar, or one not so expert as the master, who examined the outlines, and corrected them in black. Specimens of this are to be seen in the tomb of Samethis, as I shall have to mention hereafter.

"When the outlines were completed, the sculptor began his work. He raised the figure by cutting away the stone all round it. The angles are smoothly turned, and the ornaments on the figure or garments are traced with a chisel, which leaves a slight impression, and adorns the whole figure. The last was the painter, who finished the piece. They could not find any other colours than red, blue, yellow, green, and black. The blue is divided into two sorts, the dark and the light. With these colours they adorned their temples, tombs, or whatever they wished to have painted. As there is no colour among these that could imitate the living human flesh, they adopted the red for this purpose. The ornaments were decorated with the other colours; and, though so few, I am sure they are not all used in the same piece." (P. 173—176.)

Their architecture is in unison with the ideas which were held by the ancient Egyptians. Entertaining the notion that they should return to life after a period of three thousand years, they seem to have designed their edifices to last so long, that they might behold them again in a good state of preservation. They evidently knew how to turn an arch; and though the science of architecture was brought to great perfection by the Greeks, yet these (Mr. Belzoni shews) were indebted to the Egyptians for their principal hints.

The wonderful sculptures of the Egyptians are justly admired for the boldness of their execution. Their enormous sizes rendered it difficult for the artists to maintain their due proportions, which, however, were in general well preserved. Thus, if a statue were erected as large as life, the head was of the natural size; if it were thirty feet high, the head was larger in proportion to the body; and, if fifty feet high, the magnitude of the head was further increased. These gigantic sculptures are executed in sand-stone, calcareous stone, breccia, or granite: the three last are extremely hard, and it is not now known with what tools they were wrought. Mr. Belzoni conjectures that they were originally less hard than they now are. The angles of the figures on the calcareous stone, in particular, are so sharp, that no modern chisels could produce the like; its fracture is more like that of glass than of stone and the granite is almost impenetrable.

While our traveller was exploring the recesses of the dead at Gournou, he took up his lodging with the troglodyte inhabitants, in the entrance of some of the tombs, not the most pleasant residence to one who had been accustomed to the comforts of civilized life in Europe.

During these interesting researches among the sepulchres of Gournou, his excavations were carried on at Carnac with equal success. At this place he uncovered a colossal head of red granite, of beautiful workmanship, and uncommonly well preserved, with the exception of one ear and part of the chin, which had been knocked off along with the beard. Though of larger proportion than that of the young Memnon, it is neither so bulky nor so heavy, having no part of the shoulder attached to it. The removal of it, however, occupied eight days, though the distance is little more than a mile. Besides this head, which is ten feet from the neck to the top of the mitre, Mr. Belzoni procured an arm belonging to the same colossus, and measuring also ten feet. This interesting relic of antiquity, together with others which by this time he had accumulated at Luxor, was sufficient to fill another boat as large as that which he had freighted in the preceding

year. But before he could send them down the Nile, he was compelled to suspend his researches in consequence of the intrigues of the French agents with the Defterdar Bey; and having surrounded the antiquities which he had thus collected with a mud wall, our author set out on the 23d of May for Assouan. Here he took a general view of Elephantine and the other islands, whence he proceeded to Philæ, and examined the magnificent ruins on that island, the style of which (he is of opinion) indicates that they were executed in the last era of the Egyptians, and probably in the time of the Ptolomies. During his residence on this island, Mr. Belzoni was joined by Captains Irby and Mangles; and on the 4th of June the party commemorated his late Majesty's birth-day by royal salutes, to the great terror of the natives in the vicinity, who could not conceive why they wasted so much powder to no purpose. Having at length received a supply of money from Mr. Salt, together with his permission to open the temple of Ybsambul, Belzoni and his party proceeded thither. After encountering various difficulties, which were interposed by the Cacheffs of the country, they succeeded in clearing away the sand, and on the first of August entered the finest and most extensive excavation in Nubia, with the exception perhaps of the tomb newly discovered in the valley of Beban el Malook. It was a magnificent temple enriched with beautiful intaglios, paintings, and colossal figures. The travellers first entered into a pro-naos, or porch, fifty-seven feet long and fifty-two wide, supported by two rows of pillars, five feet and a half square, to each of which was attached a figure, the top of whose turban reached the ceiling, which was about thirty feet in height. Both these and the walls are covered with hieroglyphics, superior in point of execution to any other in Egypt, and exhibiting battles, the storming of castles, triumphs over the Ethiopians, sacrifices, &c.

"Some of the columns are much injured by the close and heated atmosphere, the temperature of which was so hot, that the thermometer must have risen to above a hundred and thirty degrees. The second hall is about twenty-two feet high, thirty-seven wide, and twenty-five and a half long. It contains four pillars about four feet square; and the walls of this also are covered with fine hieroglyphics in pretty good preservation. Beyond this is a shorter chamber, thirty-seven feet wide, in which is the entrance into the sanctuary. At each end of this chamber is a door, leading into smaller chambers in the same direction with the sanctuary, each eight feet by seven. The sanctuary is twenty-three feet and a half long, and twelve feet wide. It contains a pedestal in the centre, and at the end four colossal sitting figures, the heads of which are in good preservation, not having been injured by violence. On the right side of this great hall, entering into the temple, are two doors, at a short distance from each other, which

lead into two long separate rooms, the first thirty-eight feet ten inches in length, and eleven feet five inches wide; the other forty-eight feet seven inches, by thirteen feet three. At the end of the first are several unfinished hieroglyphics, of which some, though merely sketched, give fine ideas of their manner of drawing. At the lateral corners of the entrance into the second chamber from the great hall is a door, each of which leads into a small chamber twenty-two feet six inches long, and ten feet wide. Each of these rooms has two doors leading into two other chambers, forty-three feet in length, and ten feet eleven inches wide. There are two benches in them, apparently to sit on. The most remarkable subjects in this temple are, 1st, a group of captive Ethiopians, in the western corner of the great hall: 2d, the hero killing a man with his spear, another lying slain under his feet, on the same western wall: 3d, the storming of a castle, in the western corner from the front door. The outside of this temple is magnificent. It is a hundred and seventeen feet wide, and eighty-six feet high; the height from the top of the cornice to the top of the door being sixty-six feet six inches, and the height of the door twenty feet. There are four enormous sitting colossi, the largest in Egypt or Nubia, except the great Sphinx at the pyramids, to which they approach in the proportion of near two-thirds. From the shoulder to the elbow they measure fifteen feet six inches; the ears three feet six inches; the face seven feet; the beard five feet six inches; across the shoulders twenty-five feet four inches; their height is about fifty-one feet, not including the caps, which are about fourteen feet. There are only two of these colossi in sight, one is still buried under the sand, and the other, which is near the door, is half fallen down, and buried also. On the top of the door is a colossal figure of Osiris twenty feet high, with two colossal hieroglyphic figures, one on each side, looking towards it. On the top of the temple is a cornice with hieroglyphics, a torus and frize under it. The cornice is six feet wide, the frize is four feet. Above the cornice is a row of sitting monkeys eight feet high, and six across the shoulders. They are twenty-one in number. This temple was nearly two-thirds buried under the sand, of which we removed thirty-one feet before we came to the upper part of the door. It must have had a very fine landing-place, which is now totally buried under the sand. It is the last and largest temple excavated in the solid rock in Nubia or Egypt, except the new tomb. It took twenty-two days to open it, beside six days last year. We sometimes had eighty men at work, and sometimes only our own personal exertions, the party consisting of Mr. Beechey, Captains Irby and Mangles, myself, two servants, and the crew, eleven in all, and three boys. It is situated under a rock about a hundred feet above the Nile, facing the south-east by east, and about one day and a half's journey from the second cataract in Nubia, or Wady Halfa.

"The heat was so great in the interior of the temple, that it scarcely permitted us to take any drawings, as the perspiration from our hands soon rendered the paper quite wet. Accordingly, we left this operation to succeeding travellers, who may set about it with more convenience than we could, as the place will become cooler. Our stock of

provision was so reduced, that the only food we had for the last six days was dhourra, boiled in water without salt, of which we had none left. The Cacheffs had given orders to the people not to sell us any kind of food whatever, hoping that we might be driven away by hunger. But there was an Abady, who lived in the village, and as he was of a different tribe, he was not so much afraid of disobeying the Cacheffs. He sometimes came at night, and brought us milk; but he was at last detected, and prevented from bringing any more." (P. 212—214.)

Such is our author's account of this magnificent relic of Egyptian art: in the folio volume of plates, which accompanies his work, he has given an exterior view of the temple as seen at a distance, and also an interior view of it. To these engravings we must refer our readers, for an adequate idea of the gorgeous splendour of the subjects therein delineated. On the fourth of August they quitted this interesting spot and sailed down the Nile (the inundation of which was now at its height), to Thebes. Here he recommenced his excavations in the valley of Beban el Malook, and on the 16th of August he succeeded in penetrating into the tomb of Psammuthis, king of Egypt. Of this monument of Egyptian skill we have a long and minute description, which can scarcely be understood without referring to Mr. Belzoni's plates. We shall therefore notice only a few of the more remarkable representations, which may enable our readers to form some idea of this magnificent excavation.

The entrance into the tomb is at the foot of a high hill, with a pretty steep ascent. The first thing that presents itself to a traveller is a stair-case cut out of the rock, and descending to the tomb: this leads into an apartment covered with figures and hieroglyphics, which (as in all the other apartments but one) are sculptured in basso relievo, and painted over. As our traveller states this room to give the best ideas, that have yet been obtained, of the original process of Egyptian sculpture, we extract the following details concerning it:

"The wall was previously made as smooth as possible, and where there were flaws in the rocks, the vacuum was filled up with cement, which, when hard, was cut along with the rest of the rock. Where a figure or any thing else was required to be formed, after the whole was prepared, the sculptor appears to have made his first sketches of what was intended to be cut out. When the sketches were finished in red lines by the first artist, another more skilful corrected the errors, if any, and his lines were made in black, to be distinguished from those which were imperfect. When the figures were thus prepared, the sculptor proceeded to cut out the stone all round the figure, which remained in basso relievo, some to the height of half an inch, and some much less, according to the size of the figure. For instance, if a figure were as large as life, its elevation was generally half an inch; if the figure were not more than six inches in length, its projection would

not exceed the thickness of a dollar, or perhaps less. The angles of the figures were all smoothly rounded, which makes them appear less prominent than they really are. The parts of the stone that were to be taken off all round the figure did not extend much farther, as the wall is thickly covered with figures and hieroglyphics, and I believe there is not a space on those walls more than a foot square without some figure or hieroglyphic. The garments, and various parts of the limbs, were marked by a narrow line, not deeper than the thickness of a half-crown, but so exact, that it produced the intended effect.

When the figures were completed and made smooth by the sculptor, they received a coat of whitewash all over. This white is so beautiful and clear, that our best and whitest paper appeared yellowish when compared with it. The painter came next, and finished the figure. It would seem as if they were unacquainted with any colour to imitate the naked parts, since red is adopted as a standing colour for all that meant flesh. There are some exceptions indeed; for in certain instances, when they intended to represent a fair lady, by way of distinguishing her complexion from that of the men, they put on a yellow colour to represent her flesh; yet it cannot be supposed that they did not know how to reduce their red paints to a flesh colour, for on some occasions, where the red flesh is supposed to be seen through a thin veil, the tints are nearly of the natural colour, if we suppose the Egyptians to have been of the same hue as their successors, the present Copts, some of whom are nearly as fair as the Europeans. Their garments were generally white, and their ornaments formed the most difficult part, when the artists had to employ red in the distribution of the four colours, in which they were very successful. When the figures were finished, they appear to have laid on a coat of varnish; though it may be questioned whether the varnish were thus applied, or incorporated with the colour. The fact is, that nowhere else except in this tomb is the varnish to be observed, as no place in Egypt can boast of such preservation, nor can the true customs of the Egyptians be seen any where else with greater accuracy." (P. 238, 239.)

Quitting this apartment, after passing through several corridors or chambers, Mr. Belzoni entered a spacious saloon with an arched roof or ceiling, in the centre of which he discovered a sarcophagus of oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, by three feet seven inches in width, and only two inches thick. It is translucent when a light is placed in the inside of it; and is minutely sculptured, within and without, with several hundred figures, not exceeding two inches in height, and representing (as he conjectures) the funeral rites of the deceased, united with various emblems. The cover of this sarcophagus was not there; it had been taken out and broken into several pieces, which were found in digging before the first entrance. The other various apartments of this splendid relic of Egyptian art are minutely described by our traveller, whose account, with the aid of his beautiful engravings, will enable his readers

to form a good idea of the magnificence and skill displayed in every part of this superb structure. Having embarked all that he had found this season, Mr. Belzoni quitted Thebes with another accumulation of antiquities, and arrived at Cairo, after ten months' absence.

He now directed his attention to the pyramids of Egypt, which he visited in company with two Europeans. The enormous size of these ancient monuments, and the solidity of their structure, seem to promise a duration almost coeval with the everlasting mountains. They are visible at a great distance, and, as the traveller advances, appear to retire within the desert. Their stupendous height, prodigious surface, and enormous solidity, strike the spectator with an involuntary awe, as they recall the memory of distant ages. The principal pyramids are situated in the vicinity of Thebes, at the entrance of the Plain of Mummies, where Mr. Belzoni made the very successful researches noticed in a preceding page, and where the sepulchres of the ancient Egyptians, hewn out of the solid rock, are closed with stones of a large size, and covered with sand. On the arrival of Mr. Belzoni and his companions at these monuments, while the latter entered the first pyramid, he took a turn round the second, or the pyramid of Cephrenes. The following is his account of the impressions produced on his mind by the contemplation of this wonderful monument:

"I seated myself in the shade of one of those stones on the east side, which form the part of the temple that stood before the pyramid in that direction. My eyes were fixed on that enormous mass, which for so many ages had baffled the conjectures of ancient and modern writers. Herodotus himself was deceived by the Egyptian priests, when told there were no chambers in it. The sight of the wonderful work before me astonished me as much, as the total obscurity in which we are of its origin, its interior, and its construction. In an intelligent age like the present, one of the greatest wonders of the world stood before us, without our knowing even whether it had any cavity in the interior, or if it were only one solid mass. The various attempts which have been made by numerous travellers to find an entrance into this pyramid, and particularly by the great body of French savans, were examples so weighty, that it seemed little short of madness, to think of renewing the enterprise." (P. 255.)

Undeterred, however, by the successive failures of others, Belzoni resolved to attempt an entrance into this celebrated pyramid, which his experience in such researches induced him to think practicable. Accordingly he returned to Cairo, and having obtained a firman from the Kakia Bey, he announced that he was going on an expedition to the mountain of Mokatam for a few days, and crossed the Nile to the scene of operation.

His first attempts were unsuccessful; but, making accurate comparative observations on the first pyramid, he applied them to that which he was desirous of exploring: and after various labours, which are narrated in a very simple and interesting manner, he found himself in the centre of that pyramid, which, from time immemorial, had been the subject of the obscure conjectures of travellers and antiquaries. The chamber in which he now was, is computed to be forty-six feet three inches long, by sixteen feet three inches in width, and twenty-three feet six inches high. It is excavated out of the solid rock, from the floor to the roof, which, being composed of large blocks of calcareous stone, meeting in the centre, is of the same slope as the pyramid itself. The ceiling is painted; and, after some search, he found a sarcophagus of the finest granite: the cover had been broken at the side, so that it was half open; but, like the sarcophagus in the first pyramid (that of Cheops), it is destitute of hieroglyphics. Many of the stones in this apartment had been removed from their places, evidently by some one in quest of treasure; and this observation of our author was subsequently confirmed by his discovering an Arabic inscription at the west end of the apartment, purporting that the pyramid had been opened in the presence of one of the early Mohammedan sovereigns, and again carefully closed up.

Few subjects have occasioned more speculation than the intent and use of the Egyptian pyramids. About thirty years since, a German professor published a volume to prove that these majestic remains of the most remote antiquity are nothing more than basaltic eruptions, magnificent sports of Nature, and so many incontrovertible proofs of the general derangement which has taken place on the globe! The improbability and absurdity of this hypothesis, however, are sufficiently demonstrated by the vestiges of human skill and labour which are evident in the pyramids. The great appearance of antiquity which they manifestly display, favours the supposition, that they must have been constructed at an earlier period than any other edifices that are to be seen in Egypt. Homer is silent respecting them; but his silence is no proof that they were not in existence in his time. It should seem that, in the time of Herodotus, as little was known concerning the second pyramid as before the late opening, with this exception, that in his time the second pyramid was nearly in the state in which it was left when closed by the builders.

Respecting these stupendous edifices, the common opinion (grounded on the authority of the Greek writers from a very remote antiquity) has been, and still is, that they were erected as the tombs of certain very ancient sovereigns of Egypt, and

ascribed to the three kings Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus. From the discovery of a fragment of a bull's bone, however, in the pyramid of Cephrenes, Mr. Faber (in his ingenious "Remarks" on that pyramid) endeavours to prove that each of the celebrated pyramids of Egypt was a mystic tomb, or high place, of that Osiris who was annually bewailed as dead, and was worshipped under the form of a bull; and consequently that these gigantic structures were *not* literal tombs of certain ancient sovereigns of the country. From their coincidence, in point of form, with the Babylonic pyramid (or Tower of Babel), he considers them as imitations of Mount Ararat, where the ark first rested, and as relics of the first and most ancient superstition which prevailed after the flood. The examination of this hypothesis, the grounds of which are stated at full length in his elaborate work on the "Origin of Pagan Idolatry," we have neither time nor space to prosecute: the praise of ingenuity it is impossible to withhold from it; but we apprehend that the current of popular opinion will continue to set in favour of the tradition related by Herodotus, viz. that the Egyptian pyramids were really the sepulchres of the sovereigns whose names they have borne for so many ages; especially when it is considered that they are surrounded by other smaller pyramids intermixed with mausoleums or burial-grounds, and that many mummy pits have been found in their immediate vicinity.

Disappointed in his plan of making further researches at Thebes, where his former excavations had been so successful, by the ground being pre-occupied by the agents of Mr. Drouetti and of Mr. Salt, Belzoni determined to make a journey to the Red Sea, and explore the ruins of the ancient city of Berenice, which part was *said* to have been visited by M. Caliud, whom the Bashaw had commissioned to examine some sulphur and emerald mines, the existence of which had been reported to him. The exaggerated accounts of this person are corrected by our traveller, who was fortunate enough to reach the emerald mines, and also to discover the real site of Berenice. In this excursion Belzoni and Mr. Beechey, who accompanied him, witnessed one of the greatest calamities which had occurred in Egypt in the recollection of any person living. The Nile rose this season three feet and a half above the highest mark left by the former inundation, with uncommon rapidity, and carried off many villages, besides several hundreds of their inhabitants. Though the Arabs had expected an extraordinary inundation this year, in consequence of the scarcity of water in the preceding season, its height far exceeded their expectations or apprehensions. They generally erect fences of reeds and earth around their villages, to keep off the water from their dwellings; but the

force of this inundation baffled all their efforts. Their earth-constructed cottages could not resist the current for an instant: men, women, children, cattle, corn,—every thing was suddenly washed away, and not a vestige of the village left. In one of his plates, Mr. Belzoni has given a view of the desolation caused by this tremendous deluge in the valley of the Nile; from which, by allowing the use of his boat, he was the providential instrument of rescuing a great number of men and women, together with their corn and cattle, and conveying them to higher ground. In traversing the deserts from the Nile to the Red Sea, he passed through the tract occupied by the Ababde Arabs, of whose savage customs he has related some interesting particulars; and at length he reached the far-famed emerald mines, of which he has given an account.

Having procured a guide to conduct them to the ruins of Berenice, Mr. Belzoni and his companions prosecuted a long and fruitless journey in quest of that city; the result of which disposed them then to think that no such place ever existed, and that M. Caliud had seen the great city only in his own imagination. They then advanced through a dreary region, until they reached the Red Sea, which they coasted for several days, and at length unexpectedly arrived at some ruins, which Mr. Belzoni conjectured to be those of Berenice, though they do not exactly correspond with the situation laid down by D'Anville. According to Strabo, this city was erected by Ptolemy Philadelphus. Situated in a lower part of the Arabian Gulph, it facilitated navigation by enabling mariners to take advantage of the regular winds. The inland route between Coptos and Berenice, was opened with an army by the same prince, who established stations along it for the protection of travellers. His commercial plans were adopted by his son Ptolemy Evergetes. The importance of their arrangements was perceived by the Romans on their conquest of Egypt; and they made it the emporium of their eastern trade.

Mr. Belzoni's account of the ruins of Berenice, (which are delineated in two engravings) is as follows:

"To our agreeable surprise, we found ourselves all at once on one of those moles of ruins which show the spot of ancient towns, so often seen in Egypt. We entered, and at once we saw the regular situations of the houses; the main streets, their construction, and in the centre, a small Egyptian temple, nearly covered by the sand, as well as the insides of the houses; and our wonder increased on examining the materials with which the houses were built. We could see nothing but coral, roots, madrepore, and several petrifactions of sea-weeds, &c.

The temple is built of a kind of soft, calcareous, and sandy stone, but decayed much by the air of the sea. The situation of this town is delightful. The open sea before it is on the east, and from the southern coast to the point of the cape is like an amphitheatre of mountains,

except an opening on the north-west plain, where we came from. The Cape el Galahen extends its point nearly opposite the town on the east, and forms a shelter for large ships from the north and north-west winds. Right opposite the town there is a very fine harbour entirely made by nature; its entrance is on the north, it is guarded on the east by a neck of incrusted rock, on the south by the land, and on the west by the town; the north side, as I said before, being covered by the range of mountains which forms the cape, protects the harbour also. Its entrance has been deep enough for small vessels, such as the ancients had at those times, but no doubt was deeper. It has at present a bar of sand across, so that nothing could enter at low water; but a passage could be easily cut, and the harbour rendered useful." (P. 330, 331.)

The temple above noticed, on being partly uncovered, proved to be Egyptian; and on the wall were some well executed sculptures in basso relievo, as also some hieroglyphics. The plain surrounding this town is very extensive, and inclined to vegetation, such as a sandy soil can produce: and at a small distance the travellers saw several groups of ruins which Mr. Belzoni thinks were houses situated out of the town in different directions. From the calculation which he made, he supposes that its population may have amounted to ten thousand persons. Having ascertained that no other Berenice is in existence, corresponding to that laid down in D'Anville's map, the travellers returned to Gournou, after an arduous journey of forty days.

Mr. Belzoni's next achievement was to embark, and send down the cataracts of the Nile, an obelisk, which he had discovered on the island of Philæ: this was not accomplished without considerable difficulty, notwithstanding his hydraulic skill. His last excursion was to the Oasis El Cassar in Faioum, which is so rich in antiquities as to afford some ground that it is the far-famed Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. For his adventures in this expedition, as well as his account of the natural and artificial objects which he beheld, we must refer our readers to his simple, but very interesting narrative, in which are interspersed many characteristic anecdotes of the rude inhabitants whom he met.

Exclusively occupied with researches after antiquities, Mr. Belzoni has added comparatively little to our stores of natural history: his pages, however, are enriched with many striking particulars relative to the manners and customs of the Egyptians, Nubians, and different Arab tribes with whom he had any intercourse.

With so many advantages as Mr. Belzoni enjoyed of elucidating various passages of Holy Writ, we confess that we have been struck with his total want of allusion to the Sacred Scriptures. We have, however, noticed two or three passages which derive material illustration from some of his remarks concerning the natural phenomena of Egypt, and with them we shall conclude our analysis of his work.

The first phenomenon we shall notice is, the *whirlwind.* It is well known that what are, in the Old Testament, termed the *latter rains*, fall towards the middle, and sometimes towards the close of *April,* that is, a short time before the Jews gathered in their harvest. These rains were often preceded by whirlwinds*, which raised such quantities of sand as to darken the sky, or in the words of the sacred historian, to make the '*heaven black with clouds and wind*†;' and as these whirlwinds were sometimes fatal to travellers, who were over-whelmed by them in the deserts, the rapidity of their advance is elegantly employed by Solomon, to show both the certainty and the suddenness of that destruction which will befall the finally and impenitently wicked‡. The passages of holy writ here referred to, derive considerable elucidation from the following account of the whirlwinds of the great Egyptian desert. These winds occur all the year round; but especially during the blowing of the camseen wind, which commences in April, and continues fifty days §.

"It generally blows from the south-west, and lasts four, five, or six days without varying, so very strong, that it raises the sands to a great height, forming a general cloud, so thick that it is impossible to keep the eyes open, if not under cover. It is troublesome even to the Arabs; it forces the sand into the houses through every cranny, and fills every thing with it. The caravans cannot proceed in the deserts; the boats cannot continue their voyages; and travellers are obliged to eat sand in spite of their teeth. The whole is like a chaos. Often a quantity of sand and small stones gradually ascends to a great height and forms a column sixty or seventy feet in diameter, and so thick, that were it steady on one spot, it would appear a solid mass. This not only revolves within its own circumference, but runs in a circular direction over a great space of ground, sometimes maintaining itself in motion for half an hour, and where it falls it accumulates a small hill of sand. God help the poor traveller who is caught under it!" (P. 195, 196.)

The next phenomenon is the *mirage,* which is termed by the Arabs, as well as by the Hebrew prophet שָׂרָב (*seráb*:) it is that false appearance which in Eastern countries is often seen in sandy plains about noon, resembling a large lake in motion, and which is occasioned by the reverberation of the sun-beams. On a nearer approach, however, the thirsty traveller perceives the deception. To this phenomenon the prophet Isaiah alludes; when, predicting the blessings of Messiah's kingdom, he says, "*the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty land bubbling springs* ‖."

* See 2 Kings, iii. 16, 17.
† 1 Kings, viii. 45.
‡ Prov. i. 27.
§ Hence the name *camseen*, which in Arabic signifies fifty.
‖ Isaiah, ch. xxxv. 7. Bp. Lowth's Translation.

The mirage has often been described by oriental travellers, and their narratives are thus confirmed by Mr. Belzoni, who acknowledges that he has himself been deceived by it, even after he was aware of its nature.

"The perfect resemblance to water, and the strong desire for this element, made me conclude, in spite of all my caution not to be deceived, that it was really water I saw. It generally appears like a still lake, so unmoved by the wind, that every thing above is to be seen most distinctly reflected by it, which is the principal cause of the deception. If the wind agitate any of the plants that rise above the horizon of the mirage, the motion is seen perfectly, at a great distance. If the traveller stand elevated much above the mirage, the apparent water seems less united and less deep, for, as the eyes look down upon it, there is not thickness enough in the vapour on the surface of the ground to conceal the earth from the sight. But, if the traveller be on a level with the horizon of the mirage, he cannot see through it, so that it appears to him clear water. By putting my head first to the ground, and then mounting a camel, the height of which from the ground might have been about ten feet at the most, I found a great difference in the appearance of the mirage. On approaching it, it becomes thinner, and appears as if agitated by the wind, like a field of ripe corn. It gradually vanishes as the traveller approaches, and at last entirely disappears when he is on the spot." (P. 196.)

The third phenomenon is the *locusts*, whose depredations are described in vivid colours by various travellers in the east. Their accounts are thus corroborated.

"These animals I have seen in such clouds, that twice the number in the same space would form an opaque mass, which would wholly intercept the rays of the sun, and cause complete darkness. They alight on fields of corn, or other vegetables, and in a few minutes devour their whole produce. The natives make a great noise to frighten them away, but in vain; and, by way of retaliation, they catch and eat them when fried, considering them a dainty repast. They are something like the grasshopper in form, about two inches in length. They are generally of a yellow or gold colour, but there are some red and some green." (P. 197.)

In this short extract, two passages of the Scriptures are illustrated, viz. 1. The first chapter of the prophecy of Joel, which in its primary sense refers to the desolation that was to be caused by these insects in the land of Judah; and 2. The gospel of Saint Mark, (ch. i 6.) where it is said that John the Baptist *did eat locusts* in the wilderness.

The account of the invasion of Judea, by Pharaoh-Necho, king of Egypt, related in 2 Kings, xxiii. 29—34. (which was provoked by Josiah) is confirmed by the sculptures discovered by Mr. Belzoni in the tomb of his son Psammethis. Necho conquered Jerusalem and Babylon, and Psammethis made war against the Ethiopians. In one of the halls of this tomb is a mili-

tary procession, consisting of a great number of figures, all looking towards a man who is greatly superior to them in size, and who faces them. At the end of this procession (which is given in three of the accompanying plates) are three different sorts of people, of other nations, evidently Jews, Ethiopians, and Persians. The Jews are clearly distinguished by their physiognomy, and complexion; the Ethiopians, by their colour and ornaments; and the Persians, by their well known dress, as they are so often seen in the pictures of their battles with the Egyptians, discovered in the tombs explored by Mr. Belzoni. Behind the Persians are some Egyptians without their ornaments, as if they were rescued captives returning to their country. Among the hieroglyphics, contained in his drawings of this tomb, Dr. Young (who is pre-eminently distinguished for his successful researches in archæology) has discovered the names of Nichas (Necho) and Psammethis.

The extent to which our article has reached, admonishes us to close our analysis of Mr. Belzoni's interesting volume, whose simplicity of narrative and perspicuity of description, aided by forty-four well-executed lithographic engravings, have rendered his work so highly and deservedly popular, that while we are writing, a second edition is announced.

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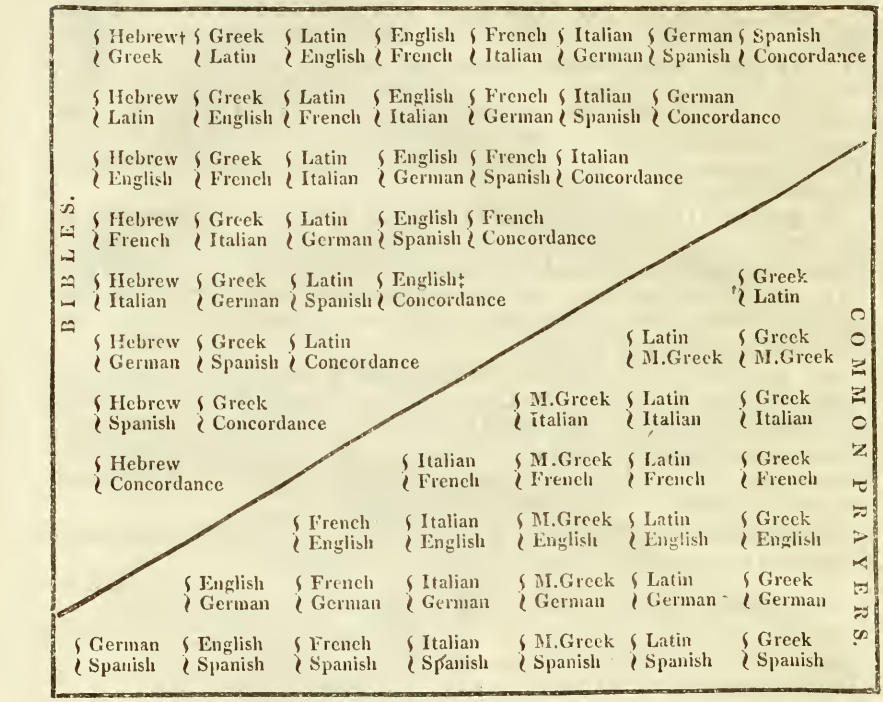

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